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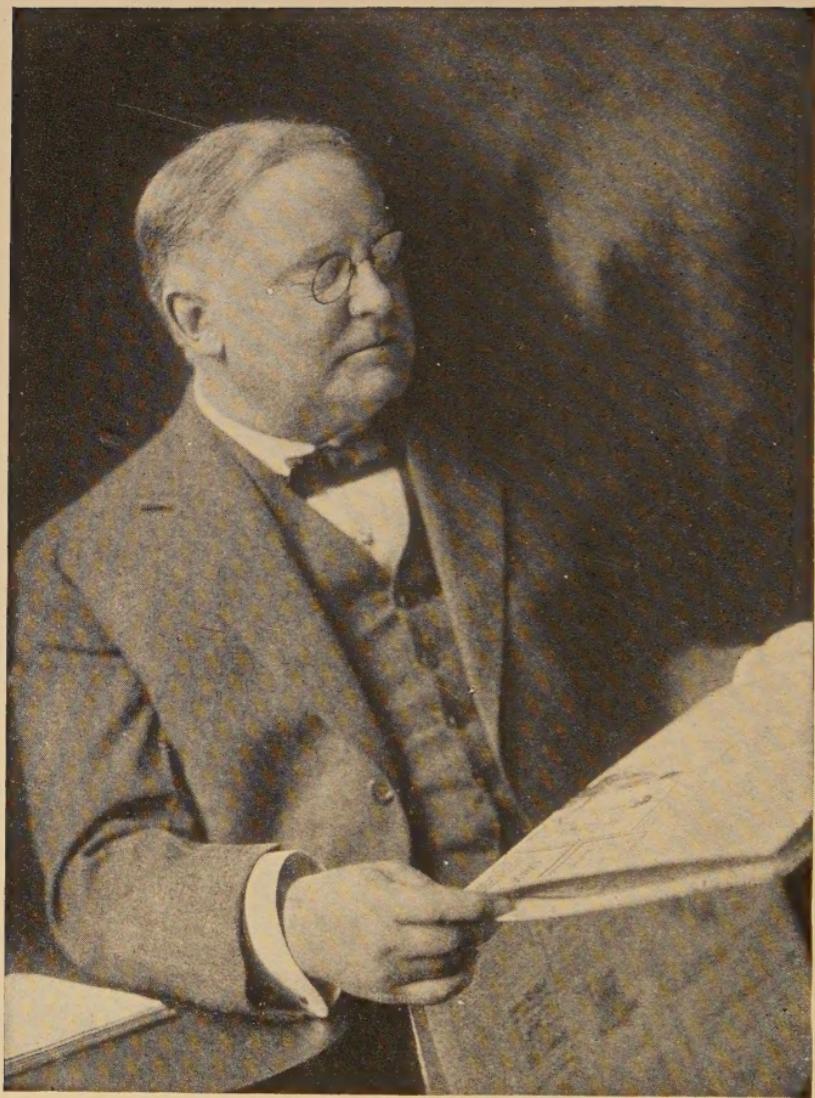
THE EDITOR AND HIS PEOPLE



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THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO



W.A. White

THE EDITOR AND HIS PEOPLE

EDITORIALS BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Selected from the Emporia Gazette

BY

HELEN OGDEN MAHIN

Introductions and Footnotes by
MR. WHITE

24-10047

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1924
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Set up and electrotyped. Published April, 1924. Reprinted
September, 1924.

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INTRODUCTION

Since the days of Horace Greeley and those Eastern editors who rose with him and who were the body and the spirit of their papers for more than forty years, only one, Henry Watterson, has as an individual and an editorial writer towered above the anonymity of the big city daily. Others have been great in the guidance of editorial policies, but all they have had to say has been shaped to be the expression of their papers, rather than to make their papers the recognized expression of themselves.

In Kansas, realm of small and neighborly cities, the editor sees no reason why he should lose his identity in a journalistic oversoul, and he does nothing of the kind. He tells the world who is running his paper, and he meets the world in person, with a disarming smile or a steely eye as the case demands. There is a comradeship among Kansas editors that is the animating spirit of their journalism. It is a much more genial thing than the sparring of the older and harsher school; it brings personalities to the fore in a kindlier and happier way, knits the papers of the state into a solid if variegated whole, and makes of the newspaper a calling capable of holding an undivided loyalty and enthusiasm.

When William Allen White bought the Emporia GAZETTE in 1895 he made his choice of country jour-

INTRODUCTION

nalism for life, leaving for it a position with a metropolitan paper that promised all the success such a paper can bring. He was then in his mid-twenties. In the twenty-nine years since that time he has steadfastly refused to become a candidate for any political office, or to enter into any contract which called for prolonged absence from Emporia. He has been a country editor predominantly, and exclusively whenever choice was demanded. His paper has achieved its conspicuous position and influence by the simplest of methods: by being the unaffected expression of its editor's personality and the uncompromising organ of his convictions.

A chronological study of the editorials in the *GAZETTE* early reveals a lack of consistency startling at first thought. What its editor said yesterday lays no dead hand on what he says to-day; nor in speaking to-day does he worry a whit about what he may want to say to-morrow. Each day he voices an eager and vehement spirit with entire freedom. And you are presently filled with a surprised gratitude that whether you like what he says or not, you know he is not fooling you, and if he does not fear you, neither does he fear your enemy. Nor does he fear to let the world know it when he has changed his mind; he never shrinks from his record.

There is something more than mere sincerity of motive in it. The worthy propagandist is sincere. But Mr. White is no propagandist; he has no program to serve except to speak his mind at all times. The result is a striking evolution. The ardent reactionary of the late '90's is the bane of the reactionaries twenty years later; and midway of the period he pauses

with a reminiscent "Well, well, well!" to remark the fact that he and his kind are now advocating some of the very things it used to scandalize them so terribly to see the Populists trying to do.

His scope is so wide as to make the problem of selection a hard one. From more than one of the fields in which he ranges we have had to turn reluctantly away at the dictate of space limitation. But we have tried, at any rate, to show him in all of his phases, and to furnish such a characterization of him out of his own mouth as any close acquaintance might accept with satisfaction. If we have failed, and have cast aside things essential to a truthful representation of an editor among his people, it is because the editor plays too many parts to be confined within the limits of an ordinary volume.

Two elements that he himself cites in explanation of Kansas character and history are apparent. Sometimes he is frankly, delightedly Falstaff. He jests at friend and foe with the same glee and the same candor, hitting off weaknesses and holding up virtues in one breath. When he is not the jester, and this is much more often, he is the Puritan, the judge. Sometimes he is a compound of the two, mixing them in affectionate sermonizing, good-natured raillery, or bitter irony.

But often, neither judge nor jester, he is quite simply teacher and friend. Here are strayings into the joys and sufferings of the human heart, where his step is as delicate as that of a child and his sympathy is that of complete understanding.

In style the GAZETTE editorials differ, chiefly in degree of restraint, from almost all of Mr. White's other

writing. The Kansas City *Star* recently said of him regarding this characteristic:

The best writing that Mr. White does is in the editorials for the GAZETTE. There is in them a quality of audacity, tempered with a well-considered verbal extravagance, that always makes the piece hit the mark without leaving a scar.

He is a phrasemaker. But he sometimes uses his best phrases only once; they are coined spontaneously for one need and left to fill that need. To be sure, he is deeply attached to some of his expressions which shock his more squeamish readers, and he has actually introduced into current usage one or two terms which ten years ago would have made the very delicately nurtured stiffen with horror. But whatever word he uses he uses in the service of a clean vigor; and this absence of restraint results also in passages of great deftness, beauty and force. Which leads to the conjecture whether after all the one may not be accessory to the other. Must not the spirit be all liberated before it can soar?

In the end it all goes back to his fearless sincerity, which, backed by a tremendous moral earnestness, is his contribution to his time. The world is struggling with chaos. It is full of guile. It has plenty of propagandists. But the few who, standing in full view of all the world, have nothing to hide and are undeviatingly true to themselves—they are the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump.

Some explanation should be given as to the responsibility back of this book. It was begun by a teacher and a student, with Mr. White's permission, to give to classes in editorial writing inspiration and stimulus

to straight thinking and effective expression. It was to have contained about fifty examples. But the material itself soon brought home the inadequacy of such a plan, and the work took on a new outline—that of a personal and biographical study of Mr. White and, if the term may be so applied, of Kansas also. After that it was merely a question of what to choose among so many illuminating things.

Mr. White had virtually nothing to do with the selection. He agreed to look over the copy, to see whether any explanations were needed. And he began with explanations merely—informative introductions and footnotes. But before he had gone very far he began to comment, seriously, sternly, whimsically, exactly as he comments on the daily round of life in the GAZETTE; sometimes laughing at his own errors in judgment, sometimes pointing out the vindication that time has given him. When he came to the section finally called "The Decay of a Conservative"—which he insisted upon giving such a name as that—he was quite happy. Turning on himself the jesting finger he had so often levelled at others, exhibiting the fact of his own growth as gayly as if it had been the changing of a coat over night, he presented himself with his work, the frankest and most helpful offering he had to make.

And so the book is given to the public—an editorial on life.

H.O.M.

University of Kansas, Lawrence.

PREFACE

Probably no literary form is as evanescent as the editorial; perhaps it may not have sufficient direction even to be called a literary form. Probably the editorial is a mere literary impulse, and a book of editorials, all gathered up and bound in book paper and in book type, is a book of vagrant fancies, passing wishes, hopes that died a-borning. It is like a record of the emanations of a subconscious mind—curious, heterogeneous, helter-skelter, mad.

This book records, even though sketchily, the editorial output of a man growing from his mid-twenties into his mid-fifties, and contains all sorts of crazy contradictions. But the contradictions for the most part follow a definite line or curve. So the passing moods show among other things a rather direct and almost complete change of conviction upon many subjects relating to the cosmos, to man's place in the universe, to the boss system and too high taxes.

What a fine old reactionary was the callow editor of the *Gazette* in his twenties! How firmly convinced he was that this is the best possible world; how sure that the work of the world was completed; that by no chance did injustice prevail in the distribution of the world's goods; that the poor were to blame and the rich were all worthy; that everything that could be done to make the relations of men gentler and kindlier had been accomplished, and that the Lord had taken his coat down from the hook, put on his hat, said good-by to the angels, called it a day and quit this perfect planet.

Slowly during the last decade of the nineteenth century and during the first few years of this century, the editorials herein following show this view is changing in the mind of the young man in his thirties. Qualifications, negations, denials of the doctrine of perfection in human conduct appear, and as the first decade merges into the second we find the standpatter gone and the progressive rampant in his place.

Probably the times—the changing views of the times—the changing opinions of men about society and government and the changing philosophy of life more than any other influences brought about this change of editorial view. But nevertheless here it is. "Times change and we change with them." Possibly some backwash of reaction in the next twenty years may bring an old man around the circle to the place where the young man started.

If so, this much is certain: He's had a good ride with a lot of dear people and would like to go again.

W. A. White.

THE EDITOR AND HIS PEOPLE

INTRODUCTORY

These editorials seem to be about the editor of the GAZETTE; seem to dramatize him as a grotesque in the morality play of life. But they only put flesh and blood upon a question: What is this curious profession of news-gathering, editing, publishing? These editorials were written to ask most seriously: What is the editor? What is his relation to his subscriber, to his advertiser, to his community, to truth, to whatever inner light he holds? I had some definite ideas about these questions that rare day in June, 1895, when I bought the GAZETTE. The fact that they are with me still may be mere obsession, and not the result of a faith vindicated by a generation. I do not know.

W. A. W.

ENTIRELY PERSONAL *

JUNE 3, 1895.

To the gentle reader who may, through the coming years during which we are spared to one another, follow the course of this paper, a word of personal address from the new editor of the GAZETTE is due. In the first place, the new editor hopes to live here until he is the old editor, until some of the visions which rise before him as he dreams shall have come true. He

* This editorial was the salutatory which I wrote upon buying the GAZETTE and taking charge of the paper. Events have battered down some of the tall talk, but enough of it stands to make it fairly clear what I've been driving at.—W. A. W.

hopes always to sign "from Emporia" after his name, when he is abroad, and he trusts that he may so endear himself to the people that they will be as proud of the first words of the signature as he is of the last words. He expects to perform all the kind offices of the country editor in this community for a generation to come. It is likely that he will write the wedding notices of the boys and girls in the schools; that he will announce the birth of the children who will some day honor Emporia, and that he will say the final words over those of middle age who read these lines. His relations with the people of this town and country are to be close and personal. He hopes that they may be kindly and just. The new editor of the *GAZETTE* is a young man now, full of high purposes and high ideals. But he needs the close touch of older hands. His endeavor will be to make a paper for the best people of the city. But to do that he must have their help. They must counsel with him, be his friends, often show him what their sentiment is. On them rests the responsibility somewhat. The "other fellows" will be around. They will give advice. They will attempt to show what the public sentiment is. They will try to work their schemes, which might dishonor the town. If the best people stay away from the editor's office, if they neglect to stand by the editor, they must not blame him for mistakes. An editor is not all wise. He judges only by what he sees and hears. Public sentiment is the only sentiment that prevails. Good sentiment, so long as it does not assert itself, so long as it is a silent majority, is only private sentiment. If the good, honest, upright, God-fearing, law-abiding people of any community desire to be reflected to the world,

they must see that their private opinion is public opinion. They must stand by the editors who believe as they do.*

It is a plain business proposition. The new editor of the GAZETTE desires to make a clean, honest local paper. He is a Republican and will support Republican nominees first, last, and all the time. There will be no bolting, no sulking, no "holier than thou" business about his politics—but politics is so little. Not one man in ten cares for politics more than two weeks in a year. In this paper, while the politics will be straight, it will not be obtrusive. It will be confined to the editorial page—where the gentle reader may venture at his peril. The main thing is to have this paper represent the average thought of the best people of Emporia and Lyon County in all their varied interests. The editor will do his best. He has no axes to grind. He is not running the paper for a political pull. If he could get an office he wouldn't have it. He is in the newspaper business as he would be in the dry-goods business—to make an honest living and to leave an honest name behind. If the good people care for a fair, honest home paper, that will stand for the best that is in the town —here it is.

In the meantime, I shall hustle advertising, job work and subscriptions, and write editorials and "telegraph" twelve hours a day in spite of my ideals. The path of glory is barred hog tight for the man who does not labor while he waits.

WILLIAM A. WHITE.

* I have lost some faith in this lot; but I have gained some faith in just plain folks.—W. A. W.

ARE WE A LEECH?

SEPTEMBER 28, 1896.

The Barber County *Index*, an esteemed contemporary printed at Medicine Lodge, the home of Jerry Simpson, makes the following sweeping argument in answer to the *GAZETTE*'s article, "What's the Matter With Kansas." The *Index* says:

The editor of the Emporia *GAZETTE* is a leech, who has lived at the public crib all his life, and who has yet to do his first honest day's toil.

Now the question seems to be transferred from the fact that Populism is daily driving away money, population, and respectability, to the leechiture of the *GAZETTE*.

So the *GAZETTE* will have to confess the soft impeachment that its boss is a leech. He is a leech from the village of Leechtown up at the headwaters of Leech Creek. When he sinks his venomous fangs into a twenty dollar bill the Pilgrim Fathers pictured upon it begin to execute handsprings to relieve them of their pain. When the leech of this office gets his blood pump attached to the juicy arm of the Goddess of Liberty on a silver dollar, one hundred red copper cents have got to come out of that dollar, or there will be trouble. You bet the *GAZETTE* is a leech.

But there is one part of the allegation which we hurl back scornfully; it is the part pertaining to the "public crib."

As a leech the *GAZETTE* is a success, but we never ate at the public crib. In fact, we have our leechy opinion of a leech that would desert the soft alluvial bottom

of a Kansas creek to go galloping over the country looking for a crib. In all our leechy acquaintance we never knew a leech with a corn-sheller attachment. Indeed, a leech doing a good blood-sucking business would find a set of corn-crushing teeth and a pair of husking gloves very much in his way.

Still that variety of leech may grow in western Kansas. In Barber County they say that the catfishes grow fur, that the bullfrogs grow feathers, that the water is only wet on one side and has sawdust in the middle; they say that out there the people have to chew slippery elm after taking a drink of whisky to wash out the burn. Perhaps the leeches do have to go cavorting across the pastures from the swimming hole to the corncrib, but it must make a novel and startling sight. Being a Walnut River leech with a taste of Neosho water and never having tapped the fleshpots, it is difficult to realize the anatomical structure of the leeches who live at the corncrib. However, as Mr. Jerry Simpson would say, "there may be sich but we never have saw airy one." *

A PERSONAL STATEMENT

DECEMBER 8, 1896.

A number of fellows in town who like to gossip—and we all like to gossip so far as that goes—have been speculating on the possible candidacy of the editor of this paper for the post office. I may as well say here

*As a matter of fact this is an unfair way to quote Congressman Simpson. He was a man of rather wide reading and of more than usual sense for an American congressman. And he never went without socks. The appellation "Sockless Simpson" was founded upon a myth.—W. A. W.

and now and publicly that I am not a candidate and would not have the office if it was tendered on a silver platter.

This statement would have been made some time ago if the deponent had not thought that the post office gossip which always hovers around a good, clean, square-toed Republican newspaper would die down in a week after election. It doesn't die down and a number of fellows seem to take it seriously. This statement is made for their benefit.

The Emporia post office is a hoodoo.

Look back over the past twenty years and recall the misfortune that has overtaken every man who has held the office—every one save Ike Lambert. It is all this affiant can do to keep the two-for-a-nickel-and-take-part-in-trade affairs of this little one-horse newspaper straight. He doesn't care to blast his reputation by tackling the post office.

More than that, it would require more loose, raw gall than I could command—and I have considerable—for a man who has only been on the town site a year and a half to apply for the best job in the gift of the party which he has supported. The GAZETTE is a business venture. Its editor is not in politics for revenue, and never has been. He is in business for revenue, and always will be.

I am not in the post office fight; I have never been, and never will be. If this statement isn't plain and unequivocal, it's the best that can be made.

If the GAZETTE can help the other fellows in this town, who have labored long and effectively in the vineyard, it will do so. The Republicans of Emporia

have been kind to this paper—have been generous with it. That is enough. We want no post office in ours.*

THE TRAMP PRINTER

SEPTEMBER 29, 1900.

In the morning he used to sit humped over the primer case throwing in a handful. When the editor came to work, it was customary for the others in the shop to show him some obeisance; the foreman to walk to the editorial desk with the proof of an "ad"; the job printer to hammer busily with the planer on the form of a "Rooms for Rent" card, which was ever being made ready for the press; two lean compositors to shake their cases as though they had been working for hours; the cub to change legs on the job press and clatter the throw-off with more business than a bird pup. But the tourist—the typographical tourist—at the primer case paid no homage to rank, made no unmanly, obsequious demonstrations before the potentates and powers. He kept on rattling the type in their boxes as though nothing had happened. After a whispered dialogue between the foreman and the editor, explaining the stranger's presence, it was the editorial privilege to approach the throne.

If it was winter the editor might saunter out by the stove and back up to it with palms outstretched. Then he was permitted by the tourist to ask:

"Where you from?"

After receiving a reply the editor was expected to ask:

*An editor should take no office, elective or appointive. Entering the newspaper business every young man should take monastic vows against office holding.—W. A. W.

"Well, how's work there?"

To this the answer required by an unwritten, yet inviolable, law of the craft was:

"Damn rotten."

Thereafter the editor might resume his work, or inquire about old friends, or take up the regular order, or proceed to unfinished business. For the tramp printer had been duly and formally installed and the opening services were closed.

To the layman all this pomp and circumstance in welcoming the tourist may seem empty and idle. Yet the arrival of the tramp printer at the country office twenty years ago meant to the craftsmen there what the return of Lentulus with the victorious legion meant to Capua; what the delegation from the grand lodge ready to give out the new password and exemplify the work means to the brethren; what the visit of an ordaining bishop to convey the apostolic succession means to churchmen, and what the coming of a new star means to an astronomer.

For the tramp printer brought the light into dark places. If there was a new ink-reducer in vogue the tramp knew it, and could make it. He showed the foreman how to set the disk of the jobber, and print the colors. The tramp could make paste that would never sour, and tabletting glue that would stick and neither crack nor melt in all eternity. He could whittle out a line of wood letters, or make slugs. He could tie a string to an end of the folder table and cut two folios from a quarto as fast as the "devil" could fold. He could make rollers that would print a hair line of script, or bring out the dapple in the flanks of the iron-gray stallion for the livery-stable job.

He could cut out reprint with his rule for the copy hook when the old man was away, and he could go to the nonpareil case and set up a piece of poetry for the first column from memory. He was a guide, philosopher, and friend to the editor. And in the back room he revived the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Peter B. Lee, "Old Slugs," Bigsby—whither have they gone?—these old-style faces with the hair lines all over them, with their condensed Gothic noses, with their wrong-font eyes, with their mouths blacksmithed full of fine cut to justify with their double pica cheeks! Poor old typographical errors; they were cast before the days of the point system and they have been thrown into the hellbox of oblivion.

Yet they did their work well. They fulfilled their mission in the world. The tramp printer's labor-saving devices, perfected and carried to their ultimate conclusions, have become great inventions of this printing craft. Archimedes said if he had a proper lever he would move the world. The lazy tramp printer who first rolled a cylinder over a form of types had found the Archimedean lever.

That lever had moved the world further in a century than it had moved before in a thousand years. Its unknown inventor was as surely inspired, was as surely working a divine purpose toward man, as he who chiseled the law upon the stone at Sinai. For that printer's lever has twisted away the scepters of kings and has put royal power into the hands of the people. That lever has pried the world from ignorant selfishness toward intelligent human brotherhood.

That lever has lifted man so high that the Golden Rule has ceased to be merely a theological precept,

but has become the heart of civilization, and the soul of its legal code, the ideal of commercial ethics.

Daily, thousands of citizens pass the pressrooms of the world and hear the soothing diapason of the whirring wheels, muffled by stone and cement and wood and metal. That song of the presses is the spinning song of liberty. Would you hear it more clearly, open the pressroom door. What a symphony greets you! Go in; listen to the music of God's workshop. How the lead throbs with joy! How the iron thrills with ecstasy! How the steel cries out its message to men! The song of the press has hushed the voice of the tyrants; it has shamed the clamor of mobs; and some day it will drown the dirge of cannons. In the clang and clash and shrieking of metals that make the pressroom's din, one may hear all the voices of the earth: the lullaby of mothers is there; the moan of those in anguish; the complaint of the oppressed; the cackle of heartless laughter; the sighs of lovers; the hollow words of liars; the whisper of hope; the rumble of clods upon coffins and the roar of the merciless sea—all the creatures of God's universe, the bad as certainly as the good, find voices in the strident song the presses sing. How wonderful it is; how miraculous! If the miracles of the loaves and fishes proved Christ's divinity, how surely does the miracle of the printing press prove the presence of some divine force guiding man's destiny, some kindly master hand leading him on.*

* Maybe so. But twenty-three years later upon reflection, considering the Hearst press, the "kept press," the stupid labor propaganda press, and the growth of the comic strip and the sport page, one is forced to doubt if the "master hand" gets much help from the press.—W. A. W.

The tramp printer, whose humble habitation has become a mechanical sanctuary in a score of years, is a lowly instrument with which to do miracles. But so was poor, blind Bartimeus. Miracles are not done by princes.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR EDITOR

JANUARY 12, 1901.

The Iola *Register* has found out what every newspaper man finds out, that the people take what he writes and make something altogether different from what the editor wrote. The *Register* says:

The Emporia GAZETTE publishes a rousing editorial upon the danger of Emporia becoming a wicked city when she shall have grown into a great metropolis on account of the new railroad to which she has just voted bonds, and it appeals to the moral sentiment of the community to see that the town is kept good and pure. Some five or six years ago some most excellent women of Iola wrote a letter in a similar vein to the county attorney and asked the *Register* to publish it, which it did without comment and with the signatures of the women attached. When the editor of the *Register* was a candidate for office last fall, several people put in most of their time for two months circulating among the smelter men and telling them that the *Register* had once declared that the smelters were bringing an undesirable class of citizens to Iola!

The average editor of whatever politics or persuasion is a man with two legs and the usual good impulses common to his kind. The average man desires to do the right thing. The average editor desires to print about the right thing. He doesn't wish to abuse a section of the community and in the main he would rather please than offend. Yet there are little four

by nine fellows in every community who assume that everything in the paper is written with a malicious heart; that it is the work of a fiend incarnate, whose soul is cracked with a blistering lust to stab, to wound, to torture those who come near him. These people take all sorts of merry jibes and iron the smiles out of them and make them daggers. These people take happy satire and twist it into statements of fact. They are queer people, these serious, malevolent folks, and life is not a very joyful affair for them. For they lack charity which gives humor her eyes. They get along in the world some way; but they worry so and fret and groan and moan so over the iniquities of others that life isn't much fun.

In the meantime the editor grinds away, smiling with the "happy couple," shaking hands with the "charming hostess," bracing up "one of the town's solid financial concerns," throwing bouquets at the graduating class, smoking cigars of the "proud parent," weeping with the "grief-stricken family," and filling the scrapbooks of all the mothers in town with kind words that never die—and all for a dollar a year for the weekly and forty cents a month for the daily. And as he wades through this vale of tears the editor has a little fun in passing and gets complimentary tickets "for self and lady not transferable" to the Great and Only Big Show at the end of it all.

THE EDITOR'S OFFICE

JANUARY 26, 1901.

The passing of Jacob Stotler removes the last of the old crowd of Kansas editors. John Gilmore is a

young man yet and W. T. McElroy, of the Humbolt *Union*, is getting his second wind and is coming down the track as a young crowder. But the old crowd of Kansas editors has passed and the work they did is finished. It was a good work and it was well done. The way they did it—the way the members of the old crowd fought the devil in his various forms, boomed the state, builded their towns, stood by their friends, vanquished their enemies, and helped to promote “reason and the will of God” was an inspiration by example to their successors.

Which reflections make it in order to ask what is the editor’s office? What is he created by the civilized forces to do? It is certain that the editor is not a preacher. If he preaches too much he is closed out by the sheriff. It is certain that the editor is not a teacher. If he teaches too much he is closed out by the mob. It is certain that the editor is not a giver of law, nor a ruler over the people. For if he sets himself up as an autocrat, there is an atmospheric uneasiness and places that knew him will know him no more. Yet in a measure the editor must be something of a preacher, something of a teacher, something of an autocrat. Chiefly and on the face of it the editor’s business is to print the news, just as a minister’s business is to preach the gospel. But what gospel and what news shall be preached and published—these are individual questions. The editor must be the judge of his news, of how it is told, what is recited and what omitted. He must interpret it. He must take a “side” in everything. Nothing fails so rapidly as a cowardly paper, unless it is a paper that confuses courage with noise. The editor must not expect political preferment

or worldly power. Virtue is its own reward. The editor in politics for his own advancement generally makes a sad mess of it. He must not only hew wood, he must saw wood. He must draw water, but he must take water in politics; that is necessary and proper. The editor must be guide, philosopher, and friend to all—the rich as well as the poor. He must be executioner and undertaker, promoter and herald. It is a new office—this office of editor—barely two centuries old—and its duties are not all set and described. But these are some of them. Others will follow as the centuries roll on, and the world grows wiser. But in the meantime the editor will have to grope along in heathen darkness, following the light given to him, only remembered, after all, by what he has done.

HONESTY PAYS

JULY 1, 1901.

The valedictory of Editor Johnson of the Peabody *News* contains this statement:

After a man has spent a score of years in a country printing office, trying to please the people, humoring their peccadillos, praising their good qualities and charitably concealing their bad ones, what has he left? Does he hold a life tenure on their good will? Do they appreciate him for the good he has done? No.

Well, why should they appreciate such a man? Doubtless Editor Johnson is a better man than he paints himself, but too many editors are like the one he describes. Why should a man who "has spent a score of years trying to please the people, humoring their peccadillos, praising their good qualities, chari-

tably concealing their bad ones," expect anything? He has been a panderer. He has done the people no good. He has not helped the world. He has not added one bit to the world's store of wisdom, to the world's store of moral courage, to the world's store of capacity for work. If a man has been brave, if he has lambasted the people for their folly, if he has told them their bad points as well as their good ones, and thereby made them mend their ways, if he has put an occasional thinking cap on the people, if he has worked for their enlightenment in spite of their ignorant protests—then he should expect reward and be disappointed when he fails of it. But an editor who believes in the infallibility of the people and knuckles to them never succeeds, and he should not. A glance over the newspapers in Kansas and elsewhere in the world will prove that the editor who says what he thinks and scorns consequences is the editor who makes money. The people never respect a man who grovels to them, and they never put their money and their contempt into the same hand.

If an editor would make money he must go on the Vanderbiltian theory. It's a fine thing to love the people—but it's a poor policy to humor them. In other words, honesty is the best policy in the newspaper business as it is in the grocery and dry goods or real estate business, and an editor is not honest and does not run an honest paper, who "tries to please the people, to humor their peccadillos, to praise their good qualities and charitably conceal their bad ones." Such an editor may not know he is dishonest—but he is, and his business doesn't prosper—which is a proof of his moral poverty.

THE BLESSINGS OF AMNESIA

OCTOBER 21, 1901.

Editors are only saved from burning at the stake because people don't get together. Every paper that amounts to anything makes people violently angry. If all the people who are mad at the paper would meet just after the paper is out, there would be enough to hang any editor in the world. But they fail to meet, and the free press, which is the pabulum of liberty (whatever that means) thrives, and truth crushed to earth rises by seven o'clock the next morning and the world forgets its wrong. Loss of memory is really one of the great blessings of the race. If people didn't forget a good deal the world would be full of murders and suicides, and no editor would be able to print more than three issues of his paper. The crowd against him would be too large.

“A POT OF HERBS”

NOVEMBER 5, 1901.

The Ottawa *Times* has nominated the editor of the GAZETTE for United States senator. The Ottawa *Times* is a Populist paper and has no chips in the next senatorial game. Furthermore, the editor of the GAZETTE has had no public experience and there are plenty of good, hard-working, efficient Republicans who would make good senators; notably Stanley, Long, Curtis, and M. A. Low. And still furthermore, the Emporia GAZETTE is earning more money than a senatorial job, and a man's capacity for helping things along is about as large here in Emporia, Kansas,

U. S. A., as it would be in Washington, D. C. Why should a man want an office when he is happy without it and can't get it!

GOBS OF HARMONY

JULY 29, 1902.

The esteemed Lawrence *Journal* and the Emporia GAZETTE are having as delightful a bout of singlestick as ever occurred at a Donnybrook fair.—Topeka *Herald*.

For once in a year's useful and happy existence the Topeka *Herald* has mistaken the facts. There are no other two papers in Kansas so completely in accord as are the Emporia GAZETTE and the esteemed Lawrence *Journal*. On a few questions the GAZETTE and the *Journal* differ; on the trivial questions of whether or not Burton is a horse thief or a gent there is some slight variance of opinion between the GAZETTE and its esteemed contemporary. Perhaps in the matter of Cuban reciprocity there is a shade of difference. But these are minor issues. Two great questions are facing the electorate.

One is: Is there shale in the Trego County gold, and the other is: Shall Editor Finch of the *Journal* be postmaster at Lawrence.

In the matter of the shale question the esteemed *Journal* is as right as a rabbit. Its position is unassailable. In taking the affirmative side of the post-office question the *Journal* probably would be willing to admit that the GAZETTE is anchored to the rock of everlasting truth. Indeed the *Journal* will go further very likely and admit that for sane, sober, calm, deliberate judgment, the GAZETTE has few equals and no superiors when it comes to solving great national ques-

tions like the Lawrence post office fight. Perhaps the *Journal* would be willing to let Congressman Bowersock turn that question over to the *GAZETTE* as a referee.

There is nothing but harmony, great gobs of sticky harmony, between the *GAZETTE* and the *Journal*, and when the *Journal* calls the *GAZETTE* "erratic and unstable" it pours over it the same oleaginous language that it once sloshed on Governor Roosevelt of New York. Further glucose is highly improbable.

HATING THE EDITOR

AUGUST 19, 1904.

In the state of Mesopotamia is a handsome country town full of bright, intelligent, sprunicky people who have flowers in the front yards, and around their handsome houses they have elm trees and pretty green lawns; and big, handsome stores full of smart, active merchants adorn their business streets.

And in the town was an editor who plugged along paying his bills every month, soaking away a little money, and enjoying life. And so every one proceeded to hate him. Other editors had gone busted in the town, had held up their friends and been known as party organs, and had bilked politicians, but they hadn't made it go, and while every one thought the world of them—they never planted much money.

And when any prominent citizen from this Mesopotamia town went any place in the state, he was always inviting editors to run papers in his town. It was a standing remark all over Mesopotamia that if some one would come to that handsome town and run a

clean, live paper, he could make money. For, they said, "The man there now is so generally hated by every one that he could easily be run out of town. All that is needed is a good, live man to run a clean, newsy paper."

That looks so easy—to run a "clean, newsy paper" in a town where you could shoot a gatling gun down the main street of the town any summer day between A.M. and P.M. and not hit anything more important than the stage entrance of a grocery delivery wagon. Clean, newsy papers are just growing on all the trees in a bright, busy town where the whole population talks when a citizen sells his baby buggy! And so a sucker came to town who knew about as much about running a country newspaper as a cat knows of calculus—fellow who was full of thoughts about the currency and the tariff and so bulgy with "principles" that he wore holes in his hat. He could run a "clean, newsy paper" and could run the mean old devil of an editor out of town in six months. He could show 'em the real thing.

And then it began. Every one gave the new man the glad hand—tickled to death to see some one come who would give the town what it long had needed—a "clean, newsy paper," and "Now"—they said—"just you turn in and cut the heart out of the old devil up the street and show it to him—he's been hogging things here too long; go after him. Give him the dickens; clean him up; print his record; the people are with you."

Which the same new man did—good and plenty—and people patted him on the back and said that's the stuff—if we had had some one like that here ten years

ago, things would have been different. It was great doings! Zz-z-z-i-p went the "trenchant pen" on the paper. W-hu-f-f went the sockdollager into the old editor's record. It was something too fierce for written language the way the hot shot poured right into the mean old devil. They were FACTS—COLD Awful Facts—double-leaded Terrible Facts, and all the mean old devil did was to hire another reporter and print more news of more runaways, and more news about the weekly exercise run of the fire team, and more news about the street commissioner repairing the cross-walk on "K" Street. The mean old devil was covered with shame.

And finally one fine morning the people said: "Well, isn't it just naturally too bad that we can't have at least one decent paper in this town? What we need here is a clean, newsy paper that will print all the news." As he looked wearily back over the hill at the town, the new man met a man coming into town who said: "Say, is this the town where they are looking for a clean paper? Is this the town where it would be as easy as falling off a log to run the old devil who prints the *Palladium* out of town?"

To which the new man, having got his diploma in the school of experience, made reply: "It was a year or so ago—but later returns seem to place this estimate in considerable doubt."

And he put his shrunken wad into a stamp-holder and shifted his big load of trouble to the other shoulder and walked sadly down the road.

And this is the story of newspaper failures all over the world—in big town and little towns. Type-foundry men grow fat selling type and printing material

to men who start in to run out the editor.* This is a funny world, and the funniest things in the world are the fickle people in it.

THE DETECTIVE†

DECEMBER 9, 1904.

The tough element of this town is said to have procured a detective to look up the checkered record of the editor of this great moral newspaper. The detective can save time and traveling expenses by calling at this office. The editor of this paper will be glad to tell him frankly, and put the matter in affidavit form, of many mistakes and blunders he has made during the past twenty years. Every man who is frank with himself admits that he has been, and will be, more or less of a fool to the end of his days.

The man who pretends to be better than his fellow man is a canting rascal. The general average of men and women is more good than bad by a long shot, and the man who sets himself up as all good is generally pretty bad. The detective who is looking up the record of the editor of this paper can learn more of the meanness the editor of the *GAZETTE* has done right here in this office than he can any other place in the

* Times have changed. Newspapers are not started as easily as they once were. It now costs about \$50,000 to start a daily paper in a town of 10,000 and more as the towns are larger. Feuds and factions are disappearing. The newspaper is less of a hired assassin and more of a business enterprise than it once was.

† An echo of the feudal days of our western civilization when factions went at each other viciously over trivial things. Surely the fellowship of the various civic clubs like the Rotarians, which have wiped out these old feuds in American towns, is a good thing even if the big city highbrows do laugh at the "Rotes" and the Lions and the Kiwanis.

W. A. W.

world. But if the detective desires to put in his time and money elsewhere, the GAZETTE publicly promises this: To print every line of his report, if he will give it the first chance, and to make no further comment upon the article in question than to name its source. All affidavits against members of the citizens' committee will be gladly printed in the GAZETTE. This is a public promise. The only string to it is this: That they be brought to the editor by a reputable business man who shall request the publication.

EDITORIAL CONSISTENCY

JUNE 5, 1906.

The esteemed Fredonia *Citizen* complains because one set of Kansas papers print certain kind things this paper has printed and is printing about Governor Hoch, and another set of Kansas papers are reprinting the GAZETTE's criticisms of Governor Hoch. The esteemed *Citizen* thinks that for one paper to say both kind and unkind things of the same man indicates a foolish editorial disposition. In which case the *Citizen* will have to go on thinking that way. For when a man needs praise he will get it from the GAZETTE, and when he needs blame he will get it from the GAZETTE, and so long as men are human, and so long as it is altogether possible for one man to do a fine thing to-day—as in the case of Hoch when he refused to allow mud-slinging in the campaign against Harris—and a bad thing the next day—as in the case of Hoch and the Katy deal—the GAZETTE is likely to be quoted on two sides of the same man in the same week—or perhaps the same day. There is no black list in the GAZETTE office. When Burton was being particularly

vicious three years ago, he did a brave, handsome thing, and the *GAZETTE* was the only Kansas paper to praise him for it, though the day before that and the day after the *GAZETTE* blistered him for the mean things he was doing. When Charles Curtis was a senatorial candidate four years ago, the *GAZETTE* opposed him as a senator, but as he was about the size of a congressman the *GAZETTE* gave him the heartiest support. If he does a good thing to-day, the *GAZETTE* will say so, and if Curtis does a bad thing to-morrow the *GAZETTE* may say so. It bears the same attitude toward the Republican party. When the party does a worthy thing, the *GAZETTE* praises it; when the party sneaks and sells out to the boodlers—the *GAZETTE* says so, and is not mealy-mouthed about it. For he is the best partisan who exposes the rogues who try to capture his party, and he is the worst patriot who allows his party's interests to weigh more heavily than his country's.

The *GAZETTE* has never believed in permanent bosses for a party. But it has always believed and does now believe that in every organization, while it is effecting any political work, there must be a leader who is boss. When the bosses of a party are decent, and get out of the way as their work is concluded, the *GAZETTE* and all good citizens are for them. But when a set of bosses hold on like a sick kitten to a hot brick; when the bosses think they have a life-time lease on their jobs, they should be kicked out by the people. Political leaders who get in office and try to work the party for crooked ends and try to keep in office should be rebuked, and that is the situation in the Republican party to-day. The Republican candi-

dates are for the most part all right. The county candidates are all right all over Kansas, but the state bosses must be cleared out if it takes a leg.

If this is inconsistency—the esteemed *Citizen* and its friends are entitled to make the most of it.

A DOZEN YEARS AGO

JUNE 1, 1907.

Twelve years ago to-day a skinny young man with a guilty grin on his face put his hand to his mouth to hide a snicker as he pocketed three thousand dollars in cash from a brash-looking young chap in his twenties, and after the skinny young man had gone around the corner to laugh, the brash-looking chap took formal possession of this paper; thus the *GAZETTE* passed from W. Y. Morgan to its present owner.

Less than a dozen firms are doing business on Commercial Street under exactly the same name at exactly the same old stand as a dozen years ago. In that dozen years fourteen men have failed in the newspaper business in this town, and have given it up as a bad job. In that time half a dozen newspapers have discontinued publication in this town, and the *GAZETTE* has not bought any of them.

In that time the head of the owner has been gradually going down until to-day it is almost normal. When he came it was so full of things that didn't work out that there was little room for any sense. But he has had an awful lot of fun getting rid of his theories, and Emporia has been generous and kind and always charitable; though Heaven knows she has had to laugh once in a while. But it's all right. In

another dozen years the brash young chap will be past fifty years old—a staid if not dignified, middle-aged old gentleman, and in another dozen, some brash young buffalo will come along who will have horned the old bull out of the herd, and he will be grazing alone wondering at the ingratitudo of republics. Or more than likely he will be sleeping out at Maplewood. A number of important things can happen to a man, edging up to forty, in two dozen years.

Heigh-ho the green holly—as old Bill says, this life is most jolly.

GOOD-BYE, VAIN WORLD

JUNE 26, 1907.

To-day the editor of the GAZETTE will leave for Colorado to be gone for some time. He has some work to do which seems to him more important, if not so profitable and pleasurable as running the GAZETTE, and he feels that he must take to the woods to do it.* It is a case of Dr. Jekyll trying to get away from Mr. Hyde. Mr. Hyde runs the GAZETTE; Dr. Jekyll wants to write some things in consecutive order, and the miserable affairs of Mr. Hyde—his peanut politics, his meanness, and his two-for-a-nickel intrigues—inject themselves into the consciousness of Dr. Jekyll; so that sustained interest in anything outside of these things is impossible. Therefore Dr. Jekyll is going to take Mr. Hyde out and choke the life out of him for a time. Hence if the readers of the GAZETTE miss the meanness of Mr. Hyde, they can thank Dr. Jekyll.

* On this trip the editor of the GAZETTE wrote "A Certain Rich Man."—W. A. W.

FRENZIED JOURNALISM

NOVEMBER 6, 1907.

Like Artemus Ward's donkey, the old-fashioned rip-snorting editor who is always roasting the opposition paper is an "amoosin' cuss," at least when viewed from a distance. In his own community he is doubtless regarded as a reproach to his sex and to his profession if he keeps up his hullabaloo too long and too ardently, but some of his outbursts are really funny.

There is in progress in a small Kansas town, at the present time, a newspaper row that reminds one of the halcyon days when the rag across the street was edited by a lop-eared leper. Unfortunately for the picturesque in journalism, the lop-eared lepers are nearly all dead, or in the poorhouse. We seldom hear of them any more, and we sigh for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still.

The editorial row above referred to is producing some very quaint and haunting epithets, which should be put in our notebooks for future reference; no man knoweth when he may be involved in a row with the chap who lives next door, and it is well to have a supply of destructive nouns and adjectives within easy reach. Such a book might be kept in the vest pocket, ready for immediate reference in case of trouble—a sort of "First Aid to the Bullyragged," as it were.

In this Kansas row, one of the editors is described as a hyena that prowls by night. The hyena that prowls by night replies that his antagonist is to all intents and purposes a polecat. The polecat appears slightly dazed by this rebuke, but rallies bravely, and intimates that the hyena would consider it no crime to steal the cop-

pers from a dead man's eyes, although such charge involves nature faking, for what would a hyena do with coppers—or, for that matter, why should a dead man wear them on his eyes?

The hyena ignores this accusation, and expresses his profound conviction that the polecat would rob a widow's hen roost. And so the cheerful controversy proceeds. It is really refreshing, as viewed from a distance, and it is too bad that the Prominent Business Men are always butting in to stop it. They ought to be sending marked copies of the local papers all over the country to cheer up a doleful world.

"THE LAST COPY"

JANUARY 16, 1909.

There is something sad in the announcement of the Emporia *Daily Journal* that it has printed its "last copy." Because, on the whole, Emporia has never had a more sincere, conscientious attempt to establish an independent, uncontrolled daily newspaper than this. Editor Mickey has done his best, and his best has had this immense advantage over the best of many predecessors—it has been clean, honest, and unprejudiced. No one controlled him. And his inability to make it go carries with it no stigma of failure. He has fought a manly fight, and in so far as one wins who maintains his integrity, he has won. But those who tempted him into this venture by telling him what marvelous success he might achieve fighting the *GAZETTE* deserve censure for their treachery. They abandoned him cruelly. They gave no support to his venture. They saw him spending his own good money and offered no help. They should bear whatever of opprobrium attaches to

his failure—not he; for his is no failure. He was talked into a foolish venture by men with axes to grind. They found an honest man, and they left him to find out their perfidy. But what an old story this all is in this profession. No American town, north, south, east, or west, is too large—or unfortunately too small—to have this very tragedy enacted. Every newspaper, in the nature of things, makes enemies. To tell the truth it must make enemies. But its enemies often are the best things about a newspaper. They are its assets. They are its chief source of strength in a town. But when they see a newspaper man about to enter a town, they flock to him with stories, and tell him what a snap it will be to do up the other editor. They exaggerate the other man's mistakes. They make the new man believe that the town is just naturally yearning for a bright, newsy, crisp, spicy paper. These adjectives are as old as the business. Always they are the same. They are the sticky fly paper upon which a new editor always alights to his sorrow. And then, when once he is down, the adjectives pull him to his death. If he is bright, his new-found friends criticize him. If he tries to be newsy, they ask him to suppress items. If he makes his paper crisp and different, they say he is too fresh, and if he would make it spicy, they say he is indecent. In the end, he prints his valedictory.

But in printing his valedictory, Editor Mickey, of the Emporia *Daily Journal*, quits with the satisfaction that he is no one's tool; that no one has controlled him; that he has been a man from the beginning to the end.

He will continue to run a weekly—a clean, decent,

reliable weekly—and he should have the town's support.*

THE SICKENING DETAILS

JUNE 2, 1911.

The Illinois legislature has passed a bill prohibiting newspapers from publishing gruesome details. The fault is not in the newspapers, it is in the people. If the newspapers of Illinois should be prohibited from publishing such things outside newspapers would swamp the state. Newspapers are blamed for giving the people what they want. There is not a gruesome case in any town but the newspapers are besieged for information and unless they give it the public is rebellious.—*Lawrence Journal*.

All of which is not true. The GAZETTE has printed some sickening details—as, for instance, the Thaw case—and was thoroughly ashamed of itself for so doing, and lost much more than it made. Perhaps it learned a lesson. Perhaps it did not. A famous local scandal once came up in the local court. The GAZETTE spent \$25 printing a verbatim report of the evidence and didn't sell \$10 worth of papers, but made both sides mad and lost money. There is an office rule not to print details of local divorce suits, statutory assaults, and other local stories in court and out involving the sex question. Excepting the big local lawsuit above mentioned, the rule has never been violated. Recently there was the nastiest kind of divorce suit in the district court. It got three lines in the GAZETTE. No one asked why we didn't insert more of it. The writer of this has been in the newspaper business steadily for twenty-six years. He has got one thing in his head:

* He lasted just fourteen weeks. Then he faded into the twilight's purple rim.—W. A. W.

The news is what the newspapers play up. Moreover, the newspapers should be regulated. Some day the people will appoint or elect or hire town managers, and their duty, among other things, will be to go after the newspapers.

Details of murders, hangings, suicides, sex crimes, highway robberies, burglaries, and crimes of violence generally should be suppressed under the police power of the state. They are bad for public morals, and a newspaper that prints such things inveterately should be declared a nuisance. The *GAZETTE* is a sinner with the rest of the craft. But it makes no claim that it is forced into it. Whenever it has fallen it has been through carelessness or natural meanness.

Newspapers could quit if they would. The community should make them quit, and some day the good sense of the people will organize and go after the newspapers just as it has gone after offenders in other walks of life. The day is coming when sickening details will be as disgusting to good people as the crimes of high finance.*

SCANDAL

JUNE 22, 1913.

A few months ago the town buzzed with a sad story. It did not appear in the *GAZETTE*. It will not appear in the *GAZETTE*. The sad stories of life, unless they are forced into publicity by court record, or by some crisis of a public event, are not, as a rule, good reading. Lives of men and women are not always pleasant. The good Lord, looking down on us, sees much

* But until editors and reporters are licensed as lawyers and doctors are, this public malpractice will continue.—W. A. W.

that must make him smile and sigh at the perversity of his handiwork. For the ways of a serpent on a rock and an eagle in the air are not the only queer things in this queer world. But queer things are not important. The important things of life are its kindnesses, its nobility, its self-denials, its great renunciations.

THAT MAN WHITE

JANUARY 13, 1914.

A number of Progressives at Lakin, more kind than considerate, yesterday resoled in favor of this man White, of Emporia, for governor. They wanted him to run as a Progressive candidate. To which the GAZETTE says no—a thousand times no. For we are on to that man White, and without wishing to speak disrespectfully of a fellow townsman, who, so far as we know, may be at least outwardly decent in the simpler relations of life—perhaps he pays his debts when it is convenient, and he may be kind to his family, though that's not to his credit, for who wouldn't be—and he may have kept out of jail, one way or another, for some time; without, as we say, desiring to speak disrespectfully of this man, we know that he's not the man either to run for governor or, if such a grotesque thing could be imagined, to serve as governor.

He can't make a speech. He has a lot of radical convictions which he sometimes comes into the GAZETTE office and exploits, and which are dangerous. He has been jawing politicians for twenty years until he is a common scold, and he has set up his so-called ideals so high that the Angel Gabriel himself couldn't

give the performance that this man White would have to advertise on the bills.

So, in the words of the poet, nix on Willyum Allen. The GAZETTE's nose is hard and cold on the proposition to make him governor. He is a four-flusher, a ring-tailed, rip-snorting hell-raiser, and a grandstander. He makes a big noise. He yips and kyoodles around a good deal, but he is everlasting and preëminently N. G. as gubernatorial timber—full of knots, warts, woodpecker holes, and rotten spots. He would have the enmity of more men who have walked the plank politically than any other man in Kansas, and his candidacy would issue an irrevocable charter in Kansas for the Progressive party to be the official minority report world without end. Men and women would be trampled to death at seven o'clock election mornings, trying to get at the polls to cast the first vote against him, and at night perfectly good citizens, kind fathers and indulgent husbands, would risk a jail sentence to get in at least ten votes against him as repeaters. It may be that the Progressive party needs a goat, but the demand doesn't require a Billy-goat! Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. But this man White is a shoulder-galled, sore-backed, ham-strung, wind-broken, string-halted, stump-sucking old stager who, in addition to being no good for draft and general purposes, has the political bots, blind-staggers, heaves, pink eye and epizootic. Moreover, he is locoed and has other defects.

People in the state may be fooled by the doped gait and fancy steps of this man White, but we know him. If he is a candidate for governor or for any other office, we propose to tell the truth about him—how he

robbed the county with a padded printing bill, how he offered to trade off his support to a congressman for a government building, how he has blackmailed good citizens, and has run a bulldozing, disreputable newspaper in this town for twenty years, and has grafted off business men, and sold fake mining stock, and advocated anarchy and assassination. These are but a few preliminary things that occur to us as the moment passes. But if his fool friends insist on playing up this self-advertising game for him any longer, we propose to abandon twenty years of guarded innuendo and prattling subterfuge, and come out with the real facts. We shall speak plainly hereafter.

A word to the wise should gather no moss!

POLLYANNA THE GLAD

APRIL 23, 1914.

It is amusing to see that a lot of old gourches that haven't digested their food well for twenty years are trying to get into this Pollyanna glad mood. They come around trying to cheer up the GAZETTE. Heavens to Betsy and six hands 'round—why, the GAZETTE was the official organ of the glad folks way back in the dry summer of '94. We have a glad record. We have been walloped and licked and rolled in the mud politically and chased up and down the street by irate ladies and gentlemen with canes and blacksnake whips and libel suits and motions to quash; we have stood off mobs of subscribers who desired to quit the paper and mobs of creditors who wanted the paper to quit, and have dodged the sheriff, the pulmotor, and the undertaker, and still are doing business at the old stand.

We have come along rising of twenty years as editor of this moral guide upon faith without works, and red ink at the bank. And we see no reason why a new convert to the glad idea should try to make us smile and sing or dance and yell. We were an optimist during old Opt's first administration, before Bryan's first term, and we don't propose to have any new-born rainbow-chaser come in and try to take the pessimism out of us. What little there is in us the corn doctor has whittled away on for a generation, and as he can't remove it, we'll just keep it for seed.

SOME EVENT

APRIL 29, 1915.

Once in a while we square off and look at an item in the GAZETTE and think we have pitched some pretty laudable rhetoric into that item. But to-day we saw the following from the Lexington (Ky.) *News*, and after reading it we have no further pride of authorship in anything languageous. Here is the Lexington *News*'s story:

One of the most superb affairs that the citizens of Lexington have witnessed for a long while was brought to bear by the uniting in holy wedlock of Miss Mary Elizabeth Stewart and Mr. Lewis Monroe Ford. At the beginning, the day was one of gloom, but late in the morning the clouds became scattered, and at the noon hour the sun peeped out and streamed through the windows of the old historic church, adding cheer and enthusiasm to the superb occasion. Each individual in the bridal party performed his or her part as perfectly as if guided by a guardian angel, and the entire performance was one of rare beauty, portraying all of the accuracy of a piece of well-oiled machinery.

Perhaps our fault is not so much with our language as with the events on the block. If Providence would let anything so consequential as this Kentucky wedding happen in Emporia we might hop to it with courage and pitch a better game. As it is we have no support behind the bat in Providence, so our reporting in this sad old town isn't all it should be.

"ERE IN OUR LIFE!"

JULY 26, 1917.

In yesterday's Topeka *Capital*, Col. J. E. House, recalling the time when J. F. Todd snook up behind him and hit him with a loaded cane, rises gently to the serene and philosophic mood that comes when one views the days that were. From that vantage point he calls upon the *GAZETTE* to reprint the story of the lady who chased its editor with a horsewhip. The suggestion is not a bad one. We should follow it but for a plan we have been maturing for years, to print our recollections of the perilous time of the Kansas press.

These pallid days upon which we have fallen do not recall the blithe gay years when reporting was combined with foot-racing, mayhem, ground and lofty tumbling, buck and wing dancing, and assault with intent to kill. Thirty-two years ago this summer we began to kick the heavy Colt's universal jobber, rustle personals at the trains, and drop watermelon rinds on prominent citizens passing below as we molded public opinion in the forms, hot and often rebellious, for the columns of the Butler County *Democrat*. Our first essay at reform was upon a gambler who had a little stud game four doors down the hallway from the office,

and who used to like to take out a girl we fancied in a red-wheeled buggy. That red-wheeled buggy gave us a realizing sense of the wickedness of the gambler's life. So, while the editor was out of town, we slipped an item into the paper about the stud game which the city marshal could not well overlook. The item was a mistake. That gambler sat up out of hours four long days trying to get a chance to kick our base of supplies into our subconsciousness, and only a fleet and earnest pair of young feet kept the gambler from achieving his end. Incidentally, he got the girl. Which taught us a lesson about the gratitude of republics.

The year following, while riding the hook and ladder truck to fires and drawing \$8 a week as runaway reporter and train chaser for Bent Murdock on the *El Dorado Republican*, we were persuaded by a local advertiser to make a few sensible remarks about a lady peddling corsets in the town, who was taking business from the merchant prince. The lady went to the harness shop, bought a keen rawhide, and walked Main Street and Sixth Avenue for two days and haunted the *El Dorado Republican* office at all hours for the reporter. The boss and the foreman expressed virtuous indignation at the reporter, and he made his beat from the alleys, meekly peering into a store from the back room to see if she was there before entering it, and never getting far from the alley door. We wrote our copy on the back stairs and sent it in by the devil, who once, being eager for a foot race of Something Equally Good, told the waiting and obdurate woman where we were perched. Then that episode passed, and we roasted a circus that didn't advertise enough to suit our nice taste in those matters, and if the circus had

sent a sober man to do its fighting, he might have caught us.

In those El Dorado years we attempted to paralyze the Farmers' Alliance, and were ridden in effigy through the streets of town; a boycott was declared on the paper, and the candidate for county attorney on the Alliance ticket bought a gun to answer our charges.

Then we moved to Lawrence, where we have winged many a gay mile down Massachusetts Street before irate citizens, and have faced many a furious mob of Democrats in the office, coming in to stop subscriptions and order out advertising. Once Jerry Gladheart—peace to his ashes—sent word that he would shoot us on sight, and once Pete Foley came to call with a large feverish ball bat, and remained to pray. Life at Lawrence was just one long gorgeous flirtation with violent death. The only flash of light that illumines those Lawrence literary days in our memory was the friendship of Nash Walker, a colored porter in the Eldridge House, who afterward became famous as an actor and once, in New York, let us touch the hem of his fame and stand in the reflected glory of our association. Nash never tried to kill us. But he sat at the reporter's desk and grinned that incandescent smile of his while a drunken printer with a long-bladed knife came in one midnight and chased us all over the room, out into the business office and through the stock room. Nash certainly had a sense of humor, and the thought of a printer killing us who had no special grievance other than that we had asked him for a quarter he had borrowed, while good and virtuous burglars whom we had libeled and slandered had failed to wing us—the subtle

humor of that situation certainly did give Nash a few merry moments.

In Kansas City life grew gradually dull and monotonous. A glance into the howitzer carried by Joe Davenport, who came to whip the editor of the *Star*, and a leap from the second story of the building to a desk in the business office of the *Star* on the first floor, to escape the gun, was the most considerable episode that came to relieve the drab life. A delegation from the stockyards once came to fight, but we were out and they ignobly let the matter drop. A leading citizen named Owsley and a gentleman named Blitz obligingly threatened to kill us, but without lasting and satisfactory results. So we left Kansas City for Emporia, where for a few years business did pick up. We were slugged by a prominent citizen, chased by a lady, laid for by a female jointist with a pistol, and hanged in effigy in a Populist parade. A negro murderer once tried to fuss his way into fame through our remains, which would not remain remains, and a local statesman once removed a big gun from an indignant reader of the *GAZETTE* who desired our blood. The committee has told us we had to leave town, bankers have warned us against our past-due paper, and once our dog was poisoned by designing enemies.

Yet, as we are facing fifty, we look back from these placid heights without much regret. We are more circumspect than we used to be; words are weighed more carefully than they were in our teens and twenties and thirties, when we tossed language gayly about like the dews of heaven, letting it fall upon the just and the unjust.

But we wonder if our circumspection is due to wisdom, or if, perchance, in "the dear dead days beyond recall, ere in our lives the mists began to fall," we were not bolstered by the deep, sustaining faith that we could run like a whitehead; while now the passing years have checked our speed, broken our wind, and made us kindly cautious, if not entirely wise.

BUMS AND SCANDALS

MAY 23, 1921.

To the Editor of the GAZETTE.

SIR: Why have you let two big divorce suits go by without a line in the GAZETTE? Are you shielding them because they are big bugs? Does the fact that a man has money keep his name out of the paper when he runs around with other women and when a poor devil gets drunk you slap his name in the paper?

A READER.

That is a fair question; the answer is this: For 26 years the GAZETTE has made an invariable rule to keep divorce scandals out of the local news. Also we have had an invariable rule to print the actual news of divorces; the names of the parties, the causes briefly stated, and the disposition of the children, if any. The community has a right to this news. But the harrowing details that mark the wreck of any home are not news; they are often salacious, sometimes debasing, and always abnormal. We have felt that the wreck of a home is bad enough; to pry among the wreckage is ghoulish. So readers of the GAZETTE who want Emporia divorce scandals elaborated should subscribe for some other paper.

Now about the drunk. The man who fills up with whisky and goes about making a fool of himself becomes a public nuisance. If permitted to continue it, he becomes a public charge. The public has an interest in him. Publicity is one of the things that keep him straight. His first offense is not recorded in the GAZETTE when he is arrested, but on his second offense and no matter how high or how low he is, his name goes in. We have printed this warning time and again; so when the drunks come around asking us to think of their wives and children, or their sick mothers or poor fathers, we always tell them to remember that they had fair warning, and if their fathers and mothers and wives and children are nothing to them before taking they are nothing to us after taking.

The bum and the divorce are treated always from the standpoint of the community interest.

THE HUMAN VOLCANO

SEPTEMBER 8, 1921.

Every four or five months the volcano of a town of 10,000 blows up in a big newspaper story. Ten thousand people reacting upon each other and the big wide world produce some rather unusual event—what may be called a newspaper sensation. Then the interest subsides for four months, while the crater of the volcano fills up again.

Emporia is due to slop over in the next two or three weeks. Will you furnish the story—or your neighbor? Pepville or the Second Ward, the schools or the railroads? The news is coming. Heaven only knows what it is. It is never late.

EDITING JUDGE

DECEMBER 12, 1921.

For the last three or four weeks the editorials in *Judge* have been signed by the editor of the GAZETTE. So a story got abroad in the town that the editor of the GAZETTE would go to New York to be the editor of *Judge*—which is absurd! New York is a large town so far as population goes, and it has a lot of things going on every night. But man for man Emporia is a better town, and though the night life of Emporia closes practically at eleven o'clock, one has to sleep some time, and the sleeping arrangements in Emporia between midnight and seven o'clock are far ahead of anything New York has to offer. And that is to be considered.

The editorials for *Judge* therefore will be written in Emporia, and sent by mail or wire to New York. The editorials for the GAZETTE and its editorial policy—poor thing that it is—will be made in Emporia. “I never,” said Mrs. Micawber, looking at her husband in adoration, “shall desert Mr. Micawbar.”

TOOK THE OATH

AUGUST 18, 1922.

The Houston *Post* expresses the hope that the Emporia GAZETTE in its strenuous defi of the cosmos won't secede from the Union. The hope will be rewarded. For whatever else the GAZETTE may be, it is not a seceder—not now. We once went out of the Republican party, banging the door, and took a look at it from the outside. The longer we looked the bigger it got, so we

went in again, and again banged the door, and we have decided that we can do more good for the peculiar kind of deviltry that is in our heart inside the party than without. And so long as the Republican party is big enough to cast a shadow over the Goddess of Liberty, we shall stay inside.

INCONSISTENCY

APRIL 25, 1923.

"You are so inconsistent," writes a correspondent to the GAZETTE this morning. "One day you are against Harding and jeer at him and the next day you praise him to the skies. What is the matter with you anyway? Why don't you get a policy and stick to it?"

Exactly—why not be a thick-and-thin partisan? Why not be for a man or against him? Why not wear a collar? As a matter of fact we do wear a collar. Five thousand subscribers to the GAZETTE pay us for our honest opinion upon the passing events of the day. They don't pay much, and they don't get much. But what they get is unbiased and as honest as the times will permit.

In a general way the GAZETTE is Republican; but if the Republican party gets in what seems to be a wrong position, the best duty of a good Republican is to call attention to what seems a wrong position. If a man is right to-day and wrong to-morrow, say so frankly in each case without malice, and yet heartily. A newspaper has one obligation and one only, to print the truth as far as it is humanly possible, and to comment upon the truth as candidly and as kindly as is humanly possible, never forgetting to be merry the while, for after

all the liar and the cheat and the panderer are smaller offenders than the solemn ass.

That is why we seem inconsistent to the mind that wears labels and sends out its thinking to be done by party, by church, or by groups or cliques or clans or crowds and factions. The fool's jewel of consistency is largely paste!

PUBLIC NOTICE

JANUARY 20, 1923.

Mrs. W. A. White has gone to New York, called there by the illness of her sister.

Mr. W. A. White is in Emporia.

How about Sunday dinner?

This is not only an opportunity, but a duty, as we have said before on many cases of public need.

Don't all speak at once, but phone 28 after six o'clock.

EMPORIA

INTRODUCTORY

Here are some glimpses into the life of a country town—a Kansas country town; different somewhat, but not much, from other country towns. We like to think who live in these towns that life is fairly full and happy. But perhaps we have only the contentment of provincialism. If we are provincial it is spiritually, not materially; for we dress and eat and live about as people do in larger cities—even as they do in New York, and much better than they fare in London or Paris.

But inside our clothes and houses perhaps we are provincial. Or perhaps the city dwellers are provincial. Heaven only knows. We lose something cultural—music, the drama, beautiful pictures—that we might have in cities. But in the country town we gain in contact with our neighbors. We know people by the score, by the hundred, and when we have grown into a small American community of from 1,000 to 30,000 our contacts reach the many hundreds. Our affairs become common with one another, our joys mutual, and even our sorrows are shared. And that all helps. It all makes life pleasantly livable. And when two or three times a year or so the symphony concert comes, or a good show, or the picture exhibit—how we do fall to. How we do eat it up. So the balance of life is maintained. We lose a little and gain a little—the city bred and the town grown.

W. A. W.

THE COMPANY HAS GONE

SEPTEMBER 7, 1895.

For a week Emporia has been entertaining com-

pany.* The soldier boys were here and their friends and kin. It was almost like a "conference" week, from the start to finish, and now that they are gone Emporia can flop down in the best chair in the parlor with her apron on and bless her lucky stars that she has done well by them. Emporia has fed them well and given them comfortable quarters. The weather has been good, so that the company could get outdoors and see things. Every prospect has been pleasing, and Emporia may well congratulate herself that her visitors have had a good time.

Still we are glad they are gone.

Emporia is a quiet old home body, and she doesn't like to have a hubbub going on in the house, with the sheets on the spare-room bed to be changed every other day. Sister Topeka is a highty-tighty, giddy old girl, who is never happy unless every bed in the house is full and three or four of her husband's folks are sleeping on the floor in the dining room. Topeka likes to rush around in the kitchen and "do for" people. It never upsets her to have a whole buggy load of company drop in for dinner. She just lets them take pot luck and opens some canned goods and that's all there is to it. Wichita is fussy; she takes company out buggy riding so much that they don't get time to talk over old times. Atchison makes company go out in the kitchen and help "do the dishes," and Leavenworth is ashamed of all her country kin, and won't introduce them to the officers at the Fort.

*The state meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic. This year we had another G. A. R. state convention. A few hundred piping old men and their wives—mostly buxom and much younger—poked quietly about the streets and soon were gone.—W. A. W.

Emporia is old-fashioned and likes to have company once in a while, but she is glad when it is over. She enjoyed the soldiers mightily while they were here, but another day and they would have worn their welcome out. They kept the music going until late at night, and were laughing and whooping around at hours of the night when Emporia likes to be in bed and asleep. When the boys come again they will be welcome, but in the meantime Emporia will have a lot of warmed over grub to dispose of for a few days. And her parting words were: "Yes, and you must come back again next year. Now be sure!"

And then, the "company" was gone.

THE WHITE-WINGED DOVE

MARCH 30, 1897.

Last night the mayor signed every ordinance passed by the council. There has not been a dissenting vote on any prevailing measure or resolution before that body in a month. The adjournment of the council is effected before ten o'clock. The cooing of the birds can be heard half a block. Harmony has three shifts of eight-hour men working day and night. The white-winged dove is sweating in every pore trying to hover over Emporia. Peace has just been on her feet the whole blessed day and "hasn't set down a minute except to eat her meals since she got up this morning." Two carloads of nice tin halos have been ordered for the city by J. M. Griffith and will be distributed by John Wiggam and Billy Ewing.* The First National and

* Local factionalists. In those days of the nineties every western town was torn by factions. The Chamber of Commerce, the "drive," the Rotarians, and the Elks have some way abolished these factions.—W. A. W.

the Emporia National are drinking milk of human kindness through the same rye straw, and the GAZETTE borrowed a printer to-day from the *Republican*. If Emporia is ever going to Heaven, now is a good time to die.

LET'S HAVE THE JOINTS

MAY 17, 1897.

Here are the five joints in town—one at the corner of Sixth and Mechanics, two on Commercial between Third and Fourth avenues and two down by the depot. They are nice, clean, respectable joints. They sell good, wholesome, health-giving beer and delicious, bracing, gladsome whisky. The ladies and gentlemen who conduct these homelike emporiums have high ideals, and their love of the glorious profession of liquor selling spurs them on to make their places of business cheerful, cosy resorts where tired men and boys may find a few moments' rest from their loved employ each day.

Perhaps the GAZETTE has been wrong in urging that these joints be closed. If so, here is another proposition: let's have the joints—let them run openly. No city of any importance survives without whisky selling.

So let's have the joints. Let's license them. Then we can get some money with which to pay policemen to bring our boys and our fathers and our brothers home drunk. It is horrible to see them coming home beastly sober night after night.

Let's have the joints and then we can have some variety in town. An occasional murder—a nice, interesting wife murder that will give us something to talk

about. Maybe we could educate some of our boys—if we had joints—so that they would loaf around low dives, and that would make the mothers of the town happy.

By all means let's have joints, so that some of our girls growing up in the Emporia schools may have a chance to marry drunkards and reform them and come running out of their homes in their night dresses to the neighbors for protection a few months after the wedding. Little episodes like this would make life worth living. As it is the town is slow, humdrum, prosy, stupid.

Let's have the joints. They are illegal. Their presence violates the law. The dignity of the courts is torn down. Mob law is encouraged. Lawbreaking in other lines is stimulated. Disregard for property rights and other fossil notions of civil integrity are bred. We might have some delightful lynchings, some charming gambling, followed by ennobling embezzlement, if we had the joints. All manner of slightly disguised blessings like these might follow in the train of half a dozen recognized joints. The town would be improved in every way.

Let's have the joints. Let's have a business town. The Corner Book Store and the City Book Store would make excellent sites for saloons. The idea of having three banks and a book store on the principal corner in town, and the joints upstairs and in out-of-the-way corners is absurd. It indicates a poky old town, where old fogy people are saving their money instead of spending it, as God plainly intended they should, for whisky.

Of course the GAZETTE has no “personal knowledge”

that there are joints in this town.* Neither has it "personal knowledge" that there was a church dedicated yesterday. Mayor Addis is clearly doing his full duty. If there was a riot in town it would not be his business to stop it till he had "personal knowledge" of it, and of course he could not go snooping around trying to find out about it. So he can't encourage these joints as he should. He can't compel them to pay a license and give them the protection that they should have. He has no "personal knowledge" that there was a fire in town yesterday; but if there was a fire threatened to-night and to-morrow night and every night thereafter he would see to it that "personal knowledge" or otherwise, something was done. But he can't go smelling around in the places which the GAZETTE has named looking for joints. They are here to stay. No one wishes them closed. They are all right.

Let's have joints.

THE TOWN'S TRAGEDIES

JULY 26, 1900.

This is a country town. The people living in boundaries of this town are average Americans who enjoy the average emotions that stir the souls of human beings the world over. They love and they hate, and they fear and they rejoice, and they are jealous and generous and happy and sorry pretty much as human beings are wherever men wear clothes and women do up

* This editorial was one of many of its kind printed during the twenty years' fight to enforce the prohibitory law in Kansas. The editorial is typical of scores of others in the Kansas papers. They voice public sentiment and make it as they voice it, and so Kansas won the fight against the saloon. But it was no easy victory.—W. A. W.

their hair. There is nothing unusual, nothing exceptional about the town and its people. Yet to one who knows the town and its history, it seems a town of tragedies. Walk the length of any street and listen to the stories of the houses along the way and how many broken hearts accumulate at the journey's end; what anguish must have twisted the heartstrings of the men and women whose stories are part of the town legend; what infinite sorrow they must have carried in their hearts before the climaxes came which revealed the core of the tragedy. And yet these men and women went in and out among the people here, giving no sign, making no outcry; doing the humdrum things of ordinary existence, going along the treadmill of business or household work mechanically.

How the town gasped with surprise when the tales came out! How those who could have helped regretted their blindness that they did not see! How those who had rubbed the hidden wounds winced as they recalled their cruelty!

What lessons were learned! What morals were drawn, and all in vain!

For are we not going through life in the same old way, self-centered, thoughtless, careless, blind to our neighbor's suffering?

Men and women are walking the streets of this town to-day who are carrying to-morrow's tragedy in their hearts—carrying it in secret, that one day shall be known to all men. If one could only penetrate the mask of the human face what sorrow might be assuaged, what sinning prevented. The only thing left to finite beings is gentleness. That is the spectroscope that often reveals the innermost hearts of those about

us. Who ever made a confidant of a gruff man, who ever took his troubles to a crusty old grinder of men? What mean man ever made grief lighter, with all his riches? What viper-tongued gossip ever saved an erring girl? Yet many a tragedy has been stopped by a kind, motherly old woman whose heart has sensed the sorrow of her neighbor and has shared the burden. Many a man has given his friend a hand that has helped him over the pit of hell.

But to help others one must help himself. What will fumigate the human heart of its jealousy and its hate and its lust and its covetousness and its meanness? What antiseptic solution will wash the poison of daily life from the soul, that men may help one another, may rescue the perishing, may succor the fallen? What lotion will make men pure in heart that they may know the exquisite joy of being useful in the world, helpful to those in need, of bearing others' burdens? For this is the only sure joy in all the earth. Perhaps that is what the beatitude meant which said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Perhaps God is not a magnified man who sits on a great bright golden throne in a golden city in the clouds. Perhaps God is the law that moves the universe and gives the flowers their fragrance and the great engines their power. Perhaps to help one's fellows to live in unison with this Law brings that keen joy which is the ecstasy of seeing God.

WHAT IS A MAN PROFITED?

AUGUST 1, 1901.

The other day in Emporia, the longest funeral procession that has formed in ten years followed the Rev.

John Jones* three long miles in the hot July sun out to Dry Creek Cemetery. Now, a funeral procession may mean little or much. When a rich and powerful man dies, the people play politics and attend his funeral for various reasons. But here was the body of a meek, gentle little old man—a man "without purse or scrip." It won't take twenty minutes to settle his estate in probate court. He was a preacher of the gospel—but preachers have been buried before this in Emporia without much show of sorrow.

The reason so many people lined up behind the hearse that held the kind old man's mortality was simple: they loved him. He devoted his life to helping people. In a very simple way, without money or worldly power, he gave of the gentleness of his heart to all around him. We are apt to say that money talks, but it speaks a broken, poverty-stricken language. Hearts talk better, clearer, and with a wider intelligence. This old man with the soft voice and the kindly manners knew the language of the heart and he spoke it where it would give zest to joy. He worked manfully and with a will in his section of the vineyard, and against odds and discouragements he won time and again. He was infinitely patient and brave. He held a simple, old-fashioned faith in God and his loving kindness.

When others gave money—which was of their store—he gave prayers and hard work and an inspiring courage. He helped. In his sphere he was a power.

*A Welsh preacher who came with a colony from Wales in 1870 or thereabouts. He was a leader among his people for a generation. The principal infusion of foreign blood in Emporia is Welsh.—W. A. W.

And so when he lay down to sleep hundreds of friends trudged out to bid him good-by with moist eyes and with cramped throats to wish him sweet slumber.

And then they turned back to the world to make money—to make money—what a hollow impotent thing! What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

WANTED: A HORSE

APRIL 3, 1906.

The editor of this paper desires to buy a horse. He and his family have reached a point in social prominence and affluence where they feel that they can afford to drive out of a summer evening and look at other people's porch boxes, and admire other people's flower gardens. Therefore they desire a horse—just a common or garden horse who can make a mile in twenty-three minutes and eight seconds without turning a hair. They have no desire for much speed; they don't care for style; they desire only that the four legs of the brute be poked in the proper corners and that he may have spry enough action so that people will not ask when we had her dehorned and inquire how much milk she gives. The animal also should be gentle, and of the kind that the children can use to put a teeter-totter across. It is desirable that the horse shall be able to draw a two-seated surrey without jumping through the collar, and that he or she, as the case may be, shall be city broke, and that he shall have enough intelligence to keep from hopping freight cars, and hurdling over buzz-wagons. Any one knowing

where such a horse may be obtained will confer a favor on it by calling up this office.*

MRS. MOON HAS "GONE ON"

JULY 16, 1910.

The death of Mrs. Jacob B. Moon takes from Lyon County one of a notable couple. Probably no other couple in Lyon County were more in evidence at Lyon County things—fairs, reunions, picnics, annual and occasional affairs of every kind—than Mr. and Mrs. Moon. "Jake" Moon for fifty years has been a leader in the political life of the county. He has been and is at the front of every movement, and from the days of Senator Plumb through those of Lambert and Hood† to the present, Mr. Moon has been in politics up to his neck. And Mrs. Moon, bless her dear heart—cheerful through sorrow, helpful in all kinds of weather, sweet and fine and game to the core—Mrs. Moon has been always with him. At the basket dinners her basket always had enough for the stranger. At political meetings her hands put up Old Glory and pinned the decorations to the rough pine boards to make them shine. In the soldiers' reunions her stack of pies was the highest and her forethought made a score of details easy for the others.

Mrs. Moon was not of the large and ponderous type who dominate by sheer mass—the type known as "a captain"; she—God bless her (and he will, be sure of that)—she was of the compressed type, full of endurance, full of sympathy, full of grit with the blue rib-

* The horse appeared. He was Old Tom. He figured in song and story in the town for ten years.—W. A. W.

† Local statesmen.

bon of a smile always tied about it, and with that exquisite gentleness that comes from great strength—she was of the nonpareil small type, known as a dear. She left life in a sad hurry, but in the great beyond no doubt she has found herself, with the care worn from her smile, and the bloom of youth that shone upon her fifty years gone by restored in the fulfillment of a lifelong hope.

A LOCAL LAURA

MARCH 1, 1911.

Every day a comfortable middle-aged woman with graying hair and brown eyes and something slightly more than the suggestion of a double chin passes the window of the GAZETTE office; a pleasant, motherly soul, but not without a little fire smouldering in her eyes. Still, one would hardly call her a romantic figure—too much upholstery for that.

But, on the other hand, she wasn't born that way. Twenty-five years ago she was a raging favorite. She was tall and graceful, and then the fire in her eyes was a conflagration that it took seven babies to extinguish. And love affairs? Dozens of them—scores of them! Of the malignant type—days, nights, and Sundays, candy, flowers, books, jewelry—even silk stockings; it was something terrific. And when she came sailing down Commercial Street all the men turned around as if the wind was blowing their heads her way.

And one young fellow—kind of a red-headed fellow with freckles and skimmed-milk eyes and a lot more legs than he could use comfortably at that time—this young fellow broke out with a case with the

fulldress brown eyes that mighty nearly put him to bed. He couldn't work, and he could hardly eat—though he did manage three meals and a midnight lunch on her father—and he was what the boys call *ory-eyed*.

And then she married John, and went to making little white things and was busy for fifteen years. And she gradually put on flesh, and little by little accumulated sense, and slowly extinguished the conflagration in her eyes, and the wind quit blowing men's heads around when she passed down street. The story is not uncommon.

But the point is this: The pie-faced youth whom she threw over for the man who is now paying her grocery bill left town. He could not stand it. He told her she was Enshrined in his Heart. During all these years he has been subscribing for the *GAZETTE* just to see her name. Once in a while he comes back to visit. Sometimes he sees her, sometimes he misses her. But nothing happens. But the married women of the old crowd and the boys around town in their fifties say that old Mr. Pie-face, skinny, scrawny, and watery-eyed, still insists on devoting most of his conversation to Her with a large capital H. She has a son on the railroad—an extra brakeman with a voice like a cross-cut saw—and she certainly looks like the devil before breakfast when she flops around in her wrapper. But nevertheless and howsomever and all the same—it is a case of Laura and Petrarch, Pygmalion and Galatea, Romeo and Juliet. That is how stories are made. That is "such stuff as dreams are made of." A large ample-bosomed woman who fills her rocking-chair, and whom seven children call maw, and

a dozen yonket call Aunt Cindy, is Enshrined in his Heart.

And this, my dear Alfonse, is set down, not to make you laugh at love's young dream—far from it; but to let you know that just because a lady looks like a basket of chips is no reason why she hasn't had her share of what was going when she was young. Don't ever forget that.

THE CAPTAIN

MAY 13, 1911.

He set out yesterday afternoon on his last long march to join the innumerable company that has been mustered into the great army "on fame's eternal camping ground." Cyrus Richmond Stone was familiarly known by a wide circle of friends as "the captain." He was a veteran of the Civil War, and as the old song says, it was his "theme in glory." His life for at least a quarter of a century has been linked and associated with the memories of the Civil War. "C. R. Stone—Pensions" his sign read, and his office was the headquarters for all the Old Boys. As they lagged in the march and dropped out of the active fight, they found their way to "the captain's" office. He attended to their affairs, looked after their pensions, helped them with their property, and best of all, he kept the fires of memory burning, and always in his office battles were raging, skirmishes fighting, expeditions forming; "the broken soldier" of the world's greatest war always found one place in a cold and somewhat sordid town where he might go to find glory waiting for him.

The Old Boys will miss "the captain." He knew

them and loved them and served them. His little office was the altar where the fires of a patriotism that is growing somewhat old-fashioned always burned. It was that patriotism that is closely associated with war's alarms, and throbs most quickly with "the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air." Fashions in patriotism change; the mode to-day seems to be a civic righteousness that places country above party and has highty-tighty notions about the duties of citizenship. But the new styles were not for "the captain." To him patriotism meant unflinching loyalty to the party that broke the shackles of four million slaves, that preserved the Union, and upheld the flag in two great wars. To him patriotism was "the army and navy forever, three cheers for the red, white, and blue." By the rules of the old-fashioned times when men were brave and women lovely and the good always went with the true and the beautiful, he laid out his life.

And thus his life was lived, and in latter years he dwelt with his face turned back toward the sunrise of a day that is now almost in the twilight of its sunset. But it was a glorious day, full of courage and chivalry and true romance, and "the captain" in his time fought the good fight, lived life to the full—"and with God be the rest."

A GRAND OLD HORSE

SEPTEMBER 24, 1912.

Emporia claims that it can accommodate almost any request in the form of entertainment. Colonel Roosevelt wanted a "day of rest" Sunday, and Emporia proceeded to give him a ride behind Old Tom. Old Tom, by the way, is one of the most restful horses you ever saw.—*Ottawa Herald*.

Old Tom, of course, is no Maud S nor Joe Patchen—for several reasons. But he has the same number of legs attached and his heart is true. He makes no claim to speed, but his carburetor always works, and while he has but two cylinders he brings his guests back in one piece and leaves them at home rather than down town at the undertaker's to be assembled by total strangers into their aliquot parts.

What if he isn't speedy; what if his best record is a mile in fifteen minutes? So far as that is concerned, the pyramids have been four thousand years making a distance that Tom can do in a few desultory minutes, and no one sneers at them. There are too many smart alecks running newspapers who jeer at useful things merely to raise a laugh. Old Tom may not have a wind shield or speedometer. But what would he do with them? He is fully equipped with a few kind words and a whalebone whip. Tom, like Spartacus the gladiator, has "faced every form of man or beast the broad empire" could produce. Princes and potentates, fair women and brave men* have lolled luxuriously among the four dollar springs of the surrey behind old Tom and have seen Emporia and Lyon County whiz by them at four miles an hour without fear or anxiety. They knew they were safe. He will go longer—though perhaps not quite so far—on a forty-cent bale of hay than these new-fangled vessels of wrath fitted unto destruction will go with a bucket of gasoline and a cord of rubber.

* Emporia about choked with shame when we took Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan around town behind old Tom, and when Roosevelt came to town and was hauled about behind the dear old nag Emporia was mad. A hundred men offered cars with the exhortation: "Say, now—don't you take him around behind Old Tom." But that's the way he went.—W. A. W.

Then, of course, there is this important thing to say of old Tom: while, of course, it is difficult to get new parts when he breaks, yet after all he is paid for, and there's no ninety-day note turning up every season to make the years a melancholy procession on the other side of the street from the bank. That's not much, perhaps—but still it's something. Taken up one side and down the other—old Tom has his good points.

"JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE"

MAY 15, 1914.

It is now eighteen years since Mose Coppock and his old White Horse adorned Commercial Street in the Pop parade. But during those eighteen years, Mr. Coppock has lived like the Thane of Cawdor, "a prosperous gentleman," upon his farm near town. This week he blossomed out as a Democratic candidate for register of deeds, and we shall now see "freedom's battle once begun" finished with some class and style in the year 1914. The GAZETTE, of course, will oppose Mr. Coppock with what vigor it can command, and will support the Progressive nominee with all its might and main, but it is in sorrow, not in anger, that we shall feed the grape and canister and 14-point type into the palpitating flesh of our good old friend. He is a gallant knight in a lost cause, and we pause to dry a mourning eye before the battle begins.

THIRTY YEARS OF MAGGIE

JANUARY 7, 1915.

Thirty years ago to-day Mrs. Carl Ballweg, a bride of a fortnight, opened her millinery store in the south

half of the room occupied then by the Hall Brothers, six doors south of her present location. She had worked in the Straus store a year or so before—a handsome, smart, attractive Irish girl named Maggie Byrnes; and the town knew her as Maggie and it accepted her as Maggie in her new business; and for thirty years she has been Maggie to the town, in spite of the beautiful gilt sign, "Mrs. Carl Ballweg, Ladies' Hatter," that shines over the door of her store.

Thirty years ago Carl, her gentle, kind-hearted, soft-spoken husband, wrote up her books for the first day, and in the good old honest German way put the words "Mit Gott" on the flyleaf, and with God's help the business has grown into a town institution.

Maggie is as much a part of Commercial Street to-day as Newman's or Mr. Dunlap the banker or Rorbaugh's store, or the Mit-Way Hotel or the Normal School or Soden's Mill. She has made her place; she has let down the foundations of her life wide and deep in the hearts of the town. She is found taking her place as a business woman beside her business colleagues in every good movement in the town; yet no woman in all the town, peeping from behind the curtains of her own parlor windows, has preserved more of the eternal feminine about her than Maggie Ballweg. She has been a business woman, but first of all a wife and mother. She has succeeded in all her enterprises.

The pretty Irish bride who began so modestly thirty years ago to-day "Mit Gott" has endeared herself to thousands of men and women; she is a part of this county and is known and respected all over this part of Kansas; incidentally she has made money—plenty of

it, and she and her good husband, who also has made his way, and has established himself in the business community upon his own footing substantially, are beloved by all in the wide circle of friends who know them. They have conducted a home as comrades and friends, and have gone out of it to their different businesses a few hours each day to return stronger and happier than they were the day before. It has been a beautiful thing for the town to see this comradeship between Carl and Maggie.

Thirty years ago to-day was a fine and lucky day for both of them and for Emporia.

VIA DOLOROSA

APRIL 10, 1915.

A hint of spring, and the old Maplewood road, that winds away from Emporia over the hill to the cemetery, becomes a way of life. Just one warm moonlight night, and that old road teems with College and Normal students, always two and two, that inexplicable puzzle which baffled the philosopher of old—"a man and a maid."

For, to the average student, the season in the spring when the Maplewood road invites him is the heyday of his life. The teachers, the examinations, and the boarding-house grub become tolerable and even enjoyable once more, when the mud in the highway to Maplewood dries, and the frogs are singing in the hollows of the sweet-smelling pastures along the joyous journey. What is an examination, a lesson, or even an overdraft at the bank, when a young woman student can duck the dormitory or the rooming-house parlor, and ramble along the moonlit path that ends at old

Maplewood? How pleasant must it be to lie beneath the sod out there and listen over and over through all the passing years to that story that never grows old. Blessed are the dead that die in Emporia, for all the joy of this earth hovers over them, when the sap starts in the world in "springtime, the only pretty ring time."

What is more glorious than to be a College or Normal student, masculine gender, with all the world ahead, and to be able to travel that old road with the Only Girl? Unless perhaps it is more glorious to be the Only Girl. She must enjoy it or she would not be trailing out in platoons and battalions along that road more than once. The truth seems to be that the Only Girl knows that in moonlight every girl is an angel, and any young man who is not positively deformed is one of the gods.

It is fitting that the sprites and the fairies who dwell along the way to Maplewood and the rude forefathers of the village who snooze under the elms and cedars should see the old road a few weeks longer while the moon shines in and the lisp of slow feet whispers in the grass. Those few weeks should be only the shortest leg of their long dark journey for those who have gone out, and are wandering afar and alone. Small wonder that the frogs sing, the night birds whistle, and that the smiling moon does not forget to slip behind a hilltop or a cloud bank at the proper time.

Given a boy and a girl student, a balmy night in April or May, a little but not too much moon and the old Maplewood road, and there is bound to be business for the preacher later on. That also is "the resurrection and the life."

PARSON STAUFFER'S PANAMA

APRIL 17, 1915.

Parson T. F. Stauffer held his annual coming-out party for his straw hat yesterday afternoon. The hat, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Stauffer, was given the first parade of the season, and met with the approval of the populace along the route of march.

Parson Stauffer's Panama hat is a tradition in Emporia. Farmers wait until this hat is shown before planting their potatoes, and the mothers of the town mix up a mess of sulphur and molasses for the children when the parson completes his annual search in the garret for his summer hat. The Normal weather bureau never has reported a killing frost after Mr. Stauffer wore his Panama, and it seems certain that the hat and the parson will go sauntering down the corridors of time as the only true and reliable weather prophets.

Mr. Stauffer's hat has been remodeled since it was put in the garage last fall. It has the new streamline body effect, a demountable rim, and electric light. An electric announcer, which will indicate when the parson is under the hat, will be installed as soon as the electricians complete arrangements for a power circuit.

Mr. Stauffer's early blooming straw hat has become a landmark in Emporia, and it is a bad year when the hat is not out before April 15. The town is deeply indebted to it; it brings good weather and growing crops in its wake, and a society should be organized to cherish and preserve this priceless treasure.

THE STAR BOARDER'S WAIL

DECEMBER 16, 1915.

To the Editor of the GAZETTE.

SIR: I have been boarding with one landlady five years. I pay every Monday morning. In that five years we have had round steak fried hard for the noon meal every single week day that we haven't had pork fried hard. In the name of all the gods of cooking, can't you start something? Respectfully,

A STAR BOARDER.

With all the fervor of an ardent nature we can try, O thou tortured soul! We can tell your landlady if she reads these lines that in the bright lexicon of cookery nothing—not even thick broiled porterhouse steak, costs so much as pork and round steak fried hard.*

For less money than fried round steak costs she could give you broiled round steak, slightly underdone. It goes further, and makes more blood and strength. For less money than round steak costs she could give you stewed shoulder or brisket of veal with dumplings. For much less than hard fried round steak costs she could give you shoulder or brisket of mutton with rice and curry. For half what fried hard round steak costs she could give you hamburger steak—with lots of meal and pimientos and onions mixed in it, served with gravy from the steak. For a third less than fried

* This editorial was part of a thirty years' editorial struggle the GAZETTE has been waging against bad cooking. We carried on for years a bitter war against fruit salad and had a fine time baking and basting women who parboil turkeys or geese before roasting. They wrote back angry letters but we kept up the fight until the practice was discontinued among the best cooks in these latitudes.—W. A. W.

round steak or pork costs she could give you short ribs of beef, pot roasted with onions, carrots and potatoes with oodles of brown gravy. For what round steak costs she could buy a shoulder of mutton, cover it with flour, rub garlic on it, and roast it, serving it slightly underdone, and make it go further than round steak, with lots of mutton gravy. And for less than round steak she could give you pig hocks boiled with cabbage and turnips and potatoes.

There is a list of edible food as long as the moral law, that costs less and tastes better—for a change—than round steak fried hard or fried pork. The trouble with the boarding-house keeper is that she won't take the trouble to get out of the beaten track. It's easy to think up round steak fried hard or pork, and cooking is always a work of imagination and mental effort.

A GENTLEMAN GOES BY

JANUARY 27, 1916.

Every human being works out in life his own equation. The answer of his problem is his dominant virtue. One man's soul is brave; another man's life spells caution; still another shines with wisdom, and a fourth spells kindness with his talents.

Thursday morning in Emporia, as the dawn broke, Colonel J. M. Steele departed this world and began another upward journey in his soul's pilgrimage.

With his passing this community has lost its first gentleman. For gentleness, tempered by a shy and unswerving courage, gentility which knew no caste or class, but which dwelt in that aristocracy of God's

democracy of common men that He loves, a gentility that was innate and a graciousness that was as unconscious as the functioning of nature, abode with him always. So friendship was his master passion. He loved his kind. For thirty years and more he has been the moving spirit of an amiable social circle that enjoyed all the good and beautiful things of life that our civilization has afforded, and enjoyed those things together—as friends, as dear and devoted friends.

He made money—enough money; but money never interested him particularly. He did his part as a citizen; he even fought for his country, to show his fidelity to his convictions; but politics did not absorb his interest; his interest in life was his neighbors, his beloved friends. To them he showed his heart; to them he turned in trouble, and to them he went with his joys. Life was a fine and full experience with Colonel Steele. Books, music, fellowship, the arts and graces of life—all these he brought with his companionship, but not as a miser; he brought them that he might grow, might have more to give to his friends.

So when he left this earth, his journey hence found him stronger and wiser and more capable of a mellow beneficent charity than when life was young. Now he goes into the next stage of his upward climb toward the infinite goal, a gentleman full panoplied for the greater conquest—the final victory, whatever and wherever it may be.

And we who wait to follow can but hail him as one who has won his battle, and who has gone to a far more exceeding height of glory that we could give him here.

PAWPAWS

OCTOBER 5, 1916.

Here it is well into October; two frosts have nipped the sumach, and no one has brought a basket of pawpaws to the GAZETTE office.

The bass have begun to bite again; wild grapes are sweetening up; pumpkin pies are all but ripe, and the song birds are going. In the warm Indian summer sun, the turtle lies basking on his log over the green water strewn with leaves. Walnuts are drooping in the woods, and little boys' fingers are brown with stain. Pokeberry ink in school is stinking its good old stink, and carrying its message of undying love.

And still the season lacks its glory. No one has brought a basket of blackish-green pawpaws to the GAZETTE office.*

OUR FIRST WAR TRAGEDY

MARCH 15, 1918.

The death of Jarrett Thomas brought to Emporia its first war tragedy. And Jarrett was not a soldier. Yet last summer, when her two boys wanted to go to the war, Jarrett's mother gave one of them proudly and with the patriotism which is motherhood all over the world. The one boy who was left as her support she clung to as only a mother can cling to an only son. And now Jarrett is gone and the mother is alone. It is hard—inscrutably hard—this brush of the cruel hand of fate against this mother's heart, and the whole town is with her in her lonely grief.

* And the next day it rained pawpaws in the GAZETTE office.
—W. A. W.

SOME THOUGHTS ON LUCK

SEPTEMBER 5, 1918.

The White family came in last evening from Colorado. They came on the train from Hillsboro, Kansas, leaving their automobile in a garage there. Going out to Colorado eight or ten weeks ago they made the trip from Emporia to Estes Park, dogging along and making no fast time, but steadily moving, in two days and a half. They started on this trip homeward bound last Wednesday, and spent seven days on the journey. Mostly the delay looked like bad luck, but luck generally is a lack of forethought, and possibly the trouble was due to carelessness. At any rate, it may be profitable to a motor-riding generation to read the log of the journey.

* * *

Before starting the car went to the garage for three days' general treatment. It had its valves ground, its lights and starter and horn touched up, its tires vulcanized and was given a general course of treatment for that tired feeling, dizziness upon going upstairs, aversion to female society, and pains in the back. It came prancing out of the garage with a twenty-four dollar repair bill sticking on its tail-light, capering like a pussy full of fresh milk. Then it started to Denver and made seventy-five miles in three hours, mostly down grade, good roads and no grief. In the outskirts of Denver a tire went flat. On the viaduct crossing Denver, crack went a casing—a fairly good casing. So we bought a new casing and inner tube in Denver, and started on east. Twenty miles out of

Denver the heat in the thermometer doodad began to rise, and two or three minutes later a knock developed in that engine that sounded like a freight train crossing a bridge. We had shot a bearing. So we wagged slowly back to the garage in Denver and when they went into the abdomen of that car for the major operation, they found also that the oil pump was broken. That meant two days' imprisonment and a twenty-four dollar garage fine. But the two days' delay meant lodging, and regular meals for five people, and malted milk, ice cream sodas, picture shows, hamburgers, wieniewursts, more malted milk, tin roofs, and grizzly bears for the youngsters. So Saturday noon we sailed out of Denver, determined to make Oakley at midnight and Emporia Sunday night. Two punctures between Denver and Limon didn't count—that was the luck of the road—but forty miles out of Limon that old knock showed up—the knock that sounded like a drunken plumber coming down a fire escape with his tools in his teeth. We limped into Goodland, ten miles an hour, and hung up at the garage. We found that the garage man at Denver who had supplied the new bearing and the pump had forgotten to put in any oil, and a second bearing was scorched.

* * *

It was Sunday noon when we pulled out of Goodland; but it was a nice day, and we sailed along at twenty miles an hour, headed for Wakeeney at midnight. The engine was working like a hired man at a box social. And as we crossed the Rock Island, three miles beyond Edison, a gay little tinkle developed somewhere around the rear axle. We stopped, Bill

got out and looked at the trouble. He came back with a blanched face, reporting, "We've lost the gas tank." And there back in the road a quarter of a mile reposed the gas tank. We went back, set it on the running board, tied it with a rope, and started back to Goodland. In a mile the car began to sigh and sob, and we knew the gas was running low in the bowels of her. So we spread out the trunk rack, put Cecil Carle on his stomach on the rack with his head under the rear axle, holding an enameled water pitcher full of gasoline under the crupper of that pump, and so staggered back to Goodland. And there that boy lay with his heels sticking far out behind the car; people passing us thought we were a bunch of grave robbers with our prey strapped under the chassis. Which was bad enough, but when the road wasn't bumpy, it was dusty. The boy had his choice of choking to death or having his gizzard shaken out of him. And in the midst of it all—bang!—went a rear casing and blew his mouth full of rubber. It was the fourth blow-out on the trip.

It was a case of have-to as to the gas tank. We bored a hole in the bottom of the car, set the tank in front of the rear seat, where it folded up our legs like an accordion, and ran the pump line into the tank. Then we swooped down the long road out of Goodland, headed for Wakeeney again, determined to make it by midnight. A couple of punctures delayed us half an hour, and three or four ice cream sodas at Colby, but we pushed on into the beautiful prairie twilight. The engine was singing like a kitten back of the stove, and everything was functioning like a corn sheller. It was a beautiful twilight, slowly deepening into purple night,

and when Bill turned on the lights—biff!—they were gone. Something had gone wrong with the batteries; what it was no one knew, but there we were in the purpling gloom of the dust forty miles from Wakeeney and no lights. So we gaily scampered back to Oakley, and hung up for the night—and by way of diversion bought another inner tube.

We got a five o'clock start out of Oakley and felt we could make Emporia by midnight by having our batteries charged at Salina. And we were hitting up a fair pace, perhaps twenty miles down a gently rolling hill—when whack! went a spring; four leaves of the front spring went out and we sidled slowly along the golden belt in the gray dawn looking for a blacksmith. Blacksmiths don't get down to work until banking hours these halcyon days, so we didn't get a blacksmith shop until we came to Wakeeney, and then the blacksmith had a threshing machine and two Fords ahead of us. But we slapped the reins on her back and turned her nose homeward at one o'clock Monday, and barring another blow-out and two inner tubes and malted milks which were, of course, slowly eating into the overdraft but not really serious, we got along splendidly; passing down the line from Wakeeney to Ellis, Ellis to Hays, and on to Russell during the early afternoon.

A few punctures had cleaned up our last inner tube, but we were only ten miles from Ellsworth, and we had hopes of making home by one o'clock that night, when a long, mean hiss like a rattlesnake greeting a harvester attracted our attention. It was dusk; Ellsworth was half a dozen miles away and we had a

puncture and no inner tubes. So we sat there and waited until the garage man had his supper and came out with an extra inner tube. But there was this satisfaction; the soda fountains were five miles away!

We got into Ellsworth too late to charge our batteries, but we got a good bed and an early start to do the little gap of distance between Emporia and Ellsworth by noon. The night had filled our batteries with juice, and as the valves and bearings and pumps and tanks and springs and magneto and kidney and bowels and lungs of the critter were working well, we were hopeful and happy—when it set in to rain. We put on the chains, had two blow-outs, stopped at Geneseo to get our tubes vulcanized. Honestly, we had bought enough inner tubes to cut into three-inch lengths and keep the army in spaghetti for a year. The bottom of the car looked like a den of boa constrictors, with inner tubes writhing around everywhere. But we spent an hour with the garage man at Geneseo and left him some tools that he might need. Incidentally, it should be added that we left a carload of tools along the route as souvenirs to show the garage people our good will. The rain didn't bother us much and we slipped down from Geneseo to Little River, and from Little River to McPherson right on schedule, hoping to make Emporia Tuesday evening by twilight, and with good lights to provide for the emergency of a night run. The engine was all right in its pulmatory, circulatory, excretory, and gastric arrangements; it was a hundred per cent American and we were happy.

Then the devil grinned. He knew he could beat us at that with one hand behind him; so he pulled the

flush and let down the rain in buckets full, barrels full—rain that made the roads slippery and sloshy and between Lehigh and Hillsboro the car started to do some ground and lofty tumbling. It began with a toe dance, varied that into cart wheels and handsprings and just as it was trying a flip-flop it struck a ditch and landed there. A long, wet, weary mile walked the captain of the ship while the skipper stood at the wheel, and when the captain returned he brought a farmer and two brave mules and true. They pulled us out of the ditch and we went on to the next town by all hands getting out, wading in the mud shoe-mouth deep, and pushing the car uphill.

Up to then we could laugh at the devil and all his works. We had seen the funny side of it. But that night, shivering in bed two hundreds miles from a toddy, something shiny and black crawled across the pillow case. Examination proved that it couldn't fly. We were tired and cold and sleepy and hadn't a dry rag anywhere this side of Exchange Street in Emporia, and that shiny black thing, which has no wings at all but gets there just the same, kept coming closer and closer to our pellucid ears.

And someway we couldn't laugh.

Now this story is set down here not to add to the gayety of a sad day, but to raise the question: Was it luck or was it folly that caused the devil to get after us with a club, and keep us seven days on a journey which often we had done in two or three? It is a problem for philosophers. To-morrow Billy will go down into central Kansas for the car, if the roads dry up, and in the meantime we shall be glad to hear the opinion of philosophers on the fundamentals of luck.

SOME THOUGHTS ON BABIES

MAY 13, 1920.

Thank God there always are babies in the world, and they never appear to better advantage or are more appreciated than on these bright new spring days. The sunshine seems to bring them out just as it does all the other young things, the foliage of trees, the grass, and the flowers. We see the babies toddling across the lawns, marching sturdily over father's new garden, or making vast excursions across the street and down the neighbor's sidewalk—all kinds of babies, funny, fat, stubby babies, clean, pink and white babies, round, cherubic babies, dirty, wuzzy babies, long, slender, ethereal babies—God bless every one of them and keep this old world of ours always well supplied with them. For they are fairy messengers bringing gay glimpses of another world, telling us things that we had forgotten so long ago that we had almost believed they are not true, showing us how to live gladly with birds and flowers and trees and sunshine, preaching to us the wonderful sermon that life after all is a great glad game, a game which the infinite Maker of Joy and Love lets us try our hand at for a while.

"EVER SEE EMPORIA?"

MAY 24, 1920.

In a recent issue of the *New Republic* a correspondent, one "O. H. W.," disposing of various presidential candidates, coming to Governor Henry J. Allen, dismisses him thus: "He is from Emporia; ever see Emporia?"

As a matter of fact, Governor Allen lives in Wichita, in many ways a better town than Emporia, but in certain fundamental ways not so good a town. For Wichita has seven or eight times as many people as Emporia, and it often happens that towns lose their value as civilized abodes somewhat in relation to their increase in population.

But the *New Republic*, having permitted this unkind swipe at a community in which five or six people in every thousand take that paper, and as many more buy it at the news stands, gave an Emporian the right to say a few words in behalf of Emporia—not as a particular village, but as a typical Midwestern town. For it seems to us Midwesterners that our towns have developed a type of civilization just as commendable as the civilization developed in the larger centers. So in cataloguing what seems to be the worthy things in this community, the Emporian in the *New Republic* wished not to be thought a Pharisee, thanking God that Emporia is not like other towns, but instead called attention to the fact that most of the things for which we are thankful in Emporia are the things which other Midwestern towns and many American small towns in every section of the country enjoy. The *New Republic* therefore printed the Emporia answer as follows:

"Let us first consider the distribution of material things: Emporia is a town of 10,000 people. That means 2,000 families. The town owns its waterworks system and running water is found in every house. Twenty-four hundred telephones are installed in the town. The town owns its lighting system—which is operated under a lease—and 1,800 houses are electrically lighted. We have but three apartment buildings

in town, and the average householder lives upon a lot 55 by 130 feet, giving a garden space, a lawn and trees about every home. We have in our banks nearly seven million dollars, which is not so much money, but it is distributed among 13,000 depositors. And the distribution of these things—water, light, communication, money, and grass plots—we feel is the significant thing. About the town, garbage is collected municipally, our sewer system touches every street, and we are now spending \$100,000 for a septic sewage disposal plant. We have 25 miles of paving.

"A municipal band furnishes free concerts to the people, and we have two small orchestral societies. We also have municipal inspection of milk and bakeries. Three public swimming pools and a bathing beach at the Country Club are provided for the youths who care for swimming and four public gymnasiums keep them out of mischief.

"We have 2,700 students in our public schools, of whom 400 are high school students attending two high schools. Three public libraries with a branch library are open to readers in four quarters of the town. Two colleges in the town, a State Normal College and a Presbyterian College, account for the fact that a large per cent of our high school graduates go to college.

"We have two hundred thousand dollars invested in a Y. M. C. A. and a Y. W. C. A. building, and the two buildings when completed will house over 150 young men and women clerks, railroad people, and wage earners, much better than they could be housed upon a commercial basis for what they can afford to pay. We have two large hospitals—one a county hospital main-

tained by public taxes—and we have a welfare association which connects the itinerant and seasonal worker with a job, gives work to all seekers, provides a free public market place for persons selling country produce and garden truck, and also provides a storage house where county staples used in the winter for the needy, such as coal, wood, beans, sugar, etc., are collected when they may be bought cheaply and distributed when they are needed, saving the graft which the small merchant makes sometimes on pauper orders.

"The town is a union town with the closed shop idea, and we have not had a strike in a quarter of a century. Men in the building trades get a dollar an hour for a uniform 8-hour day; women work under a minimum wage set by the state on an 8-hour shift. We have three healthy organs of civic opinion, soviets in the manner of speaking—the Chamber of Commerce, the City Federation of Labor, and the Women's City Club. They are active, and more than that, they are coöperative.

"We have commission form of government, a compulsory non-partisan ballot, the initiative, referendum, and recall, and we have had woman suffrage on all city matters for 34 years. In the charter of the town in 1857 a clause invalidated the title to any lot whereon liquor was sold contrary to law, and we have no more trouble enforcing the prohibitory clauses than we have enforcing the law against chicken stealing. We have not an able-bodied man or woman in the poorhouse; we have less than 100 arrests for all offenses in the town in the past year. The entire criminal court costs of the town and county—a county of 25,000—

were less than \$1,500 last year, while we spent \$119,-950 in taxes for schools. There are more automobiles in Emporia according to the registration books than there are families in town.

"So much for material things. Every year for a decade we have had a musical festival to which choruses from all over the state have come, and at these festivals we have hired the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Damrosch, or the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, with accompanying soloist, and we have during the winter the usual concerts and lectures, having at one time or another heard most of the important musical artists of the world. During the past year we have had a fair line of 'shows,'—Otis Skinner, who took away \$2,000 for a night's performance; Margaret Anglin, Guy Bates Post, 'Oh, Boy,' 'O Lady, Lady,' 'Hedda Gabbler,' Stuart Walker's Company, the Coburn Players and the usual run of that sort of thing. Competent professionals presented 'Carmen,' 'Aïda,' and 'Robin Hood' during the year. For a week the town turned out, filling a hall that holds a thousand, and looked at pictures from the Chicago Art Institute and listened to lectures on 'Better Homes' by a landscape gardener and an interior decorator. Two bookstores and five news stands carry the 'six best,' and sell the monthly magazines and the weekly reviews. Twenty-three hundred copies of the town's daily newspaper and 1,200 copies of the Kansas City *Star* are read in town daily, and as soon as the windows of the town are open for spring, the voice of the phonograph is heard in the land, and some of the music reproduced is good music.

"So much for art. Now for life; there one is puz-

zled. It is hard to say whether a community in which there is a fairly equitable distribution of wealth, a fairly high grade of literacy, a fairly low degree of poverty, and practically no crime, is worth while. Perhaps Athens with more of these things gave more to the world than more circumspect and righteous cities. Doubtless Babylon gave less. About our own larger cities, with their inequities of living conditions, who can surely tell the truth? Does the prong of the harrow in the heart make men secrete something which the race needs for its permanent happiness, something called art? And perhaps it needs that secretion more than it needs justice in the terms of living. Who can say? Only if there is any merit in establishing a nearer approach to the approximate justice of God in the relations of life, these small towns have some merit. But these institutions and these relations come only after hard work by a few people who lead. So perhaps it may not be the last word of wisdom to dismiss all the vast amount of aspiration, struggle, 'long days of labor and nights devoid of ease,' which scores of their citizens year after year put upon their local problems, with the snippy snort—'Ever see Emporia?' "

WERE THEY NEVER BOYS?

JUNE 1, 1922.

What's the matter with this city administration, anyway? Were they never boys? Here they are advertising to give boys 25 cents for each stray dog brought into the city pound to be killed. Don't the city administration know that the boy who would delib-

erately bring a stray dog into the pound to be killed for two bits ought to be killed himself? Don't they know boys are not so hard-hearted? Don't they know that the average boy would rather earn the two bits mowing a lawn with a straight string of kids marching by him to the swimming hole, than see a stray dog killed?

The advertisement had in it the meanest inference about Emporia boys that ever has been made.

Think of the kind of boy who valued a quarter above the life of a dog—a stray dog—any dog on earth!

LOST

APRIL 23, 1923.

A dog—a little white fox terrier with liver-colored ears and dark, intelligent eyes; an oldish dog as dogs go, being past twelve, and slow moving, a bit deaf and maybe not so clear-sighted as he was once when two little children used to tumble him over the grass at his home ten years ago. He has always been a good moral dog, and if he had his love affairs and romantic adventures, he was always in by nine o'clock. But now he has been gone two days. Possibly he has been crippled in an accident; it is also possible that he is sick, and it is barely possible that he may have gone to a home where there are children, though such perfidy seems unlikely. But at any rate, any one who knows of such a dog who left home Sunday morning will please call up phone 28 and tell the news, be it good or bad, to an anxious family to whom the little dog is a living link to a happy and beautiful past.

THE LOST IS FOUND

APRIL 28, 1923.

For five days the GAZETTE telephone has been ringing to tell the editor of people who thought they had found his little lost dog. It seems to have been raining white fox terriers of a certain age with stumped tails and yellow ears in and around Emporia. But none of the dogs described over the phone was the real lost dog except one—and he was the dog we long had sought and mourned because we found him not. C. W. Jacobs found him yesterday morning ten miles east of town just north of the Sixth Avenue road. The dog was lying on a wisp of hay in the road, starved and sad and footsore. How he had come there no one knows; whether he had followed off wine, women, or song, or had been kidnapped by people who turned him loose when they realized what an old dog he was—that no one can say. But the Jacobs family took him, gave him food and a place behind the kitchen stove, and phoned to his people.

From all over the country letters and telegrams have come in response to the notice that this little dog was lost. Nothing in the world excepting a child will draw people together in sympathy as will the love of dogs.

MARY WHITE

MAY 17, 1921.

The Associated Press reports carrying the news of Mary White's death declared that it came as the result of a fall from a horse. How she would have hooted at that! She never fell from a horse in her life. Horses

have fallen on her and with her—"I'm always trying to hold 'em in my lap," she used to say. But she was proud of few things, and one of them was that she could ride anything that had four legs and hair. Her death resulted not from a fall but from a blow on the head which fractured her skull, and the blow came from the limb of an overhanging tree on the parking.

The last hour of her life was typical of its happiness. She came home from a day's work at school, topped off by a hard grind with the copy on the High School Annual, and felt that a ride would refresh her. She climbed into her khakis, chattering to her mother about the work she was doing, and hurried to get her horse and be out on the dirt roads for the country air and the radiant green fields of the spring. As she rode through the town on an easy gallop she kept waving at passers-by. She knew every one in town. For a decade the little figure in the long pigtail and the red hair ribbon has been familiar on the streets of Emporia, and she got in the way of speaking to those who nodded at her. She passed the Kerrs, walking the horse, in front of the Normal Library, and waved at them; passed another friend a few hundred feet farther on, and waved at her. The horse was walking, and as she turned into North Merchant Street she took off her cowboy hat, and the horse swung into a lope. She passed the Triplets and waved her cowboy hat at them, still moving gayly north on Merchant Street. A GAZETTE carrier passed—a High School boy friend—and she waved at him, but with her bridle hand; the horse veered quickly, plunged into the parking where the low-hanging limb faced her, and,

while she still looked back waving, the blow came. But she did not fall from the horse; she slipped off, dazed a bit, staggered, and fell in a faint. She never quite recovered consciousness.

But she did not fall from the horse, neither was she riding fast. A year or so ago she used to go like the wind. But that habit was broken, and she used the horse to get into the open, to get fresh, hard exercise, and to work off a certain surplus energy that welled up in her and needed a physical outlet. That need has been in her heart for years. It was back of the impulse that kept the dauntless little brown-clad figure on the streets and country roads of the community and built into a strong, muscular body what had been a frail and sickly frame during the first years of her life. But the riding gave her more than a body. It released a gay and hardy soul. She was the happiest thing in the world. And she was happy because she was enlarging her horizon. She came to know all sorts and conditions of men; Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, was one of her best friends. W. L. Holtz, the Latin teacher, was another. Tom O'Connor, farmer-politician, and Rev. J. H. Rice, preacher and police judge, and Frank Beach, music master, were her special friends, and all the girls, black and white, above the track and below the track, in Pepville and Stringtown, were among her acquaintances. And she brought home riotous stories of her adventures. She loved to rollick; persiflage was her natural expression at home. Her humor was a continual bubble of joy. She seemed to think in hyperbole and metaphor. She was mischievous without malice, as full of faults as an old shoe. No angel was Mary White, but an easy girl to

live with, for she never nursed a grouch five minutes in her life.

With all her eagerness for the out-of-doors, she loved books. On her table when she left her room were a book by Conrad, one by Galsworthy, "Creative Chemistry" by E. E. Slosson, and a Kipling book. She read Mark Twain, Dickens, and Kipling before she was ten—all of their writings. Wells and Arnold Bennett particularly amused and diverted her. She was entered as a student in Wellesley for 1922; was assistant editor of the High School Annual this year, and in line for election to the editorship next year. She was a member of the executive committee of the High School Y. W. C. A.

Within the last two years she had begun to be moved by an ambition to draw. She began as most children do by scribbling in her schoolbooks, funny pictures. She bought cartoon magazines and took a course—rather casually, naturally, for she was, after all, a child with no strong purposes—and this year she tasted the first fruits of success by having her pictures accepted by the High School Annual. But the thrill of delight she got when Mr. Ecord, of the Normal Annual, asked her to do the cartooning for that book this spring, was too beautiful for words. She fell to her work with all her enthusiastic heart. Her drawings were accepted, and her pride—always repressed by a lively sense of the ridiculous figure she was cutting—was a really gorgeous thing to see. No successful artist ever drank a deeper draft of satisfaction than she took from the little fame her work was getting among her schoolfellows. In her glory, she almost forgot her horse—but never her car.

For she used the car as a jitney bus. It was her social life. She never had a "party" in all her nearly seventeen years—wouldn't have one; but she never drove a block in her life that she didn't begin to fill the car with pick-ups! Everybody rode with Mary White—white and black, old and young, rich and poor, men and women. She liked nothing better than to fill the car with long-legged High School boys and an occasional girl, and parade the town. She never had a "date," nor went to a dance, except once with her brother, Bill, and the "boy proposition" didn't interest her—yet. But young people—great spring-breaking, varnish-cracking, fender-bending, door-sagging car-loads of "kids"—gave her great pleasure. Her zests were keen. But the most fun she ever had in her life was acting as chairman of the committee that got up the big turkey dinner for the poor folks at the county home; scores of pies, gallons of slaw, jam, cakes, preserves, oranges, and a wilderness of turkey were loaded into the car and taken to the county home. And, being of a practical turn of mind, she risked her own Christmas dinner to see that the poor folks actually got it all. Not that she was a cynic; she just disliked to tempt folks. While there she found a blind colored uncle, very old, who could do nothing but make rag rugs, and she rustled up from her school friends rags enough to keep him busy for a season. The last engagement she tried to make was to take the guests at the county home out for a car ride. And the last endeavor of her life was to try to get a rest room for colored girls in the High School. She found one girl reading in the toilet, because there was no better place for a colored girl to loaf, and it inflamed her sense of

injustice and she became a nagging harpy to those who she thought could remedy the evil. The poor she always had with her and was glad of it. She hungered and thirsted for righteousness; and was the most impious creature in the world. She joined the Church without consulting her parents, not particularly for her soul's good. She never had a thrill of piety in her life, and would have hooted at a "testimony." But even as a little child she felt the church was an agency for helping people to more of life's abundance, and she wanted to help. She never wanted help for herself. Clothes meant little to her. It was a fight to get a new rig on her; but eventually a harder fight to get it off. She never wore a jewel and had no ring but her High School class ring and never asked for anything but a wrist watch. She refused to have her hair up, though she was nearly seventeen. "Mother," she protested, "you don't know how much I get by with, in my braided pigtails, that I could not with my hair up." Above every other passion of her life was her passion not to grow up, to be a child. The tomboy in her, which was big, seemed to loath to be put away forever in skirts. She was a Peter Pan, who refused to grow up.

Her funeral yesterday at the Congregational Church was as she would have wished it; no singing, no flowers except the big bunch of red roses from her brother Bill's Harvard classmen—heavens, how proud that would have made her!—and the red roses from the GAZETTE forces, in vases at her head and feet. A short prayer; Paul's beautiful essay on "Love" from the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians; some remarks about her democratic spirit by her friend, John

H. J. Rice, pastor and police judge, which she would have deprecated if she could; a prayer sent down for her by her friend, Carl Nau; and opening the service the slow, poignant movement from Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, which she loved; and closing the service a cutting from the joyously melancholy first movement of Tschaikowski's Pathetic Symphony, which she liked to hear in certain moods, on the phonograph; then the Lord's Prayer by her friends in High School.

That was all.

For her pallbearers only her friends were chosen: her Latin teacher, W. L. Holtz; her High School principal, Rice Brown; her doctor, Frank Foncannon; her friend, W. W. Finney; her pal at the GAZETTE office, Walter Hughes; and her brother Bill. It would have made her smile to know that her friend, Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, had been transferred from Sixth and Commercial to the corner near the church to direct her friends who came to bid her good-by.

A rift in the clouds in a gray day threw a shaft of sunlight upon her coffin as her nervous, energetic little body sank to its last sleep. But the soul of her, the glowing, gorgeous, fervent soul of her, surely was flaming in eager joy upon some other dawn.

MARY A. WHITE

APRIL 9, 1924.

My mother was the type of woman known as a "captain"—a masterful person who had her own ideas, and being purebred Irish always wanted to make her own views prevail. It is that spirit which from time

immemorial has made the Irish the rulers of the world. She was left an orphan when she was sixteen with two younger children, her brother and sister, to rear. The brother ran away and went to sea on a Lake Erie boat, and her sister got married, so my mother being foot-loose devoted herself to the passion of her life—education. She learned the dressmaking trade and still later the milliner's trade, all to keep herself in school. She fell in with friends who took her from the town of her childhood—Oswego, New York, to Chicago. There she heard of a co-educational college at Galesburg, Illinois, where she went in the early fifties. She must have been very happy there; for as a child I learned of the glories of Knox College, and it came to be a place of high adventure to me, a sort of port of dreams. In the meantime her sister, who had married, began to have babies, and my mother's school record shows that every other year for nearly ten years she was out of school helping her sister with her babies.

* * *

During the war my mother taught school in southern Illinois, in a town where the families of the Union officers were quartered. And in 1865, hearing of the opening of the Kansas State Normal at Emporia she started out to get more education. She rode into Emporia on the stage that brought Lyman B. Kellogg from Leavenworth to Emporia. She wanted to enter school here but could find no place to room, so she went to Council Grove and taught school, defying the school board and the sentiment of the town, by inviting the Negro children to attend. She was just that kind. She was thirty-five years old and was a black abolitionist

Republican. Sam Wood, a dear and unfettered old free state adventurer, took her case up, stood by her and made it possible for the colored children to have their school. The next year she met my father at a dance in the Robinson House, here in Emporia, when she was teaching school in Cottonwood Falls, and boarding with the Sam Wood family. He was a dozen years older than she—in his late forties, and their love affair was pretty mature and deliberate probably. But a baby was coming in the sister's family so my mother went back to Michigan to help with it, and in a few months my father came after her and they were married—she thirty-seven and he forty-eight.

* * *

I was born just a year after the marriage, and a year after that my father, who was a natural pioneer, found Emporia growing too sophisticated and crowded, so he pulled out for El Dorado in the Walnut Valley with his family. El Dorado in that day was a tough town. Emporia never was. My mother stood it, but she disliked it. The shooting and drinking and sporting around were not what she had bargained for in life when she spent ten years getting a college education when most women are having their love affairs and babies. But she brought books into the rough little town, and my earliest memory is of her reading to me. She was one of the women who helped to found the city library in the mid-seventies, and when I was a little child she gave me books for mature minds. Before I was twelve she had read most of Dickens to me, and "Middlemarch," and "Adam Bede," and one of George Sands' novels, which I never have been able to locate; but it was raw meat for a boy. But

still good for me. Scott and Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins were read before my teens were well started, and after that I went alone.

* * *

But in the meantime my father, who had been a country doctor, and a country merchant, and had always dabbled in real estate and made money easily and so had a light opinion of it, decided that he would be a gentleman farmer. He bought a big farm, built a log house on it, with a big fireplace and all the foolish trappings of a pioneer farmer's place in the early part of the last century—the kind of a place in which he was born and reared. He could as well have had a decent board and plastered house with fairly comfortable appointments. But no—he wanted to reproduce the good old days. I was only a child then, but I remember what an awful family row started over that fake farm adventure. My mother could get no hired girl to go to the farm, and the loft was full of hired men; for my father in his fifties couldn't farm. He even built me a trundle bed to go under the big log bed, and that made work, and when my mother blew up—well, we moved back to town and the men had a great joke on my father. Men were supposed to run their own homes in those days—but not men who married my mother. She was, as I say, what is called a captain.

* * *

When we got back to town, my father who was one of those hospitable, expansive souls, was forever inviting people in to stay with him. He built a whaling big house—for the seventies—ten rooms, and kept it full of company. This also was not to my mother's

liking, and I remember she was always telling him we were going to the poorhouse with so much company. So what did he do but open a hotel. And certainly there *was* a mad woman. She loved to cook; but she had to have the best. And he had to have the best, and that meant thick beefsteak and rare roast beef, and throwing away everything but the breasts from the prairie chickens, and real buckwheat cakes that you stir and leave on the reservoir of the stove to rise overnight to serve with real maple syrup in the morning. And all for \$2 a day! The help wouldn't stay and my mother had all the work to do. She saw we were losing money—and little my father cared. For he would swank around the front porch in his nankeens, his white vest, and his white suspenders, talking politics, while my mother used to sweat in the kitchen and complain that we were headed straight for the poorhouse. (In passing let me say that the only real economy my father ever practiced was this: He kept his high priced "fine-cut" tobacco in a silver case in his hip-pocket and carried plug tobacco in his coat pocket for strangers!) Then one day—she blew up again, and the hotel closed. She was right. But it broke my father's heart. Keeping hotel and losing money at it, so that he could not accuse himself of capitalizing his hospitality, was the one proud period of his life. The money he made in real estate, and he was really a sharp trader and had a good nose for values, he put in the hotel. So we really were not much poorer when we quit. But quitting hurt his pride a bit. The men had another laugh on him.



My mother always had wanted two things—a watch and an operation. My father had his pride. He said she had a good clock and was never out of the home, so what did she need of a watch, and being a doctor he knew perfectly well that she did not need an operation. So those desires were repressed. When I was fourteen he fell sick and died—died largely of a broken heart. He was a Democrat, but a prohibitionist, and when his party turned down John Martin—known as Gentleman John of Topeka, who would not run on a nullification platform for governor, and when the party nominated Glick and ran him on a nullification platform, my father, a delegate to the convention, came home, went to bed and died. He died Thursday. We had the funeral Saturday. He was mayor of El Dorado, and the funeral was in every way satisfactory to the Irish heart of my mother. Sunday it was lonely in the house with the kin all gone. So Monday she took me by the hand and went down town and bought the best lady's watch in El Dorado. In a few weeks she was planning for an operation. But when I cried and begged her not to leave me an orphan, she sighed and gave it up, thus passing within a few weeks of glorious freedom from the tyranny of one man to that of another. She held me, however, to an education. Her life's passion rose, and a naturally unstudious son was crammed through high school into college. She tried to read all her son's textbooks while he was in college. She moved to Lawrence to be with him in the state university. And she kept fairly well abreast of him, and renewed her youth. But her freedom was gone. She still walked on her heels, and made a great show

of having her own way, but she surrendered to her maternal love.

* * *

For nearly thirty years she had lived in this town, most of the time in her own house, and always in her own way. Any kind of fetters galled her. The Irish love of freedom ruled her soul. She was sentimental to a fault. When Grover Cleveland was first elected in 1884, her husband was dead. But she knew he would rejoice, so with grim loyalty holding back her tears of rage at the elevation of a Democrat to the Presidency, this black Republican abolitionist put a lighted candle in every window of her home when the news of Cleveland's victory came. Then she went to the back of the house where she could not be seen when the Democratic parade came around. It shamed her but she was proud of her shame. She was like that always. And so often was most unhappy, having small sense of humor. As the years came upon her she had grown more and more grim, more and more doleful at the restraints of life. She has had a long journey—nearly 95 years of it, yearning passionately for a freedom that she could never quite define. So it is with all of us, in our heart of hearts. And yesterday she had release—into the world of truth, into the land where our visions blurred by the earth's dull circumspection come true and satisfy the soul. I am sure, and so I am most happy that whatever survives of my mother to-day is young and free and happy beyond human words. For the iron that bound her heart chafes her no longer. She is the captain of her soul.

“SAITH THE PREACHER”

INTRODUCTORY

To read tolerantly these intolerant cock-sureties, one must understand that they come out of a small town; are written all in the family, and that they are epistles rather than editorials. The relation of the editor to his subscribers in a small American community is partly pastoral. But in these sermons he seems to wear in his pulpit, not the stock and frock, but too often the cap and pantaloons. Take them, then, the sermons of Parson Pierrot!

W. A. W.

RING IN THE NEW

JANUARY I, 1898.

A new year came last night, and to-day it stretches ahead of us a long, clean vista. There is something sad about the going of an old year, something glad about the coming of a new one. Yet the gladness and the sadness might be reversed with wisdom—if there is ever wisdom in sadness. Perhaps there is much folly in the gladness that comes when one faces a new year.

But this much is certain. The year before us will be much like the year that is gone. It will not be a happy new year any more than the old year was happy.

The year ahead of us will have its fill of sorrow, its fill of errors, its fill of pangs, its fill of hard work and hard words. It will try us and grind us as the old

year did, and make us, let us hope, the stronger and better for it all.

So ring in the new.

Let us ring in the new and face it with a welcome. It will bring pain—let it come; there are worse things than pain. It will bring sorrow—let it come; there are worse things than sorrow. It may bring death—let it come; death is but an inevitable incident of life—like birth. It may bring shame—which God forbid, and help us when it comes. But whatever it may bring, this new year of ours, let us have a good, strong heart to face it with and a firm jaw to show the world. It is a great old play, this world with its shifting scenes and its twelve-month acts. So let us take it as it comes, philosophers and players, ready to laugh at its comedy and cry at its tragedy, with a will. And so God bless the new year and its good things. It can only come once—and it was made by God especially for us to live—

Ring in the new. God bless the new.

THE MAN AND THE MAID

JULY 7, 1898.

Some three thousand years ago, more or less, a wise old Hebrew proverb-maker wrote it down in the Hebrew Bible that there were several things too wonderful for him; the way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent on the rock, and the way of man and a maid. These things are too wonderful even for the wisest of men in these knowing days. The way of a man and a maid is past all finding out. One may theorize and the theory is at best a guess.

Last night here in Emporia a boy and a girl went out in the wood and the boy killed the girl; and then killed himself. The why of it all—Heaven knows, but men cannot understand. It was a pitiful tragedy, and probably before the curtain rang down all the human passions played their furious parts—love, jealousy, remorse, maybe hatred; and then the great, blinding passion, shame, came and swept them to death, where passions cool in the eternity.

They were but children, and they lived, loved, and doubtless suffered beyond their years. The way they went was a rough way, a downhill way, in some places doubtless a gay, merry way. And we, who know but the meager details of their story, know only where the sad way led them; we see only the end—an end full of brambles and thorns. How they got to their journey's end, this man and this maid, the agony they felt in traveling their way, God, who is merciful and whose peace passeth understanding, surely He knows. But the world can only look at the puzzling way, the old, old way, the crooked way, they went, and say: “Poor little man! Poor, poor little maid!”

WHAT IS LOVE?

NOVEMBER 17, 1900.

A large lady with a chemical blonde topknot, who was formerly more or less familiar to Emporia society as a visitor, is now figuring in a sensational divorce case in Topeka. She has two or three—or such a matter—corespondents attached to her court, and the love letters of these sweet bald-headed things are enough to make a brass monkey blush its head off.

They refer to her—and she weighs 175 in the shade if she weighs an ounce—as “my dear little sad-eyed sweetheart”; they call themselves her “blue-eyed boys” and her “poor lonesome honey pets.” And all of these gentlemen who now breathe passion like a furnace agree on the proposition that the chemical blonde is “my queen.”

There was a rather felicitous meeting in court the other day when the little bunch of corespondents and the restive husband met in convention assembled, and all jumped on the sad-eyed little sweetheart and left her reputation looking like an unbleached slop bucket the day after the stovepipe fell down in the kitchen. None of these gents—and the term is used advisedly—spared the lady—which term is also deliberately chosen—and each told the sickening details of the rise and fall and harrowing awakening of love’s young dream as the lady of the drug-store hair had inspired it. And this leads to the natural query:

What is love?

Down in El Dorado not long ago a hussy got a razor and killed a bride for what she called love. The other day a North Lyon county youth, a bridegroom of a week, blew his head off.

Why?

Love!

Last week in Cimarron, Kansas, a wife shot and killed a flirting husband—she says—for love. In a New York hotel a respectable doctor turned off the gas and killed another man’s wife and himself and left a note saying he did it for love.

Do you suppose that was really the reason? Was it really love?

A lot of girls in this town sit up until all hours of the night with a lot of boys in this town for what they fancy is love—at least that is what they tell one another. But is it?

A lot of women put up with a lot of mean, ornery, old grouchy codgers who kick on the gravy, growl because the biscuits are burned, snarl at the coal bills, and groan over the imaginary ills of the flesh, and these women put up with this for love.

Another woman in this town has devoted a life to helping others, to nursing the sick, to caring for the needy; she has refused a dozen good offers of marriage that would give a home and plenty to live on in comfort.

And why?

Well, her boy lover, who married her the hour before he went South, fell at Chickamauga; and she calls it love—this self-sacrifice, this life of abnegation.

Is it?

What is love, anyway? Pilate asked what is truth and wouldn't wait for an answer. Wise old Pontius Pilate. If he had waited for an answer he would have been waiting still. If he had asked, “What is love?” he would have been waiting through all eternity. For no one can tell.

“Who can know the secrets of the Most High?”

THE PRINCESS

NOVEMBER 18, 1902.

There was considerable complaint at the breakfast table this morning because the princess didn't comb her hair before coming downstairs. The princess had on a

dirty kimono and an old silk petticoat, and her shoes weren't laced. She looked very much like the devil and she talked that way, too. She was cross and snippy and snarled because her mother had overcooked her eggs. When her father reproved her for being too particular, the princess got up from the table, knocked over the chair, and went upstairs crying. It took the whole family half an hour—while the breakfast was cooling—to coax her down. Her mother cooked some fresh eggs for the princess, and the father of the princess left home in disgust. It is his wife's contention that he doesn't understand the girls. Moreover, the princess, according to her mother, is nervous and high strung, and you can't deal with her as you can with many girls. And, besides, her mother says she has the Rutherford temper. John Slowby, father of the princess, has lived at 818 Exchange for twenty-five years. He is a hard-working man, a painter by trade, and a good one. He has credit at the stores in town, and in the hardest times found something to do. When there is no painting to do he is willing to lay sidewalks or haul rock. He is never idle. But for nearly thirty years he has heard of little else at home than the Rutherford temper. Mrs. Slowby was a St. Clair, and old man St. Clair was a quiet, unassuming little man, who always put his hand to his mouth to cough deprecatingly before he ventured an opinion about the weather. But his wife was a big, stiff-necked, beer-bottle-shaped woman who bossed the missionary society to death and broke up the church. Her grandmother was a Rutherford. John Slowby told the crowd in Smith's cigar store one night several years ago, in an awed tone, that Grandma Rutherford

appeared at a séance once and broke the table into kindling wood and dislocated four men's shoulder blades.

And it is the Rutherford temper that the princess wears around the house. When they try to teach her to cook, the Rutherford temper arises and begins to break dishes. When she thinks she needs a new cloak—and that is every fall—the Rutherford temper gets on its high horse and goes galloping all over the place, and paws at her father, who only discarded his navy blue army overcoat a few years ago, and he has to put up thirty dollars for the princess's cloak. The princess must dress the part. Whenever the princess thinks it's time for her to give a party, you can see the Rutherford temper wigwagging to the world in the shake of the princess's head, and there is nothing for her father to do but to sit in the cellar and freeze the ice cream and kill the chickens and go to the barn and smoke the day of the party, and pay the bills the month after, and say nothing.

But when the princess comes down street, as she did this afternoon, she is as sweet as a jug of sorghum. The black silk cloak she wears rustles, and the big black hat she wears—that set her father back a week's wages—waves gracefully, and she walks with the straight-front effect and looks so grand that the traveling men on the street stand and bat their eyes five minutes after she has passed. She has more gold-plated hardware hitched to her than an auction store; when bangles were the fashion, you could hear her coming three blocks away, and she sounded like a roller skater going across a tin roof. The princess travels in a mist of perfumery, and smells like a con-

servatory struck by lightning; though little Jack Slowby tells the boys that the last time the princess took a bath was at that wading party near Rucker's Ford last summer. Jack doesn't like the princess. He says she expects her fellows to pay him for carrying her notes, and they don't do it, and then she says it's his fault, that he oughtn't to be so impudent to them. If the argument proceeds the princess cries, and Jack's mother sends him for a switch.

However, the princess is to be married next spring, and then she will go out of the princess business. Old settlers will remember that Mrs. Slowby, who was Juanita St. Clair, was a princess in her day, but she got over it soon after the wedding. Some way they all do. There never has been a princess in Emporia—and the town is always sloppy with them—who has been able to keep up her royal bluff two weeks after she got married. She always begins to slough off the varnish and become plain old-fashioned cat. The town is full of saffron-colored old girls, with wiry hair and sun-bleached eyes, who at one time or another were in the princess business. But they have retired. Not only every dog has his day, but every kitten becomes a cat. The princess business is not a paying one. It's quick sales and small profits and a short season. Generally speaking, the girls who are content to be plain, kind-hearted, soft-spoken little girls are the ones that last. There is nothing more beautiful in the world than a good woman; and there is nothing uglier than a worn-out princess. If the girls of this town could only get this into their foolish little heads, this would be a happier town and a better one. It would help Emporia more than a new railroad.

ON ANARCHISTS

DECEMBER 7, 1903.

Anarchists are wrong. Their theory of leveling by destruction is opposed to all principles of building known to science. To level permanently one must build up. There is no other way around it.

But—

Supposing the case: Suppose you worked hard till your back ached every night in dirty, grimy work, that made you look like the devil. Suppose the standard of living had been increased—through no apparent fault of yours—so that the best you could get out of a day's work was a little house in an unpleasant part of town, and that your children were not so warmly clad as you would like, and your wife had to go without a girl at those times when it tore your heart to see her bending over the washtub. Suppose that when she was sick she had to work right along, and that death came to her and took her from you when a few dollars at the right time would have saved her. Suppose, then, that when you were at work some man whom you knew came to work at nine o'clock and went away at half-past three, looked at you at your grimy work with that horrible leer of patronizing pity that heartless, spotless men give to their fellows in the mire; suppose that you knew his wife and children were alive and happy by reason of their money; suppose you should overhear a remark which that spotless chap made which indicated that he didn't think of you as a human being, but as a unit of labor, merely a working animal . . .

In your anguish at death, in your place from below,

wouldn't you curse God and man and law and society and the scheme of things?

Think of this, Mr. Double-chinned, Watery-eyed, Crescent-vested Plute; consider what you would do if your legs ached and your home was cheerless and your children were shunned at school by their snippy little companions. Think of the man in the muck as your brother; be decent and square; give no charity, but give him justice. It is all right to be smart, to be keen in business, to be forehanded. But with your surplus of brains don't grind the man under you. Pick on some one your size. You, Mr. Rich Man, by your selfishness beget selfishness; you by your contemptuous offers of charity, from a purse running over with gains got by law and not by justice, you make anarchists, and by all that is good, if you were below, with your gross ignorance of true manhood and gentility, you would be a bomb-throwing anarchist. The same kind of a heart that organizes a greedy lawbreaking trust incites men to do deeds of violence. The devil of greed and the devil of rapine both come from wicked hearts on different grades of society.

This country needs more Christianity, more kindness of heart, more justice between man and man, and the need is from the top more than from the bottom. We need more business morality, more political morality, more humanity in our dealings with each other. We are all in the same boat, and the man in one end of the boat who doesn't pull his weight is as bad as the lazy agitator in the other end. Sam Parks went to the penitentiary, as he should have done. He was a scoundrel. But the big jug-shaped rascals down in Wall Street, who hire high-priced attorneys to let them

rob and plunder inside the law—they should follow Sam Parks.

There is anarchy in high places as well as in low places. Neither justifies the other, but the rich man has less reason for his lawlessness than the poor man. Each is selfish; each is wrong; each will make the world unhappier for his living. There is no peace nor contentment nor good except in unselfish kindness one to another. The slaves of poverty who are bound to misery by poverty are no better than the slaves of wealth who are bound to misery by wealth. All greed is slavery; it binds with iron chains. Decency, kindness, gentility, whether in low estate or in high estate, is following the truth, and "the truth shall make you free."

ABOUT YOUR MA

JANUARY 20, 1904.

So you think your mother is pretty slow, do you, sis, because she doesn't want you to dance with that pussy, big-jowled pug pup, whom all the girls think so cute? Well, you have another guess about ma, young woman. About forty-odd years ago, if all the old settlers don't lie, and probably they don't, your ma was the swiftest proposition that ever came down the Burlingame Road. Your ma has been pretty well up and down the line. When your pa got your ma, he had to keep her on ice, she was so torrid, until she was thirty-five. Anything your beloved ma didn't know about the boys of this town—the old boys who are now in their graves these ten years—Ruggles and Sterry and Plumb and Stotler in their bachelor days—you could put in a mighty small book. She had to slap

half the young bloods of this part of Kansas in her day to make them "keep their place," and she knew a lady chaser when she saw him, and never made a wrong guess. She is a staid and sedate woman now, and so far as that is concerned, she was a good, honest girl—just a trifle exuberant, and that's all; but now she goes to the revival and is a sewer in the Ladies' Aid Society, which you sniff at, sis, don't you?

Well, as we were saying, when your ma married your pa, and you and the other children came one after another, your ma had to be up a good deal nights, when she could hear the fiddle and piano going in the other end of town, where it didn't interest her as much as it once did. She had a chance those nights, when she was listening to you breathe, and putting lard and quinine on your own dear little tum-tum to break up the cold—she had a chance to do a good deal of serious thinking. And she acquired a lot of sense. She knows things that you won't know for a long, long time. A woman sitting up at night tending babies has time to form conclusions that are the resolvents of many years of undigested youthful impressions. So don't sniff at your ma, young woman, because she has grown fat, and wears her apron in the parlor, and smells of the cooking when she comes in. And when your ma takes a look at that little human pug with the beady eyes, and the waxy pink and white cheeks, and when she shakes her head and tells you that he won't do, she knows—your ma knows; she is recalling just such a boy whom she had to show his place, and she is shivering in her soul for you! For whatever may be your ma's fault, young woman, she is not so slow.

SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR PA

JANUARY 21, 1904.

Your pa was downtown this morning complaining about his "old trouble," that crick in his back that he tells you he got loading hay one hot day in Huron County, Ohio, "before the army." The "old trouble," as you will remember, bothers your pa a good deal, and your ma thinks that his father must have been a pretty hard-hearted man to let him work so hard when he was a boy. Your pa likes to have you and your ma think that when he was a boy he did nothing but work and go to prayer meeting, and go around doing noble deeds out of the third reader. But a number of the old boys of the Eleventh Kansas, who knew your pa in the sixties, are prepared to do a lot of forgetting for him whenever he asks it. The truth about your pa's "old trouble" is that he was down at Fort Leavenworth just after the close of the war, and after filling up on laughing water at a saloon, he got in a fight with the bartender and was kicked out of the saloon, and slept in the alley all night. That was his last whizz. He took an invoice of his stock and found that he had some of the most valuable experience that a man can acquire, and he straightened up and came out here and grew up with the country. Your ma met him at a "basket meeting" in the seventies, and she thought he was an extremely pious young man, and so they made a go of it.

So, Bub, when you think that by breathing on your coat sleeve to kill the whisky you can fool your pa, you are wrong. Your pa in his day ate three carloads of cardamom seeds and cloves, and used listerine by the

barrel. Also he knew which was the creaky step on the stairs in his father's house, and used to avoid it coming in at night, just as you do now, and he knows just what you are doing. And more than that, your pa speaks from the bitterest kind of experience when he pleads with you to quit. It is no goody-goody talk of a mutton-headed old deacon that he is giving you; it has taken him a year to get his courage up to talk to you, and every word he speaks is boiled out of an agony of bitter memories. He knows where boys that start as you are starting end if they don't turn back. Your pa turned, but he recollects the careers of the Green boys, who are divided between the penitentiary, the poorhouse, and the southwest corner of hell; he recalls the Winklers—one dead, one a porter in a saloon in Peoria, one crazy; and he looks at you and it seems to him that he must take you in his arms as he did when you were a little child in the prairie fire and run to safety with you. And when he talks to you in his bashful, halting speech, you just sit there and grin, and cut his heart to its core, for he knows that you do not understand.

It's rather up to you, Bub; in the next few months you will have to decide whether you are going to hell or not. Of course, the "vilest sinner may return" at any point along the road, but to what? To shattered health, to a mother heartbroken in her grave; to a wife damned for all eternity by your thoughtless brutality, and to children who are always afraid to look up the alley, when they see a group of boys, for fear they may be teasing you—you drunk and dirty, lying in the stable filth. To that you will "return" with your strength spent, and your sportive friends gone to the

devil before you, and your chance in life frittered away.

Just sit down and figure it out, Bub. Of course, there are a lot of good fellows on the road to hell; you will have a good time going; but you'll be a long time there. You'll dance and play cards and chase out nights, and soak your soul in the essence of don't-give-a-damnativeness, and you'll wonder, as you go up in the balloon, what fun there is in walking through this sober old earth.

Friends—what are they?

The love of humanity—what is it?

Thoughtfulness to those about you?

Gentility?

What are these things?

Letteroll—letteroll!

But as you drop out of the balloon the earth will look like a serious piece of landscape.

When you are old the beer you have swilled will choke your throat; the women you have flirted with will hang round your feet and make you stumble; all the nights you have wasted at poker will dim your eyes. And the garden of the days that are gone, wherein you should have planted kindness and consideration and thoughtfulness and manly courage to do right, will be grown up to weeds that will blossom in your patches and in your rags and in your twisted gnarly face that no one loves.

Go it, Bub; don't stop for your pa's sake. You know it all. Your pa is merely an old fogy. Tell him to go way back and sit down. But when you were a little boy, a very little boy, with a soft round body, your pa used to take you in his arms and rub his beard

—his rough, stubby, three days' beard—against your face and pray that God would keep you from the path you are going in.

And so the sins of the father, Bub—but we won't talk of that.

PATIENCE OFF THE MONUMENT

MAY 2, 1904.

Young man, never fight your enemies when they want to fight. The mere fact that they dance around and brandish knives and dare you to come on is no reason why you should fight them. Rather is it a reason why you should not fight them, for they are prepared and probably you are not prepared. Lie low. Smile; turn the other cheek; say nothing. And when your enemies are not looking and have forgotten all about the old fight, string a clothesline across their path some dark night, and invite them all out to a friendly foot race. The man who is all the time fighting gets a bad name in a town. The thing to do is to lie low and be for peace. And then, having secured peace, you may find that your enemies are not half bad fellows, after all, and that you don't want to get even. Patience is the mother of all the virtues.

HER MOTHER

OCTOBER 29, 1904.

She is a nice enough girl—or was until a dozen years old when she got boystruck; her mother thought it was so cute, and told every one who called about the boys who came to see 'Ootie. Also when 'Ootie was in the front room—ever since she was a little girl —her mother went right on with the gossip in her

presence. In the old days—and even now in some old-fashioned families—little girls weren’t supposed to hear about such things, and were asked to go out of the room or run and play when stories about the neighbors had to be discussed. But ‘Ootie’s mother claimed she wasn’t salt or sugar or any one’s honey, and everything was told before the girl.

And when other little girls came over to see ‘Ootie her mother told them all the nasty gossip of the town, and when they seemed surprised she always said, “Why, law me, hain’t your mother told you that?” And before she was a dozen years old ‘Ootie was too old for her years. Her mother pushed her out in society, put long dresses on her, dressed her so she would look like a show girl’s picture, and ‘Ootie was a mature woman in all her instincts before she was sixteen. And ‘Ootie’s mother was proud that the child wasn’t one of those long-legged, gangling, tomboy girls, who seem so backward, and wear pigtails, and chew slate pencils, and dream. So ‘Ootie was the Real Thing.

And the traveling men began to notice her when she came down street with her insistent hat and her swishy clothes on. That pleased her mother, too, and she said to the mothers who kept their little girls in aprons:

“You know ‘Ootie is so popular with the gentlemen; she has so many admirers!”

And ‘Ootie was only seventeen. She became engaged that year, and kept a town fellow, and a College fellow; and her Gentleman Friend in Kansas City, to whom she wrote twice a week, gave her expensive things, which her mother took great joy in displaying.

And when she broke the engagement her mother didn't make her send them back. And the next fellow 'Ootie had on her string also dug down into his pockets and gave her things, and she kept those things, and her mother never complained when he stayed after eleven o'clock; for her mother thought he was such a good catch, and such a swell young man! But 'Ootie shooed him off because he objected to her having two or three other eleven o'clock fellows; 'Ootie said he was "selfish" and wouldn't let her have a good time.

'Ootie at nineteen knew more matters that were none of her business than most women know on their wedding day. Also she was more or less kissed up and pawed over. And the boys said she was "soft," and sometimes when she would go to stay all night with another girl, they would lock the bedroom door and light a cigarette apiece and tell stories that 'Ootie got from her mother.

Every time 'Ootie left town she came back with two or three new correspondents. She perfumed her stationery, and used a seal, and adopted the latest frills, and learned to write an angular "hand," and at twenty went in the young married set, and was invited out to the afternoon card clubs. She was known as a dashing girl at this time, and her mother gave her the reins. 'Ootie ran the house. When 'Ootie's friends called—particularly her Men Friends—the whole family went upstairs and left it all to 'Ootie, and traveling men in three states knew about her.

There was more or less talk about 'Ootie in a quiet way, but her mother said it was because the other girls didn't know how to wear their clothes as well as 'Ootie, and that when a girl had a fine figure—which

few enough girls have, Heaven knows, not in this town, her mother said—why, she is a fool if she doesn't make the most of herself.

And then gradually 'Ootie went to seed. She became a faded, hard-faced woman, whom all the sisters in town warned their brothers about, and she was invited out only when there was a big crowd. She took up with the boys of the younger set, and the married women of 'Ootie's age now refer to her as the Kid-napper. She is a social joke.

About once a year a strange traveling man shows up in her parlor, and she keeps up a bluff at being engaged, but her harp is on the willows, and she is growing wrinkled at twenty-six. Her mother sniffs a great deal at This Town, and says there are no social advantages to be had here. She takes 'Ootie to the lakes every summer, and 'Ootie says she had the time of her life, and that she met so many nice gentlemen, but that is all there is to it. She knows all the stories going, and she can spike a chafing-dish supper till it smells like a saloon.

But she is all in.

And her mother—what in Heaven's name do you suppose her mother has been thinking about all these years? Doesn't her mother know that sweet girlish modesty, gentle womanly reserve, and pure human love can't be gummed all up and still retain their beauty and freshness and charm? Her mother has had all that money could give to put on that girl, but she has failed. For money isn't the thing that makes a happy woman or a good man. It is a clean mind. “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God”—and a girl who has been wrestled all over a 17x20 parlor,

with the lights turned low, by a dozen men isn't going to see God until she reforms. Every woman is lovely only as she keeps her heart as that of a child; and the same is true of a man. Emerson was a wise man. He said: "Beauty is the stamp that Nature puts on virtue."

And Nature doesn't have one stamp for the woman and another for the man. 'Ootie looks as hard as her big brother, and he has a face that would chill steel.

And her mother, with a face like a baked apple, when the powder is off, she, too, reflects a cauterized soul.

SHAME

JULY 6, 1905.

Last night there appeared on the first page of this paper an article telling of the shame of the men and women who were caught in the dives in Philadelphia by an unexpected raid on them. The article did not make pleasant reading. It did not make the kind of things that young people should be brought up on. But it was the kind of thing that should be printed once or twice a year in every well-regulated newspaper. It is just as well—for young people as well as old people—to realize first that they are dead sure to get caught, some way or other, and it is just as well to have a realization of what a terrible thing shame is.

The spectacle of those women who thought they were respectable, suddenly torn into the light of day, revealing to the world, to their nearest friends and most intimate enemies, what they really are, the spectacle of the men begging for mercy for the women, the spectacle of the shamed creatures trying to commit suicide, gives one a fairly clear idea of what hell is.

If there could be any more burning, awful hell than that, it must be beyond human imagination.

And that brings us up to the horrible proposition: What if there really is a future life?

What if men and women shall stand there stripped of their pretenses before their friends, and have to endure forever the shame that these poor devils tried to end with suicide? What if there is no possibility of suicide? What if that agony of disclosure must last forever? The thought is too dread for humanity to endure. It would seem too cruel even for God to permit—too disproportionate to any sin.

Perhaps indeed the theologians are right, and certainly they are right if there is immortality. For immortality demands some other atonement for the world's sin than man can give, if he stands naked in his wickedness. Given immortality, the world demands a Christ.

TO PARDON A WIFE-BEATER

DECEMBER 1, 1906.

The women of this town should look their husbands squarely in the face to-night and ask them if they signed a petition for the pardon for Mayes, who beat his wife cruelly and was put in jail for it.

For the petition was signed by the leading bankers and merchants of the town—good men, who are our leading citizens. They would have signed a petition for Mayes to be hanged just as willingly.*

But the women of this town should talk it over with their husbands. If there is any crime for which a man

* They took their names off the next day and the petition was not presented.—W. A. W.

should sweat, it is wife-beating. This man beat his wife in the presence of their children for going to church. He displayed a brutal, vicious disposition. If there is any justice in sending any man to jail—and it is a serious question whether jails do any good—this man should be there.

But there was no excuse for the good fellows who signed his petition for a pardon.

Was YOUR husband one of them?

MOTHERS

MAY 2, 1907.

The proposition of a Chicago professor to pension mothers is sound economics, good sense, and is founded on eternal justice. The vanity of man is like the "peace of God," in that it passeth understanding. A man goes downtown, putters around his office, or drudges in his shop eight or ten hours a day, and comes home tired and cross. He finds mother there. Mother has been at work in her shop all day, and will keep on working in her shop until nine or ten that night, and if the children are restless, mother is up all night. She has to hop up in the morning and go into the everlasting grind again. Father gets a holiday Sunday, but all mother gets Sunday is a chance to work harder getting up a big dinner for father and his kin.

And yet when mother wants a dollar she has to crawl for it, and when mother spends ten dollars, father has to be rubbed and doped to bring him "to." The pension system is the thing for mother. Give her five dollars a month a head for the children and if the number goes above ten, take it out in a fine of

\$10 a month from father, with a double fine for the second offense.

THE ATHLETIC GIRL

JANUARY 6, 1908.

There are people who protest against the idea of athletic exercises for women, insisting that as a damsel gains in muscular development, she loses in true womanliness and grace.

A venerable woman whose name is a household word in the United States, a woman who has written much poetry, and edited magazines, recently held up her hands at the mention of athletic girls, and exclaimed, "From the manly woman, good Lord, deliver us." And so say the balance of the old girls of a past generation, forgetting in their righteous indignation that a maiden may be reasonably athletic without being mannish.

The damsel who is proud of her robust health and aggressive strength is at least more desirable than the old-fashioned languishing girl, who was always weeping or fainting.

A Chicago girl was ambitious to excel in such exercises as required muscle, and she made good headway. She even carried her enthusiasm so far as to take lessons in boxing and fencing, in which pastimes she acquired such dexterity that it surprised beholders.

The other evening she was returning to her home from some sort of festivity; serene in her consciousness of strength, she walked alone, without thought of the perils which beset the paths of lorn damsels. Suddenly a youth emerged from the darkness of a doorway, and placed his hand upon her arm, and

accosted her cheerily. In such a position a damsel of the old school would have screamed and then fainted, but this girl was not of the sort to quail in danger's stormy hour.

She squared herself like a world-beater of the Marquis of Queensbury order, and biffed the young man in the chin with such potency that he slid about three yards on his shoulder blade and fetched up in the gutter, where he sat and wondered whether he was Bill Squires or merely a small landslide. And the girl went up to him and kicked him in the head and stamped his hat flat, and dared him to get up again. Which was against the rules of the game, to be sure, but a good deal must be forgiven in moments of stress and excitement.

And it will be admitted by all sensible people that an athletic education isn't a bad asset for a girl in a country that is overrun with mashers.

LOOKING FORWARD

NOVEMBER 29, 1909.

You are a pretty girl, my dear; we will admit that, an unusually pretty girl. You are striking; you have a figure, and when you pass the hotel the men turn to look at you, and you have the front room lighted up four nights in the week. There is no doubt of your popularity—none at all, my dear; so you don't have to urge that as an excuse for the way you are going. And you know how you are going—so does every one else in town. And it's too bad. You insist on accenting the fact that you are a she-creature. Your dress, your gait, your general air and attitude is that of a

female rather than that of a person, and when a man is around, if you could see the way you act, you would blush. It isn't any one man in particular—just any old pair of trousers. Good Lord, girl, stop flirting and get some sense. Take off that dress that outlines your figure until you look naked, and put on clothes like other women. Don't say that these clothes make you look stylish; what they do is to make you look indecent. Don't devote so much time to the fact that you wear petticoats, and spend a little time considering yourself as a human being.

Of course, we know you are smart, my dear; you know a lot—a lot of things you have no business knowing just now—and that shows also. If you knew what is written on your face you would be ashamed to go outdoors. But it is all there—every one of those vain things that fill your silly head. And where your treasure is, there your heart is. As one thinketh in his heart so he is, and you are so plainly in evidence that it is pitiful how you advertise yourself.

Of course it's fun; you are having a good time; it's all innocent fun, and you know how to take care of yourself. They all do—those smart girls; and the good time gets closer and closer to the edge; but stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret—but you don't care to have scripture quoted at you. Still it is true, and it is the wisdom of the ages.

And you are some one's pride and joy; your father doesn't see what the other men see; your mother may see and fear, and perhaps she is trying to make you see, too, but you think she is slow. You think she doesn't ever have a good time. You think she is too strict.

But no girl who was cut up in a doctor's office and thrown into an old suitcase or a trunk and tossed into the creek ever thought she would end that way. She always knew so much more than her mother, and always thought her mother was too strict.

Of course it hasn't come to that yet. But it's along in that direction—just down at the turn of the road to the left. There is the bend in the river; there is where they will throw the suitcase; and yonder under that straw pile by the barn—there they will bury the head; perhaps your pretty head with all that light in the eyes, with all that red in your lips, with all that glow on those cheeks—your pretty head would not come out from under that straw pile looking as it looks to-day.

It is not pleasant; still, you are not pleasant to look at, my dear, for all these things are written upon you; and you are a pretty girl, an exceptionally pretty girl, my dear; but only—

Just don't. You understand—just don't.

DEPORTING THE LADIES

NOVEMBER 1, 1911.

The whisky selling at Wichita is confined principally to those places known in the presence of Mrs. Boffin as disorderly resorts. The attorney-general and his assistant are working in Wichita to suppress those resorts as a part of the program to clean up the joints. And, according to the stories in the public prints, it would seem to be the policy of the attorney-general and his assistants to deport the ladies caught in the

raids upon the places aforesaid. Which deportation meets with opposition from Mayor Minick. It is a nice question—what to do with the social waste, male and female, that comes from the mill of civilization. Among every million people are several hundreds who fail under the moral burdens put upon them by society; the petty thief, the pickpocket, the loafer, the drunkard, the prostitute, the gambler, the confidence man—all these creatures are the chaff and mill tails of civilization. Poor creatures, they are more sinned against than sinning, who begin their moral digression largely because they are weak rather than because they are vicious—what shall be done with them! Deporting will only shift the burden. They have lost the knack of thrift and industry. They need moral regeneration. They need help rather than punishment, and it is the big social problem before civilization to answer fairly the woman who replies to society's demand that she go and sin no more—where shall I go? Where in the name of all our churches and schools and prisons and colleges—where shall she go to sin no more? She needs a strong arm to lean upon for a few years—not a jailer's. She needs to be taught how to work and to love work—not by an institution that makes work loathed and unlovely. She needs love—even she—and not punishment. And where, gentlemen of the jury, your honor the judge, his excellency the governor, and fellow citizens—where shall she go with her shame and her broken visions—where shall she go for that social and economic salvation which a Christian civilization should guarantee to every aspiring soul?

THE SADDEST DAY

APRIL 5, 1912.

To-day commemorates the saddest day in human history. Nineteen hundred years ago in Jerusalem a young man from the little community of Nazareth in Judea—a young man in his early thirties, full of youth and hope and enthusiasm—was cruelly tortured to death by the Roman soldiers. The young man was a carpenter—the son of a carpenter. He had grown up amid the oppressions of Rome and the decay of his own nation; he had seen robbery and rapine and pillage and heartbreaking injustice practiced by the conquering nation upon the peace-loving Jews, and his heart was full of a plan to throw off the yoke of the oppressor. He was a man of great spiritual power. His whole nature was acutely sensitive to the grinding wrongs upon the poor; he saw that the rulers and chief priests and the Pharisees, by standing in with the oppressors, shared largely the fruits of the conquest. So the heart of the young man burned with rage. He was afire with revolution. He burned to make his people free—even as Moses before him had burned. So he went about agitating, preaching, exhorting, showing the people their wrongs, denouncing the powers that were plundering the people, and instilling into the hearts of the poor and the common people a brotherhood that should make them rise together and resume their former national and spiritual dominion in the world. He saw that his people were degraded, so he preached self-respect and love, which is the soul of self-respect.

All Judea was moving under his eloquence. The Pharisees and the chief priests saw that this young man was undermining their power. They conspired against him. So they used bribery and corruption, and at night, after the common people had gone to bed, the rulers and the chief priests—the temple gang—haled the young man into court. The Roman magistrate could find no fault with him. The Pharisees had no complaint that would stick under the law. So the record said that the rulers and chief priests and the machine in power at the temple charged against Jesus that he “stirreth up the people.” Herod, the Jewish ruler, became alarmed. He, too, saw that this young man who was “stirring up the people” would soon get the people to seeing how the Jewish rulers and the Romans were partners looting the common people. So in this crisis, the Bible says, “Herod and Pilate made friends together,” the original alliance of the stand-patters of the ancient world to maintain the power of oppression. So, that night in the court of Pilate, from which the common people were excluded, the judge gave in to the clamor of those who were fattening on the oppression of the poor—the rulers and the chief priests and the temple gang—and Christ was condemned to death. It was the old story of the corrupting influence of those in power, but it took from the world the greatest spiritual vision it ever has had.

If Christ had prevailed, if he had not been cruelly murdered without warrant of law, if he had not been lynched by the special privilege of the court and temple, before the people were aroused, what a different world this might have been. What might not his wonderful power have worked in the world? He was

preaching love in a loveless age. He was preaching justice in a time when the people were being ravaged. He was preaching repentance to the rich, and—what is much more dynamic—self-respect to the poor. What if his idea had prevailed in Judea? What if his kingdom had come? What if he had succeeded in stirring up the people to rise and assert their manhood and try for once the experiment of living in a system of love and fraternity? God knows the pity of it all—these ages of darkness, these centuries of wickedness, these long dark times that have followed that saddest of all the world's days in Jerusalem.

To-day we have hearts to feel the misery of others—of little children in the factories, of underfed men at hard tasks, of women toiling while their children suffer for their mothers' care, of homes wrecked by chronic poverty that comes from social maladjustment—we must make high resolve that we by our voices, our influence, our votes, and our lives will try to restore as soon as possible to the world the great Kingdom of Heaven—of love and self-respect—for which Jesus Christ, the young carpenter of Judea, gave his life upon that awful cross. After our fasting to-day, let us gain strength for the fight of to-morrow. For there is so much to do.

POOR LITTLE GIRL

DECEMBER 5, 1913.

A girl living at Ottawa who had been wronged by a married man went to Excelsior Springs and started home last week with a little baby. Fearing the disgrace that would come upon her when she appeared among her neighbors with her child, she stopped in

Fort Scott and drowned the child in the Marmaton. At home, her crime preyed upon her and she broke down and told her mother and her neighbors the truth.

Here is a crime for which society is as much to blame as this young girl. She was not instinctively a murderer, but society punishes so cruelly any one who, having taken a wrong step, takes the consequences of the step, that this girl preferred to do murder rather than to risk her good name. Some day the woman who, in the weakness of youth, under the stress of temptation, makes the sad mistake that this girl made, will not be so mercilessly damned by society. She will be censured no more than the man who makes the mistake with her and who leads her into temptation. Her whole life will not be wrecked for such an error, as it is under our harsh judgments to-day. Poor, poor little girl!

MOTHERS

MARCH 16, 1914.

The Oswego mother who allowed her 15-year-old daughter to go to Kansas City on a shopping trip unattended is surprised that the girl disappeared. Upon which text we desire to submit a few remarks upon the subject of mothers. The mother business is one of the most overadvertised lines in the world. Whenever a sob-squadder desires to turn on the faucet of our tears, he begins tremulous talk about mothers being the sacredest things alive. Good mothers are sacred; so are good fathers. But when you consider how many mean, ornery, good-for-nothing, do-less people there are in the world—don't forget this great important fact: Some fool woman in the mother business, neg-

lecting her real duty, is responsible for this meanness more than any other one thing. A man may put the devil in his children. But in nine cases out of ten the mother can breed it out, or train it out, or love it out, if she will work on the job. A lot of women get an idea that they can rest on the glory of merely being mothers. A lot of mothers think that just because poets have had a lot to say about the sacredness of motherhood, there is nothing else to do.

But fool people usually are the result of fool mothers.

Charity workers in every town know of scores of instances where men earn fairly good wages, and where the women by their shiftlessness, laziness, and meanness have put the family in poverty and want. They can't cook; and they know nothing of taking care of children; they live out of sacks and cans; they gad the street by day, and go to picture shows at night; they can't sew, and they won't clean up the children. They haven't the character to make the children mind, and they are too thriftless and idle-minded to keep the house much better than a pigsty.

A mother is "the holiest thing alive" only when she is the embodiment of intelligent, consecrated love. When she is merely a brood animal, when she is either a slattern if she is poor, or a gadabout and a bridge fiend if she is rich, she deserves no more credit for being a mother than she does for having warts or a high instep.

The gush about motherhood being so holy a function has fortressed a lot of fool females in their folly. And the blessed time is coming when the soft pedals

are going to be taken off motherhood, and put on womanhood plus horse sense. The GAZETTE is in favor of a strict law which will prevent men with communicable diseases from marrying and breeding lust and vice into other generations. But along with that law should be a companion law which will prevent issuing a marriage license to—

A woman who can't cook,
Can't keep house,
Can't clean up children's dirty noses and necks,
And can't pass a decent examination on the feeding
and care of infants.

When women know something about what they are going into, as married women—whether they are rich or poor—there will be more in the sacredness of motherhood than the poets ever have sung about. New civilization has taken women from the home; it has put them in stores and offices and shops and factories. Home science now must be learned outside the home. But it must be learned, and the sooner the law cracks down on fool girls who go into matrimony caked in ignorance and breed fool children who raise hell in the world, the better will this sad old world be

And further deponent sayeth not.

A COMMUNITY JOB

MARCH 22, 1915.

A weak-willed, foolish mother, or a stupid, vicious father is a community's business. In this town of Emporia every year children are born of such parents, who help to load down the taxes by filling jails, by

filling the reform schools, by crowding the court dockets with quarrels. The juvenile court started a campaign to take the young children of incompetent parents away from the debasing influences of the families, and adopt these children out in decent homes, two and three and four and five years—before they grow into adolescence and grow incorrigible—and by taking them young keep them in the decent way, the thrifty, frugal, well-ordered life.

This is a town job, and it should have town support. Parents unable to care for children, and keep them out of mischief, should not be allowed to control them. Parental love is not so important as a decent community. The GAZETTE feels that the juvenile court should have behind it every ounce of weight that good citizens can give. No matter how one parent may try, if the net effect of both is bad, the child should be taken from the incompetent home.

More than that, marriage of the unfit—mentally as well as physically—should be stopped. Society has rights. Taxpayers have rights, far superior to the rights of the unfit to marry. When they are found to be married, when one or both of the parents fail to come up to the well-known psychological tests for mental competence, the parents should be sterilized. It is a crime to breed children doomed to whatever hell there is in this world or the next. A child's right to be well born is a deeper right than any person's right to have children whom she or he cannot train or control. But the matter of the regulation of marriage and the limiting of children are matters to which the state is not quite educated now; though in a few years these things

are coming. But the state has given the juvenile court the right to take children from incompetent parents, and it is the first right of the court to begin before the evil of poor management in the home wrecks the child's life forever. Judge Parker should go ahead with his campaign.

IN RE BOYS OR GIRLS

AUGUST 25, 1916.

Emporia is a long way removed from the Orient, where boy babies are welcomed and where girl babies are regarded as an affliction, but among the men of this town, at least, the man who becomes the father of a girl is regarded as the victim of rather a sad joke, especially if the child is the first born.

Recently an Emporia man became the father of twin boys. His chest swelled, and his shoulders rolled back, and he paraded down Commercial Street buying cigars and soft drinks for all comers. Another Emporia man became the father of twin girls, and every acquaintance of the father, who was proud, but at the same time staying out of sight, stopped into his place of business to jeer him good-naturedly.

Emporia has passed in civilization the stage where the female of the species, including cats, dogs, and babies, is dumped into the most available stream as soon after birth as possible, but among the men of the town at least the only “girl wanted” is the one for “general.”

And yet in Emporia more old men are being supported by girls teaching school or clerking than are supported by boys. The average boy marries and forgets the old folks. The girl never forgets.

OVER THE BLUE FAME

OCTOBER 3, 1916.

Complaint comes to the GAZETTE that a number of decent colored girls who are going to school in the north part of town are subjected to insult as they go through Humboldt Park, and particularly as they go through the subway to their homes below Third Avenue. The men who accost them are white men. It's a brave thing to do! God knows that the colored girl who is trying to rise is carrying a handicap that would crush the average park loafer into a grease spot. There are men in this world so mean and low down, that when they all die and are rounded up, the devil will have to establish a segregated district in hell so as not to contaminate the ordinary run of thieves and murderers and liars and house-burners entrusted to his care.

THE OLD YEAR

DECEMBER 30, 1916.

It was a mad old, sad old, bad old year. Blood and crime have visited it from the beginning, and have stayed with it to the end. In Europe they have been waging war long after the first impulse of hate that started the war has waned. In America, we have been waging a bloody peace upon Mexico and Santo Domingo, and have injected ourselves into the European situation with much noise, but with little effectiveness. The election at home was a dog-fall. It was the defeat of Hughes rather than the election of Wilson.

As a nation we are rich with blood money. Our prosperity has come from the suffering and tragedy

of other nations. We have built up our own wealth on the lives of others. Our prosperity is cursed and tainted. Some day we shall have our own fiddler to remunerate. “Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay.” And he has a little bill against this United States.

The year will not be a proud year in our history—as, for instance, '76 or '65 or '98. It will be known in the future as the sad old, mad old, bad old year of 1916, and the year when our god was our belly and we minded earthly things!

A WORD FOR THE BOYS

MAY 2, 1917.

A number of boys of sixteen and seventeen in this country are going war-mad. They are talking war, eating war, sleeping war, and dreaming war. They are drilling three or four times a week. They are reading the stories from the front, and are doing everything conceivable to pump up their heart action and stimulate them into plunging into the Atlantic, swimming across, saber in teeth, and whipping the Kaiser personally.

In the meantime, they are neglecting about the only thing a boy can do for his country before he is nineteen. And that is a very simple thing, not very heroic, and not hard to do. It is merely to be a good boy. The boy who makes good grades in school, who works in the back-yard garden or on the farm, the boy who keeps his car clean, and his face washed, and his debts paid, the boy who learns to live squarely among boys for the next two years, will be worth much more to his

country than the half-baked, half-grown, half-educated kid who busts into the army before he is formed in mind or body. Such a boy will cost more than he comes to if he ever gets to the firing line.

This seems to be a long war. At least two years and possibly five loom ahead of us. There will be room for hundreds of thousands of our sixteen-year-olds to die for their country before we have peace. And the thing to do is for us so to live these three years as to make every life count big and strong for world freedom when the great moment of sacrifice shall come.

SAY—YOU BOY—LISTEN!

SEPTEMBER 15, 1919.

You're not so many. Maybe you think because you've been off to war, cocking cannon and saving the world for democracy—or cocking the world and saving the cannon for democracy—that the world's going to carry you around on a chip for the rest of your life. Well, don't you let the world kid you; the world doesn't carry people around on a chip. The way for you to get around is to rustle around.

So the best thing you can do is to learn to rustle. And that doesn't mean flying around in circles trying to catch up with the back of your neck. That means starting somewhere, knowing where it is, and going some to get there! And the best way to start somewhere is through the front door of a good college.

Aw—now sit down!

Don't get excited and don't be misled.

You think you know it all, that there is nothing in this college stuff, and all because you've been out put-

ting salve on your fingers when they itched to smash the “loot”!

But you didn’t smash him; you stood at attention while he chawed his cigar and ragged you.

You had to. That was regulations.

Well, boy, listen—life has regulations, too.

And one of them is that the man in on the know, the bird with the sabbey, the knowledgous guy, runs the roost.

And you may think you are wise, but wisdom in these later days doesn’t grow at the root of your tongue. It comes from the back of your head, and unless you put it in it can’t come out. And if you don’t go where they have it for sale it’s hard to pick up on the streets.

For the knowledge required in the world to-day is technical knowledge.

The man who runs the next generation is the man who knows some definite thing well—mechanics, law, medicine, writing, preaching, teaching, electricity, commerce; and these things are now all highly specialized subjects.

You can’t take ‘em up. You must work to get them, and the easiest, quickest place to work to get special knowledge needed to get around in the world is in college. You are wasting your time during the years of your youth if you don’t go to college. It’s true that during the years you spend in college the boys outside are pulling down good salaries. But wait ten years and you’ll be paying them those salaries and going on up beyond them.

And you’ll be the “looie” in life, you’ll stick up your old seegyar and jaw at the others instead of

standing to attention "taking it" in the ranks of life. Think of these things, young man.

You may be pretty smart; mother says your pants are shrinking a good bit; but you remember you don't know it all. And now is the time to learn. You for college!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

DECEMBER 31, 1919.

It will be a good year—the best that ever saw the earth rolling around the sun. Never doubt that. Of course the devil will be to pay this year; and he will have a larger bill than he ever had. That also is a part of the high cost of living—that eternal bill of the devil's to pay. He will demand pay for political upheavals and social disturbances and financial panics and all sorts and conditions of human disorders from general strikes to revolution in spots. But the joyous part of it is the fact that while the devil is to pay in large sums, we shall pay him. The surplus civilization in America is large enough to stand the strain. America is going to the stars by hard ways; but never at all to the devil. We are traveling along lines of greatest resistance; but we are going forward, and the travail is all good for our souls' muscles. The greater the shock—and don't worry, the year's shock will be terrific—the greater the victory at overcoming it. No one should fear for the fundamental sanity of the American people, nor for the rock-ribbed strength of the American government. These two, each sustaining the other, will weather the storm. It may be, surely it must be, a big storm brewing—but at the end of it America will be stronger for the struggle, and surer of her strength.

for the great trial. Never before have dangers loomed ahead as they loom now. And never before have we been so ready to meet them. For we are a young nation and adventure is in our hearts. America goes forth into the new year as a bridegroom from his chamber, rejoicing as a strong man. There is everything to face and nothing to fear. It was for this year that our fathers died at Bunker Hill and Gettysburg, and for this year that our brothers died in the Argonne Forest and at Château Thierry. They did not die that we should live as mollusks; but that we should have glorious opportunity to strive as men for great causes. And here comes opportunity with her fighting clothes on.

Who's afraid?

Now let's go.

LOVE AND PUBLICITY

MARCH 12, 1920.

Reading the daily love story in the newspapers, we observe that the plot of the story now running in the Topeka papers turns on the fact that the point of the isosceles tried to make a date with the angle at the base upon a party line which had ten subscribers, and eight of them were listening in. From that start, the rest is easy. We read all the love stories in the newspapers. They beat Robert W. Chambers and E. Phillips Oppenheim to a frazzle. The Chicago love story wherein the lady murdered the gentleman in her apartment also leaves the same moral dangling from the tale which waves from the Topeka love story. For the Chicago lady kept a diary and wrote everything in it about

the love story as it proceeded. Now next to making a date with the base of the isosceles or equilateral triangle on a ten-party phone, keeping books on a love affair from day to day is the most dangerous practice. And the large, purple moral which intrudes itself upon our consciousness after reading these two stories is this: Triangular love needs no publicity. It works better with the muffler cut-out always shut down.

When a man goes tripping down the primrose path of the triangle, it's no place for a brass band.

THIS WEARY WORLD

DECEMBER 17, 1920.

How long, O Lord, will starvation be met with indifference, greed with complaisance, murder, robbery, and arson with cowardice, graft with a sneer, and hatred and avarice with fawning?

How long, O Lord, how long before this weary world shall turn its face again to the Star?

BEN LINDSAY IS DEAD RIGHT

OCTOBER 11, 1921.

In Denver Judge Ben Lindsay refused to find a man guilty of giving liquor to girls because the prohibitory law is being ignored by the rich so-called respectables of Denver. The rich and so-called respectables all over America are ignoring the Eighteenth Amendment, and yelling their heads loose because the red radicals are trying to ignore the property clause of the Fourteenth Amendment; why not call the rich respectables the yellows who are ignoring the Eighteenth Amendment?

For if ever an outfit has yellow it is that outfit. Here they are, blessed with every luxury and comfort that a Christian civilization affords—beautiful homes, lovely children, educated friends, honored names, secure positions—all the results of the well-ordered laws of this government. And do they appreciate it? Do they stand by the government in its struggle with lawlessness? Not by a long shot. Their cellars are filled with liquor; their homes harbor nasty little stills. They serve illicit booze with their meals. They brag about beating the law. What if the reds were as brazen as the yellows?

What if they bragged when they bombed a millionaire's house, or garroted his wife, or eviscerated his chauffeur—if they took delight in flaunting their successes in getting “property without the due process of law,” as the yellows delight in getting booze contrary to the Constitution! What a land we should have.

But all over the country there are yellows, the respectables who think it's a fine idea to keep booze away from the lower classes, but who swig it themselves, who are making the law and the Constitution a laughing stock. If we are to have a government at all, the law must reach every one. It is not merely in Denver, not merely in the great cities. It is in the smaller towns. In Emporia at the Christmas dance the drunks were from houses north of Twelfth Avenue. The yellows are making reds faster by their demand for special privilege than the Americanism of the decent citizens can unmake them. Ben Lindsay was dead right in advertising this un-American discrimination to his fellow citizens. He is usually right.

BRING ON YOUR HELL

APRIL 20, 1922.

The other night at a public dance in Emporia seven little girls of sixteen came without escorts. They spent the evening dancing cheek to cheek with men old enough to be their fathers, and danced dances which could not help arousing passions which should rise not as mere casual emanations of a passing evening, but as the emotions of a life. They were innocent enough. And they are not to blame.

But where were their mothers? Where were their fathers? Out of what kind of homes did they come? Don't these parents know that girls who go alone to public dances are not respected, and don't they know that when a girl is not respected, she is wolf-fodder?

What are these mothers thinking of who let their daughters chase around town alone nights, parading the streets, window shopping and picking up dates and auto rides? There is just one end of that sort of business. And the end costs the town money. These children will sooner or later be on the town, or some other town, spreading disease which makes idiot children and defectives and criminals. Sooner or later these girls will mother other girls and other boys as big fools as themselves.

And all because their parents have no sense; all because the homes in which they grow up are not properly guarded. At bottom it is laziness on the part of the parents that makes these children what they are. Laziness is the sin for which society pays. For murder done in passion, men expiate all their lives, and sometimes, perhaps generally, find peace and repent-

ance. For stealing done in want, God has forgiveness. For all the sins and crimes there is justification—all but one. And that one is this laziness of parents who slough off their duties and so lose the souls given to them to guard and keep, and thereby release the springs of lust and shame and want and ignorance and misery.

For parents like that hell was builded. For laziness that risks the happiness and usefulness of children, nothing but hell will suffice—not hell for the children, though life brings that hell as they grow older, but hell for the slovenly do-less parents who let the children walk into life's hell fire without thought or warning.

THE MOVIE MORON

MAY 11, 1922.

The psychological tests of the American army show that about thirty per cent of the people of this country have minds that stopped growing at fourteen years or below. Looking over the average regular crowd in any American movie house, one would say that ninety out of a hundred per cent are in this fourteen-year-old crowd.

For instance, the most beautiful and entertaining picture that has come to Emporia for a year was “A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Court,” a faithful and joyful reproduction of Mark Twain’s story. It did a rotten business. “What’s Mark Twain,” say the morons. “What’s Connecticut got to do with it anyway?” they protest. They know the movie stars, and if it had been a Pickford or a Fairbanks film, it would have meant something to the movie moron. But not Mark Twain, not a picture of one of the finest

stories of American literature. "American literature," yelp the morons. "What's that? Highbrow stuff. Aw, give us something with a kick in it." What they want is sex smeared over the pictures, or murder, or running horses, or accidents, and thrills.

If the movie business has a serious place among thinking people, among the leadership in America which has developed beyond its fourteenth year, the movie makers must realize that they must segregate the morons. Give them houses of their own, where they can gasp at crime, leer at sex, and get all the thrills they want. But give intelligent people movie houses where good pictures by reputable authors, conscientious artists, and intelligent producers may present high-grade things.

As the movie managers have developed their business, it is the moron's paradise. If theatrical managers followed the lines of movie producers and distributors—that is to say, if one saw Shakespeare and Shaw and Eugene O'Neill where one also saw smutty sex plays and musical comedies—the theater also would be a mess that would stink a dog off a slop wagon, and drive the skunk to the open for air. These thoughts are for the consideration of our old Armageddon comrade, Bill Hays, who is now the big boss of the movie world in America.

A NEGRO GOLF CLUB

JULY 28, 1922.

At Westfield, N. J., a negro golf club has been established and a nine-hole course laid out. A negro colony there seems to warrant the golf course. The item

that this course is laid out will cause a million giggles to sizzle across the country. Cartoonists will make funny pictures of it. Vaudeville artists will do sketches about it. Something exquisitely funny seems to excite the white race when it sees the colored race doing things which are ordinary parts of the day's work and play to the white people. It is as though the elephant should drive an auto, or a horse play the piano.

The reason for this risibility of the white man at the black man's human activities is obvious and it is no credit to the white man. He thinks it is funny to see the black man doing things that normal human beings do, because the white man does not think of his dark-skinned fellow traveler on the planet as a human companion. The white man considers any colored man—black, brown, red, yellow, or maroon—as an animal. The anthropological conceit of the white man is ponderous, unbelievable, vastly amusing to the gods. Why should not the black man play golf if his economic status gives him leisure for golf? Why should he not have a motor car and a country house, if he can afford it? Why giggle at the normal activities of men whose skin differs from our own?

Something of the same psychological reason is behind the fact that we middle-class people make merry over the fact that the worker in the mines and shops and furnaces wears a silk shirt or rents a house with a bath or rides to work in a car. Why shouldn't he? Is he an elephant doing stunts? Is he a horse playing the piano? What's the joke if he develops the same desires and aspirations that we do, and who in God's name are we, anyway?

THE JOKE ON HUMANITY

AUGUST 11, 1922.

"Cuba," says a headline, "May Help Uncle Sam Fight the Rum Runners." If the lads who went up San Juan Hill twenty-four years ago had known that they were helping to make America a bone-dry nation, they would have run down and jumped into the sea, and if the boys who made the world safe for democracy could only know the implications of democracy twenty-five years hence—they might have kissed instead of canned the Kaiser. We do the day's work never knowing what a joke on humanity to-morrow always is!

THE DECLINE OF JAZZ JOY

NOVEMBER 10, 1922.

The stated clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly, who ex-officio is a preacher of parts, in a recent address declared that he could see a visible decline in the barbarous customs of American youth: the jazz orchestra, the caveman dances, the hip-pocket flask, the all-night functions with breakfast refreshments. The stated clerk is on the watchtower and should know the signs of the times. Let us trust that he is not merely watching the mirage of his hopes.

At any rate it is high time for youth to begin taking the slack out of its bad manners. A lot of bad manners, which looked like bad morals, but which probably were not what they seemed, followed the war, and took an excuse from the war. The war gave a lot of us an opportunity to pin on tails and climb into the trees. The profiteer who sandbagged his neighbors, the

patriot who kukluxed his enemies, the desk soldier who swanked around afternoon teas while his betters were dying, the politician who let the drums do his thinking and the guns do his talking, the war worker who let his emotions govern his conduct and wasn't particular which emotion was running his behavior—all these let down a lot of bars that have kept society in bounds for hundreds of years. So there was more or less running hog wild upon the once prim laws of orderly society.

No wonder youth got at it. And youth is not to blame for its jazz joy. Youth merely was imitating its elders. Instead of grabbing money and boycotting disagreeable people and swaggering in tin swords and lying to the electorate and flirting with middle-aged ladies in uniforms, youth went straight for those particular joys which interest youth most—the joys which are found down the “primrose path” beyond the twilight's purple rim. Hence the jungle dance, the petting parties, the all-night shindy, and the parked coupé. And what is more, so long as the old folks keep up their war activities and their warlike morals, the boys and girls will go the gait. The way to stop youth is to curb the old folks. It is the monkey of imitation in youth that has shocked its elders cold. And the imitations of youth are sad commentaries upon the morals of their parents.

THE QUEST OF THE ATOM

NOVEMBER 16, 1922.

Always man is going on long journeys looking for the unknown. Jason who searched for the Golden Fleece has bred in the race a quenchless thirst to go

forth and find things at the ends of the earth. And no other argosy ever set sail in so romantic an adventure as that which science has been sending out these last hundred years in search of the atom—the last outpost in the material world. Slow has been the journey of those plodding, patient souls who started upon the mysterious quest.

Time after time they have halted to cry victory—once at the molecule, once at the ion and once at the electron—only to find that their journey had just begun. Into the turbulent heart of things, they have trudged on year after year, decade upon decade, pushing farther and farther from the outer circumference of the crust of substance; but as the explorers have hurried forward to the center of matter, they have seen the heart of the reality recede.

Now a British scientist believes he can measure an atom by an X-ray. If he has come that near the ultimate of things—near enough to take its measure—perhaps he can throw a lasso over it and hold it while his fellow explorers come up and examine it. And then when we have come to the last far speck upon the material horizon and know what is on the boundary between substance and motion, what of it? Shall we, when we have located the wheel of life, set out on another long trek to find what makes the wheels go round? Then maybe we shall be able to answer Zophar, the Naamathite, who railed at Job:

“Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty into perfection?

“It is as high as Heaven—what canst thou do—deeper than hell—what canst thou know?”

Maybe we shall answer Zophar—and maybe not!

EXIT FATTY

FEBRUARY 12, 1923.

How could as smart a man as Will Hays make the mistake of trying to let Fatty Arbuckle out on parole and with the moving pictures? Did communications with the gentlemen who have their money invested in Mr. Arbuckle's artistic triumphs corrupt the usual good manners of a Presbyterian elder like Will Hays, or did he just let his sympathies overcome his judgment? The blast of indignation from the folks must have given pause to the whole movie world. Here was the force that put the pop in vox populi and that jabbed the sense in the censor. Higher than state movie boards, above the gentlemen's agreement of the movie producer's union, over the wrangling of editors with their dull but noisy pros and cons, rose this mad blast of the folks. It left no doubts about the status of Mr. Arbuckle. He is kapoot, ausgespiel, blown up, busted, and bedamned.

The unofficial censorship of an outraged people worked. It is not a question of the conviction or acquittal of Mr. Arbuckle of the legal offense with which he was officially charged. That had little to do with it. He was caught in a drunken orgy; and Americans do not permit drunken orgies in their cosmos. When a drunken orgy appears they proceed to throw exemplary fits. It will do no good to argue with the people. It does little good to jibe at them. They will have their fits, and men like Mr. Arbuckle who get into the midst of these popular demonstrations of public disapproval can do nothing better than to fade out of the landscape.

Why, then, does a people that has such easy and unmistakable spasms of virtue demand a censor? Why cannot the American people depend upon their capacity for catfits to clean the screens as they go, without the aid of the state?

The answer is that this is a big country and it takes a big episode to cause an explosion. So the people are fear-bound. They fear to trust their individual reactions to minor indecencies. They are timid because they are never quite sure of right and wrong, unless conviction comes to them through the official mind. Hence the demand for the legal censor. Hence the popular feeling that officialdom must think for those who fear to think. It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us, this timidity of individual judgment in our countrymen; and being a condition, the moving picture world, which does business more generally with the unthinking public than does the purveyor of books or newspapers, of painting or sculpture or music—the moving picture world must grin and bear it.

But anyway, we have here one palpable fact—the exit of the smiling Fatty Arbuckle. And producers who are investing heavily in actors or actorites who take their sex stimulation as lightly as they take their tea should always be ready to charge off large sums of invested capital to profit and loss when their screen heroes are caught philandering. The highly moral movie artist is the only safe investment. And as for art—one is no worse than the others.

THE KING'S HEAVEN

FEBRUARY 15, 1923.

From his tomb in old Egypt they are digging up the king who lived over three thousand years ago. The

grandeur that was his on earth is expressed to posterity in gold and silver and precious stones, and he seems to have been a mighty potentate. To minister to his needs and desires 10,000 courtier servants and slaves devoted their lives. The human being of certain sorts was cheap in those days, and metals of certain sorts were dear. Probably in his finer moments, in his more human hours of aspiration, he dreamed as we all do of a day or a place where things—meaning broadly human relations—would be different. He seems to have had a dream of heaven. Possibly he thought of it as a place where some approximate of justice would be done. Heaven is the place provided in our philosophy of life to even things up; to pare down the accumulation of the greedy to add to the treasure of the humble.

Well—here he is resurrected bodily, at least, in a strange world. Men fly through the air like birds, talk through the air like gods, produce light and heat by turning buttons, make water spring from the wall by twisting faucets. Food is produced enough for all, even though in the passing century it is unevenly distributed. Comforts that once were kings' luxuries now are common to those who once were slaves. A man steps to a ticket window and buys collapsible distance—a mile or a thousand miles, at his will.

And—miracle of miracles—the children of slaves, touching a button, may make kings talk and great singers sing and great bands play. Moreover, kings, poor devils, are only servants in gaudier livery than their fellows. Human sweat and blood which three thousand years ago was the cheapest thing on earth, to-day may be had, but only for a price, often at only **a good price.**

The marvel of it all would fill the dead king's eyes with terror. And should he ask who made this new heaven from the old earth which he knew, men would have to tell him that it all came about because a young man down in Judea dramatized by his death a philosophy that dignified the human soul. His dynamic creed called the Golden Rule, the philosophy of altruism, has freed the slaves, has shamed oppression, crushed tyrants, and exalted the common man. So the world has been made over; so the old king's dream of heaven has been made real.

But the deep and baffling marvel of it all we could not explain to the ancient ruler if his lips should ask the question. For the profound mystery is that with all the evidence of the power of the truth which Jesus of Nazareth dramatized in his life and death, with all the revolutionary changes which the creed of Jesus has produced, men still waste their futile breath wrangling over His divinity. That spectacle would puzzle the mummy if his brain could work. And he well might ask if the stupid race for which Jesus died was worth His sacrifice.

KANSAS

INTRODUCTORY

"If I had hell and Texas," said General William Tecumseh Sherman, in a flippant mood, "I'd rent Texas and live in hell."

"That's right, Uncle Billy," replied a Texas editor, "every man should stand up for his own country."

One word of explanation should be added: During the twenty-eight years and more covered by these editorials Kansas greatly changed agriculturally. The discovery of Turkey-red winter wheat has made western Kansas, once a wilderness, prosperous. The introduction of alfalfa has reduced the menace of drought. Poultry growing, dairying, and the breeding of corn seed have taken the curse off the hot, dry weather of mid-July, which once seriously threatened the economic development of the state. Agriculturally now, Kansas is as stable as Ohio, and spiritually twice as nimble. The state is almost indecently prosperous. Kansas is something more than a geographical location. It is a bank account in a state of mind.

W. A. W.

THE END OF THE FIGHT

JUNE 20, 1895.

There came through Emporia yesterday two old-fashioned "mover wagons," headed east. The stock in the caravan would invoice four horses, very poor and very tired, one mule, more disheartened than the horses, and one sad-eyed dog, that had probably been compelled to rustle his own precarious living for many

a long and weary day. A few farm implements of the simpler sort were loaded in the wagon, but nothing that had wheels was moving except the two wagons. All the rest of the impedimenta had been left upon the battlefield, and these poor stragglers, defeated, but not conquered, were fleeing to another field, to try the fight again. These movers were from western Kansas—from one of those counties near the Colorado line which holds a charter from the state to officiate as the very worst, most desolate, God-forsaken, man-deserted spot on the sad old earth. They had come from that wilderness only after a ten years' hard, vicious fight, a fight which had left its scars on their faces, had bent their bodies, had taken the elasticity from their steps, and left them crippled to enter the battle anew. For ten years they had been fighting the elements. They had seen it stop raining for months at a time. They had heard the fury of the winter wind as it came whining across the short burned grass and cut the flesh from their children huddling in the corner. These movers have strained their eyes watching through the long summer days for the rain that never came. They have seen that big cloud roll up from the southwest about one o'clock in the afternoon, hover over the land, and stumble away with a few thumps of thunder as the sun went down. They have tossed through hot nights wild with worry, and have arisen only to find their worst nightmares grazing in reality on the brown stubble in front of their sun-warped doors. They had such high hopes when they went out there; they are so desolate now—no, not now, for now they are in the land of corn and honey. They have come out of the wilderness, back to the land of

promise. They are now in God's own country down on the Neosho, with their wife's folks, and the taste of apple butter and good corn bread and fresh meat and pie—pieplant pie like mother used to make—gladdened their shrunken palates last night; and real cream, curdling on their coffee saucers last night for supper, was a sight so rich and strange that it lingered in their dreams, wherein they walked beside the still waters, and lay down in green pastures.

A KINGDOM COMING

JUNE 29, 1895.

It looks like corn in Kansas this year. This has been a corn-growing week, sunshine sandwiched in clouds, and sprinkled here and there with splashes of lightly falling rain; the corn is for the most part "laid by" now, and the dark green of the sturdily curved blades stretches far down from the uplands into the bottoms, shading darker and ranker as the roots find the richer loam of the river drift. It is a glorious sight, an inspiring sight, is the view from some light eminence upon the "gently rolling prairie" across the upland and over the sagging bottom, where the thousands and tens of thousands of rows of green-clad sentinels stand guard for the homes of Kansas. No one looking over the scene, as it is duplicated from the Missouri to the Cimarron, can fail to do homage to King Corn. There is something royal in the magnificence with which King Corn adorns his great throne room: the sculptured hills, the tracery of the river winding around the border of the throne, the glorious ever changing canopy of blue and white and gray, and—at the sunset and in the morn—purple and graceful natural curves, and

dazzling color schemes, all point to a regal custodian, all call for a reverential homage. Corn is King.

The scene to-day is beautiful, but it is still more beautiful as a prophecy than it is as a panorama. For Corn is a beneficent monarch, full of tender mercies and loving kindness.* The home which poverty has tyrannized, he promises to make free; in homes where necessity has been the highest comfort, he promises to bring plenty, and to tired wives, who during the years of scrimping and saving have seen the roses fading from their cheeks, he, the Corn King, will scatter roses upon little children's faces, bring back echoes of old love songs in the ripple of childish laughter, and when the whirling winter wind stimulates the crying of the wolf, the Corn King will lull it to sleep by the purring lullaby of the warm and glowing fire. This is to be a corn year in Kansas, and all the remembrances of past successes and the hopes of future victories will be realized. The Kansas farmer, whose pluck has conquered a desert and made it blossom as a rose, will feel the galling harness touch him less harshly after this year; the merchant who has been saving the pennies will reap his harvest in dimes; the professional man who has been putting his best foot forward, trudging to the stars by hard ways, will feel the impetus of the good times and go on his way rejoicing. The entire community is included in the promise of the coming kingdom. The days of pinching and running behind and putting up a poor mouth are

*And nevertheless more Kansas farmers have "gone broke" raising corn than have failed on any other crop; not because the corn crop fails, but because the price of corn is foolish and unstable. Only as corn is used to make beef or milk does it pay to grow corn in Kansas.—W. A. W.

gone. This is to be the year of the Corn King's festival, and he is a merry old monarch.

THE SKY GAZERS

MAY 7, 1896.

From this bright and beautiful day of our Lord, May 7, 1896, the people of Kansas will devote themselves to the interesting occupation of sky-scanning until on or about the 15th day of September of the current year. In the course of the four or five months ensuing, all imaginable horrors will be seen by the terror-stricken eyes as they view the landscape of the heavens watching for rain. It probably will be a good year. Last year was a good year. The year before was a fair year. There have been more good years than bad years in the last decade; the probabilities are that it will be a good year every year; yet this habit of lifting up the eyes and trembling lest misfortune should descend is firmly rooted in the Kansas character.

To hear the average Kansan talk, one would think that if it should happen to be a bad year there would be a winding up of the affairs of man, and that Nature would go into the hands of a receiver. But nothing of the sort will happen. Things naturally even up in this country as they do in all countries. Kansas is about like any other state. The good comes with the bad; there is a streak of lean and a streak of fat. Even if the hot winds should come this year, the sun will shine and the creeks will run and the fields thrive and the grass grow on these prairies forever and ever, and we who are here, or our progeny, will be here right along, enjoying the climate and digging our toes into the ground to keep in the race. This habit of imagin-

ing vain things about the weather causes five months of useless trouble every year. Why is it? Isn't it because the people who came to Kansas expected to find a paradise and found just an ordinary piece of ground? The average Kansas man gets angry at the state and the government and his family and his religion when it doesn't rain; but in the older states they are "usen" to it. When it doesn't rain in Ohio—and it frequently does not rain—there is no fuss made over it. But in Kansas a drought is heralded to the world as if it was something that was just naturally going to close up the business of the solar system.

But in time the sky-scanning habit will fall into desuetude. Sooner or later the people of Kansas will get the idea finally into their heads that we will be here next year and the year after whether it rains this year or not. The people will begin to strike an average and figure that if they make it one year they won't the next, and if they lose one year they will gain the next. It is very unusual to lose both wheat and corn the same year. Kansas is all right in the long run. People have made money here and will continue to do so; but in the meantime they will continue to look at the sky and kick if it doesn't rain every time they think it should.

SHAME ON LEAVENWORTH*

JANUARY 16, 1901.

No possible crime that may be committed justifies cruelty or barbarity in punishing the offender. To exterminate a fiend is the duty of society. To pen up

* The mob burned a negro boy to death the night before this editorial was written.

a man who can't pen up his passions is the only protection civilization has. To execute murderers, human beasts, train wreckers and the like is necessary. But revenge has no place in civilized conduct, and barbarous cruelty in public executions only breeds cruelty and barbarism in private deeds. Leavenworth is a thousand times more dangerous a community to live in than it was before the savage act was performed yesterday. The film of human sympathy is thin enough over the heart of the brute in man at best, and when it is wantonly scraped off by such an act of merciless, vicious, depraved vengeance as that which occurred in Leavenworth yesterday, the animal in man is uncaged, and the community temporarily has gone back to savagery.

The lesson which the mob intended is lost. A mob which could stand by and see a live dog—even a vicious live dog—roasted to death is made hard and cruel and hellish at heart. What must a mob be which could roast a live man to death—no matter what he did! Torture is a reversion to the demon in man. It is as unjustifiable as the crime that prompts torture.

This Leavenworth case proves how small a space from the four-footed brutes man is. Civilization is a veneer, a scum on a wave that moves up but not forward. Man—standing erect, living in houses, building churches, talking glibly of peace on earth, shedding tears over the oppressed and down-trodden—fancies he is a high and mighty creature especially favored of God, the heir of all the ages. Ruffle him, thwart him, baffle him, anger him, rouse his lust or passion, and out of the depth of him, where it has been lurking subconsciously in the blackness of his heart, comes another being, bloodthirsty, brutish, cunning as a wild

beast, cruel, intelligent only in devices for torture. God help the creature who gets in the hands of a thousand men with the beast swelling big in them, as it was in the Leavenworth mob yesterday. To-day the beast has gone—vanished back into the blackness, and these men are ordinary citizens, kind to their families, generous to their friends, and forgiving to their enemies. But the beast is none the less there. It is in all of us. No one should thank God he is not as other men. The Leavenworth case is the universal case against all men of all times—the case against society.

HOW THE RAIN COMES

JULY 15, 1901.

Use your memories: Two thirds of the readers of the GAZETTE have been through Kansas droughts before. Don't you remember how the big clouds always pile up between half-past ten in the morning and two and dissolve into blue sky by three o'clock; in the morning how clouds pile up in the east and north and south about dawn and growl in thunder as they slink away with a sniff of rain before ten o'clock; how the evening clouds grin in heat lightning and chuckle away in distant thunder, leaving the mocking stars at midnight to blink at the panting men and women gasping in bedroom windows for the cool breeze that heralds the dawn. These clouds are not signs of rain. They are signs that the drought is here—the old genuine, blighting drought.

Use your memories and stop looking at the clouds for rain. When the rain comes, high wind, cold wind, dust-laden north wind will come swooping down the sky with big boiling brown and purple clouds lower-

ing and bristling with flashing terror. It doesn't take a prophet nor a son of a prophet to tell that these morning clouds and these noon clouds will not bring rain. Rain will come late in the afternoon of a clear, hot, cloudless day or early in the evening. Use your memories, gentle readers, and be patient. You can't make it rain by gawking at the clouds.

BRACE UP

JULY 19, 1901.

The drought, which is a sizzler and frier and boiler, is a good thing for Kansas. It shows the people of the state what Kansas can stand, and never faze her. The drought probably will kill most of the corn and the grass. Fifteen years ago corn and grass made the entire list of Kansas assets. To-day Kansas has a dozen other sources of revenue. There are thousands of bushels of old corn in the Kansas cribs. There are thousands of acres of alfalfa and tame grass, which the drought will not destroy. There are thousands of acres of good Kafir corn and sorghum. There are millions of chickens and turkeys and dairy cows, which will bring in a big revenue to Kansas farmers without checking on the steer's account. Kansas is not a one-crop state. A drought doesn't hurt Kansas now any more seriously than it hurts Iowa, Missouri, or Indiana.

So brace up, gentle reader. Leave off groaning over the mulligrubs. Stop weeping and wailing and wearing the enamel off your good store teeth. Merchants should stock up. If they don't, Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward will sell thousands of dollars' worth of truck which should be sold in Emporia. Ad-

vertising should not sag; trumpet the song of hope in good weather as well as bad or some one will fill your horn full of dust.

This is no time for repining. Kansas has walked frequently enough with hobnails in her shoes over the pathway of apparent adversity to know that it invariably leads to the stars of plenty. The very fact that it doesn't rain much now is proof that the rain barrels will be running over in August. The thing to do is to keep your barrel hooped and wait. Don't use it to holler calamity in. Keep it tight and put it under the spout and the providence that has always looked after Kansas will fill your barrel.

In the meantime, brace up and show your collar button, if it is brass.

THE KINDNESS OF NATURE

NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

How kind this season is! After the hard withering summer that shriveled the foliage of the grass and trees and cracked the earth and destroyed so many growing things—now comes the mild and healing autumn, a penitence of nature for her waywardness. The leaves that the hot winds scorched hang on far past their wonted time, and the grass which lay brown and dry and almost ashen, to-day is green and fresh and beautiful; and the cattle feeding all day on the open range roll languidly to the corral at twilight, and when they have filled their paunches with water, lie down and moan and groan in animal contentment through the night, as though they were on the new grass of May. They will go on pasture thus till Christmas. The fields of corn crisped in the August

sun are now green fields, and the fodder that was lost in the summer, the fall has restored. The herds are a little thinner than they were—the balance of the farmers' books is kept on the good side: a little less to feed and a little less fodder. Everywhere one sees this evening-up process of nature—this tempering the wind to the shorn lamb.

The great stream of tendency, the scheme of things here, call it what you will—fate, destiny, providence, or God—is good. Viewed largely and from beyond the shadow of the passing hour, seen big and in perspective, the trend of all motion and force seems good. Nature—bloody with tooth and claw, as some have called her—is at heart and in the soul of her infinitely kind. Life, even the meanest life, is a great experience. How much better it is than not to have known; and the saddest death is so immeasurably better than endless mortal consciousness and mortal life! “He giveth his beloved sleep.”

Nature is kind. God is love.

SPRING

MARCH 1, 1905.

The coming of spring in this latitude is one of the most beautiful things in nature. To-day the redbirds are singing in the lilac bushes and the robins have come back to the elm trees. All over town people are spading in the garden and raking the leaves and the mulching off the lawn. The air is full of an “ethereal softness,” and the limbs of the trees are getting black. Around the marble counters in the stores the boys are crowding in their winter clothes, with patches in conspicuous places. Wedding announcements are be-

ginning to creep into the mail pouches, and married folks with homes are beginning to plan the "L" or lean-to on the house.

Everywhere men and women are making newer and larger plans for broader and better life and easier living. Spring is a mood as well as a season. It starts the roots of new hopes and aspirations in the mind as well as the sap from the roots in the ground. It is no more marvelous that the heart of man should recognize the season and respond by reaching out in growth than that the trees and birds and grass should respond to the season. The same God governs them all, and they are all parts of nature. Only things and souls that are dead fail to begin life anew in the spring. God does not thrill a dead soul nor a dead seed.

WHY NOT VITRIOL?

APRIL 3, 1905.

There is talk of christening the battleship *Kansas* with crude oil, or with water from the spring from which John Brown slaked his thirst. These suggestions are all very good, but if the battleship *Kansas* is to be christened with the fluid most characteristic of the state—use vitriol.

There are times when Kansas fairly seethes with it. Kansas is oily only before a storm, and watery only on the surface. Kansas always has her heart full of vitriol ready to pour on those whom she happens to hate for good and sufficient reasons.

THE DROUGHT

APRIL 24, 1907.

There is no question about it—we are in the midst of a spring drought. It simply can't rain. The wind

has been blowing all day, and the sky is as brassy as a kettle. There is no more hope of rain coming out of it than out of the copper dome on the courthouse.

The wheat is being blown out of the ground. The stock has to be anchored to the trees, the postholes have to be covered or they will blow away, and there isn't enough humidity in the atmosphere of central Kansas to dampen a postage stamp. What the frost left, the drought is curling up like a Saratoga chip. And the green bug won't have the makin's of a grass lunch if it doesn't rain pretty soon.

CHILD'S HISTORY OF KANSAS

JULY 4, 1907.

A child lives his own life, and the world of grown-up is a thing apart. And when grown to man's estate, he recalls events that passed before his childish memories. Thus in Kansas, for instance, one child, now living, in a man's memory remembers the drought of '60, not by the anxiety on the faces of his parents, not by the waiting and watching for rain, but by the fact that a time was when they parceled out the biscuits at table, and a boy had to take his share and no more. The whole tragedy of the time to hundreds of men and women, when pride and want fought until want went to the "aid store" and took what was needed—all the bleakness and brownness of the land—these passed unnoticed under his eyes. For the things he saw were in the child's world. And so to one who came later into the world, history, as it was told by those who were a part of history, was told to a child, and recalled only with a child's understanding. Thus the child holds in his memory to-day not the stories he was

told of the adventures of the army of the border, but he retains a curious wonder as to why those men had red legs. And of the statesman whose tragic end stirred Kansas in the early days, the child who heard the story of the drama's beginning, rise, and close a dozen times, only recalls that the man wore a buffalo skin overcoat, and that men said he had dark, piercing eyes. All other things the man has learned, he has read, and it is the man's memory and not the child's that rises. And of the war between states, the child who must have heard the story a thousand times remembers best the songs—"Old Nicodemus," the "Year of the Jubiloo," "We Shall Meet But We Shall Miss Him," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and the hanging of Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree. The tale that was told did not seem to stick; only the tale that was read found lodgment, but the songs cling like burrs to the memory.

As the child grew into his own consciousness, he passed through the drought of '73 and the grasshopper year. But of that strange calamity, so little remains in his memory. He remembers that men stood in the street looking at the sky, and that he turned his face toward the sky and watched the shimmering cloud of insects floating above him. But he does not remember how they came, nor when they went. He remembers that there was a time when boys caught grasshoppers by the bottleful and played with them, and made them "spit tobacco juice," and that for a certain number of pins another little boy would eat grasshopper legs; and that once the boys put up a fabulous purse of marbles and pins and precious treasure to get the little boy to eat them alive, and that he

did eat a hopper and was very sick. But of the plague and its devastation the child remembers nothing, and of the drought of '74 he only remembers that the clouds were high and big and white and feathery one year, and the sky was bluer than ever, and the dirt in the road that passed before the house was warm to play in far after sundown. But of the withered corn, and the starving cattle he remembers only that one day an antelope came up to eat with the cattle in the feed lot. Also there is a recollection that the bone yard grew that year, and that the boy was not allowed to play there for a long time.

Of the politics that moved men in Kansas in the early days of the '70's the child, who must have heard men talk politics many long hours, remembers only that when he wore a Greeley scarf, another little boy grabbed one end and a big boy grabbed another, and choked the boy until he was black in the face, and the school-teacher doused water in his face and brought him to. Later, when he was a big boy, he and four other big boys in the intermediate room at school, great hulks of fellows eight years old, lined up the four little Democrats in school one fall day, and threw watermelon rinds for Tilden one whole noon hour, and at recess again faced the school behind the woodpile for reform, and came in besmeared and spattered, but unconquered. "It was a famous victory." But what it was all about the boy did not know, except that his father was a Democrat, and that all Republican little boys were to be fought if they said much about it. It was years afterward that the boy knew what had become of Tilden, or why he smeared himself with watermelons in the lost cause.

The fight in the boy world was a boy-world feud, and had only a remote connection with the contest in the world outside. Indeed, so confused was the boy's idea of the issues at stake in the upper world, that he confused Tilden with the man whose name was linked with Beecher's, and when they began talking about Tilden, then he would be sent out of the room for something, and when he came back be sent away for something else, and then told to run and play.

About this time a picture was put in the boy's memory of a trip to Topeka, to attend a Democratic convention. He remembers that his mother was some time ironing his father's nankeen trousers, and starching the pleats in his white shirt, and that there was talk in the family of cleaning up father's Panama hat. Then the record drops and the boy appears in a big, strange town, holding tightly to his father's hand, and it was a very fat, sweaty hand, and the boy lagged, and must have pulled, for the father prodded him with his cane. And then again the roll is blank, and the boy and his father are standing, looking at a long line of colored men—the first the boy has ever seen—and the father, seeing they are voting at some kind of a primary, snaps his silver tobacco box, after taking a big chew of fine cut, walking hurriedly off down the street, pulling the little boy after him, and the boy remembers that the father is very angry for a long time. And when some one in the convention says something about colored men voting, the father brought his cane down to applaud, and hit a little bare toe beside his, and then again the film is blank.

About this time events seem to begin to take definite shape. For the boy, who was used to going to revivals at the Methodist church just to be going,

seems to remember meetings at which there was much abuse of the rum fiend, and the boy and all the other little boys in school appeared in blue ribbons, which the big boys pulled, and which caused fights, if a boy near enough your size pulled it to warrant taking offense. And then the boy remembers hearing St. John, and suddenly, as things happen in a dream, and without any particular cause, Jim Riley's saloon is gone, and the sawdust pile behind it, whereon the boy hunted for fishing corks, and whereon once Theodore Dunlevey found a dime—the sawdust dump had vanished, and the boy finds himself picking up empty bottles at the back end of the drug-store and selling them for marbles, and he remembers the awful scandal—the first story of graft and swollen fortunes that ever came into his life—when Ed Dupee and Dow Blair sold the druggist some bottles, and then slipped into his back door and got the same bottles in the back room and sold them to the druggist for marbles again. In spite of the admiration among the boys at the ingenuity and daring of the deed, there was a quiet feeling among the boys that the affair was not altogether honest. But no one said much about it, for Ed Dupee and Dow Blair would fight at the drop of the hat. Though a score of little Pharisees went home and told their parents about the transaction, and then preened on their own virtue.

But all this is beside the point; it has so little to do with the Emporia semicentennial celebration, which is occupying Emporia to-day. The boy whose mind is being unraveled for this story recalls Emporia only as a sort of fairyland. He learned his letters from the *Emporia News* which papered the kitchen walls, and Emporia names were familiar to him. But the town

was only a place where lived the rich and the great Judge Ruggles, and his family used to come down on the stage at times to hold court, and there is a memory of a day when as a child the boy saw store sleds—dreams beyond his wildest fancies—in front of Miss Plumb's store, but the memory picture does not have any apparent connection with anything else. As the boy grew older, Emporia things came to him—the murders chiefly, because such things appeal to boys—and later the town was associated with the name of Plumb. To us in the little town he was the symbol of political strength. He was the mighty one. He could make a postmaster. He was greater than Tom Ryan, though not so imposing looking. And as the boy grew older the town came out of its blur and became a thing of streets, with railroad cars running through it. And then came the riot and the soldiers to mark the town, and then Emporia boys used to appear in the boy's town who were too well-dressed to fight, and then the place ceased to be fairyland and became fact.

And so, perhaps, it will be with all those things of which we dream to-day. When the mist shall clear away, we shall see them as they are, and truth will be far more beautiful than our dreams.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

OCTOBER 23, 1907.

Colonel David Taylor brought in an apple-tree branch laden with beautiful pink blossoms. The trees on his place west of town are coming into bloom this fall. There is nothing any place else on earth so mild

and springlike as the Kansas October. It has all the balminess of May, all the bracing qualities of March, all the languor of July, and all the joy of June. You can't blame the apple blossoms for coming out. It is greatly to their own credit that they do come out to see the Kansas October. For if there is anything in the world as lovely as October in Kansas, it is the apple blossom.

CIGARS ON JEROME

SEPTEMBER 6, 1913.

"The moral yearnings of rural communities" was a phrase coined and put out by William Travers Jerome in the year of our Lord 1905 at Ottawa, Kansas. A nifty little phrase it was. And since its utterance the United States has forgotten William Travers Jerome with some enthusiasm. "The moral yearnings" of a rural community up in Canada kind of put Mr. Jerome on the dunce stool this week. There was nothing wrong in his penny-ante poker game. But the moral yearnings of rural communities yearn with some fervor against poker as a form of gambling. So—down comes the dunce cap on the handsome head of Mr. Jerome, and the world laughs at him.

The moral yearnings of rural communities may amuse Mr. Jerome, but they are often loaded with dynamite.

WE SHOULD GIGGLE

NOVEMBER 24, 1914.

Charley Scott, editor of the Iola *Register*, commenting on the fact that the Bull Moose vote was a town vote, and that it was bad—rotten bad in the country,

pulls down his vest, wipes off his chin, pats his necktie, and otherwise bedizens himself so as to display a masculine pulchritude for which he has no rivals in the Neosho Valley from Junction City to the Oklahoma line, and then he deposes and says:

And this is not the first time the men in the country—the hard-headed men who reason with their brains and not with their emotions, the men who have time to think and thus are not carried away by mere noise—it is not the first time these men have saved the day for sound doctrine and sane principles.

To which we desire to explephocate agreeably: Sure—say along about '90 or '92 or '96. The horny-handed son of toil is the bulwark of our liberties and the palladium of free government, but often he votes his suspicions rather than his judgments. Any comfort the lily of the Neosho Valley and the bright and morning star down there at Iola can get out of the kind of vote—barring its brutal size—that the Elephant took from the Bull Moose, the aforesaid fairest of ten thousand can just naturally take. There is this much to be said of the Bull Moose vote—while it was what you might call becomingly moderate, it was highly select and extra special in quality.

IT'S GOOD TO LIVE

JANUARY 4, 1916.

A fair, clear day, with blue sky and a warm sun; a crisp east wind blowing, and in the brown, barren trees a redbird singing, a vocal illumination of his own joy; the alfalfa greening in the fields; the wheat shimmering emerald on the lower levels, and the soft heliotrope sheen on the brown prairie grass glowing on the up-

lands—such is Kansas in midwinter, when spring lifts the frosty lid and peeps out at a sad world. How the hint and prophecy of spring courses in the veins these glorious days! What a lot we have to be thankful for, more than they who rest out on the hill in Maplewood! And yet, they have gone beyond the outer gate; they have thrilled with the great adventure. A splendid thing is life; and a wonderful thing is death.

THE STATE BONDS

JANUARY 6, 1916.

Kansas is the only state in the Union that is out of debt—and should be ashamed of it. Debt is often an indication of enterprise. The credit of a great state like Kansas should not lie dormant, unused, so long as any permanent improvement necessary to the well-being of its citizens remains unachieved. The credit of the state of Kansas is good for many millions of dollars. It could be used, and should be used, to build permanent highways through every county. The motor-driven vehicle is coming into wider and wider use. Much railroad fare on short hauls may be saved by permanent roads and motor cars; much of the freight haul of the farmers' product may be saved by use of permanent highways that would make living conditions better on the farms, and would raise the economic standard of the whole state.

Other things might be done with state bonds—larger and better buildings might be erected for all of our state institutions, educational, penal, charitable, and administrative. There is no reason why any people on earth should have better state buildings than Kan-

sas—buildings that will put the highest possible efficiency into all the state work.

The bonds might be retired from year to year by taxing the profits in the rise of unimproved land and city lots. That would pay millions every year, and our bonds would weigh lightly upon us.

It is not a subject for pride that Kansas is out of debt. It should be rather a matter for shame that we have so managed our affairs that a great resource of the people lies idle. Business men use their credit for strengthening and improving business conditions about them. Why should a state be a mossback?

WHAT A BAD GUESS

FEBRUARY 11, 1916.

In the "fifteen years ago" items in the Wichita *Beacon* the other day, this one was printed:

Walter Scott Priest, pastor of the Christian Church at Atchison, says of Mrs. Carrie Nation: I'm sorry that she has the reputation of belonging to our church. She is acting the fool and bringing reproach on the church, on the temperance cause, and on womanhood. Women like Mrs. Nation discourage sincere workers in the cause of temperance and religion.

And yet time has proved that Carrie Nation was right. She filled a long-felt want. The state had become calloused to lawbreaking saloons. The people needed some strong irritant to rouse them. Just such an outbreak as Carrie Nation gave them was needed. She was doing fine work. It took good courage, and in other states than Kansas she started people to thinking.

The preacher who disowned her, however, had distinguished precedent. For very likely he heard the cock crowing the third time when he spoke.

THOUGHTS ON MAN BREEDING

MAY 1, 1916.

The second annual report of the State Board of Educational Administration is the basis of an editorial in the current issue of the *Journal of Education*, published in Boston, Massachusetts. The editorial entitled "Kansas, Educationally" quotes liberally from the report that part which defines the ideals and work of the various state schools.

"The weak spot in the report," says the magazine, "is a certain element of boasting that their professors teach for less salary than they could get elsewhere, and this while every official Kansan boasts that it is the most prosperous state in the Union. Cheapness and prosperity do not look well as twins."

Cheap politics makes a cheap people. As a rule, speaking rather broadly and allowing for mighty few exceptions, the lowest paid labor in Kansas is in the state educational institutions. Kansas gets more for less money than the average American state—indeed, than almost any other American state—and she should be thoroughly ashamed of it.

The men and women who oversee this work of the educational institutions know what a good day's work is. They know what is a fair day's pay. And yet along comes some cheap skate of a smelling committee which knows nothing of a fair day's work and which knows less than nothing of a fair day's pay for a

teacher in a higher institution and reports that these teachers are not earning their money.

And all because we have cheap politics. Why any man should want to be a governor is beyond human ken, as we see life. Yet for one day we should like to be governor of Kansas long enough to issue a message to the people of Kansas and tell them they are not paying taxes enough to run the state as it should be run; that they are getting service out of their teachers that is disgracefully paid, and that unless the bane of cheap politics is lifted, Kansas one day will be competing with Rackensack as the booby state of the Union.

Hogs and cattle and wheat and alfalfa are carefully watched and tended by the state in Kansas. Yet the boys and girls, after they leave high school, are turned into institutions where the game is to screw down the teacher to the lowest salary, to get the most hours out of him, and to treat him like a criminal if he essays to be a man and kick about it.

It has been so for a generation. Some of these days the state will find that hogs and cattle and wheat and alfalfa are not the best things in the world to brag about; men and women are of some consequence. And, by the way, where are our great painters, our great writers, our great philosophers, our scientists, our dramatists? Norway, with about the same population and wealth, has outdone us a hundredfold in rearing human beings. Kansas could be wiped off the map to-day and the net loss would be hogs and cattle. Isn't it about time to begin breeding and growing humanity?

THE SUN DO MOVE

JULY 26, 1917.

Twenty-seven long and beautiful years ago we once held a joint debate in Prospect schoolhouse, east of El Dorado, with one J. F. Todd, a Populist orator of local fame. He demanded two dollar wheat and seventy-five cent corn. He wanted a law.

We said, "But you have already got a law—the law of supply and demand."

And he got up and said, "If the law of supply and demand gives us sixty-five cent wheat and twenty cent corn—repeal the dad-burned old law of supply and demand."

We have told that story many times and oft, never failing to get a laugh.

And now—

Congress has just about decided to repeal it. And when it is evident that the law of supply and demand has been amended and nullified by speculative corners and fake buying and selling, the time has come to repeal the dad-burned thing.

This is a funny world. And the sun do move.

Age is much wiser than youth, because age knows what has happened. Youth only has an idea of what can't happen.

TWO FAMOUS QUESTIONS*

APRIL 25, 1922.

"What," asked Margot of the reporters, "is Kansas?" Which was rather an unfair question. "What,"

* First published in *Judge*.

asked Pontius Pilate, "is truth?" And philosophers and seers have been trying to answer him for two thousand years. It is no wonder he did not wait for a reply.

Margot has raised an equally unanswerable question. Kansas seems to be a state. It has the general shape of a rectangle, four hundred miles long and two hundred across. The census gives it a quarter less than two million people, with an unbelievably large per capita wealth and commendably even distribution of the wealth. The thing looks simple enough, and off-hand one would say that Kansas is one of the forty-eight states of the American Union. But those are only outward aspects of the case. The answer is not so simple as that. Kansas is a state of the Union, but it is also a state of mind, a neurotic condition, a psychological phase, a symptom, indeed, something undreamt of in your philosophy, an inferiority complex against the tricks and manners of plutocracy—social, political, and economic.

Kansas is the Mother Shipton, the Madame Thebes, the Witch of Endor, and the low barometer of the nation. When anything is going to happen in this country, it happens first in Kansas. Abolition, Prohibition, Populism, the Bull Moose, the exit of the roller towel, the appearance of the bank guarantee, the blue sky law, the adjudication of industrial dispute as distinguished from the arbitration of industrial differences—these things came popping out of Kansas like bats out of hell. Sooner or later other states take up these things, and then Kansas goes on breeding other troubles. Why, no one seems to know.

Kansas, fair, fat, and sixty-one last month, is the

nation's tenth muse, the muse of prophecy. There is just one way to stop progress in America; and that is to hire some hungry earthquake to come along and gobble up Kansas. But say, Margot, listen! That earthquake would have an awful case of indigestion for two or three epochs afterward.

WHY WE NEVER DIE

AUGUST 25, 1922.

According to the government mortality statistics, Kansans live a year or two longer than other Americans. The reason is plain. We are never bored. Always something is going on and we like the show. If it's not a cyclone, it's overproduction, or a drought, or an uprising, or an industrial court, or a lady with a hatchet, or Ed Howe, or the hot winds, or the world's biggest wheat crop, or something else worth watching. Kansans have the box seats of the world's theater and can always see the figures, issues, events, causes, and cataclysms waiting in the wings for the cue from fate. For things start in Kansas that finish in history. So Kansans always are eager to see the act clear through. Kansas is hardly a state. It is a kind of prophecy!

"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS"

INTRODUCTORY

These editorials were written about men—chiefly about men who were living when the editorials were written. It is as difficult to estimate living men accurately as it is to know the truth about the "news" of the day.

The editorials were fleeting glimpses of human figures at best. If they should be preserved, it is as snapshots—out of focus perhaps, and with no value at all except where they are seen in a kindly light. Wherever they are bitter, they are weak and stupid, and most likely untrue. For maybe men are only wise when they are happy, and no man can be happy abusing his fellows. W. A. W.

CARRIE NATION AND THINGS

JANUARY 28, 1901.

Carrie Nation is wrong—dead wrong. Many people who are right are wrong. John Brown was. So was Christ, for that matter. Probably if the GAZETTE had been published in Jerusalem 2000 years ago it would have stood by the social order, and the dignity of the law, and would have cautioned people to keep away from the mob that followed Christ over the country, listening to his spurious doctrine. Probably the GAZETTE would have referred to the Sermon on the Mount as "incendiary talk" delivered to the "rag-tag and bobtail yesterday out on Mount Tabor." The GAZETTE also probably would have referred to his

charlatan tricks in serving free lunch, and would have advised “the people to keep their heads, and not be led into foolishness by an unknown fellow who goes about the country imitating the fakirs of India, and stirring up dissension with the established church.” The GAZETTE would have called attention to the fact that this Jesus of Nazareth was a man of no particular education, and that the scribes and the elders, who had spent all their lives studying the law, probably knew more about what was proper for the people to believe than the half-cracked son of a carpenter down at Nazareth, where the people are so stupid they don’t know straight up when the sun is shining. Also the GAZETTE would have printed interviews with prominent citizens something like this:

“The GAZETTE reporter saw our esteemed fellow citizen, Hon. P. B. Pilate, judge of the superior court for Judea. When asked about the riots and disturbances of this Nazarine, Jesus, Judge Pilate said: ‘Of course, I know nothing of the case except what I have seen in the GAZETTE. But judging from that I should say the man is crazy. It is one of the phenomena of insanity to conceive the idea of divinity, and while this Jesus of Nazareth seems harmless enough, still I suppose the centurion should hold him in check. Even a mild monomaniac can do some harm, and the outburst in the Temple yesterday against the money changers who were there clearly by license of the elders—if I understand your city ordinances properly—was clearly the act of a fanatic.

“It was destructive, not constructive. If the fellow had a philosophy he would not try to tear down. He would build up. If his mania should take a homi-

cidal tendency he might be a serious menace to the city. For he has a mob behind him.' Asked what he would do if Jesus were brought before him for trial, Judge Pilate only smiled and twitched his lips humorously. But as he is very anxious to get in good graces with the better element in this town, there seems to be no doubt that Judge Pilate will not interfere with the operation of the city law in the matter. It is a case of local option."

Of course, if the *GAZETTE* were printed under the present management it would take another view. This is probably the generic view of the generic newspaper.

Now, as to Mrs. Nation! She is crazy as a bedbug. There is no doubt about that. And she won't stop the sale of beer by her foolish crusade. Also by appealing to anarchy she discredits the very law which she would have the jointist respect. She has, by her un-womanly conduct, forfeited every claim she may have had to respect as a woman, and she deserves richly everything she has got—and more, too.

But still that is merely her personal side of it. There is also this side: She is giving a great big horse-type object lesson which tells the people in simple, homely words of one syllable that a man who sells whisky illegally, or a man who encourages him, has no moral right which a white man is bound to respect. It's just as well to keep that lesson in view—even if it takes a crazy woman to carry the banner.

HURRAH FOR CARRIE

FEBRUARY 11, 1901.

At first the *GAZETTE* was against Carrie Nation. She seemed to be going at it wrong end to. But events

justify her. She is all right. She is not crazy. She is doing a good, sensible work, and is doing it effectively and well.

She has aroused the law-abiding people of Kansas to the disgrace of lawbreaking—partly by the example of her own lawlessness. She has awakened the decent people to the folly of letting the indecent people boss them and increase taxes and enjoy the luxury of crime in the bossing. Carrie Nation has literally raised the devil with the saloons of this state. She is a brave, fat old heroine, and the GAZETTE hereby apologizes that it didn't discover her worth sooner, and publicly acknowledges that it was stupid for not recognizing her good points sooner.

Fight the devil with fire. Smash the joints with hatchets. Drive the jointists from Kansas. They have no rights that a white man is bound to respect.

Hurrah for Carrie Nation!

She's all right!

THE MADISON CASE

FEBRUARY 18, 1901.

Carrie Nation is used to scare the Rum Fiends just as boogers and the Bad Man are used to scare children. The other day a forged telegram, dated Emporia, saying that Carrie Nation was coming to Madison on the next train, was shown to a friend of Bill Perkins, the town jointist. Old Mr. Bill heard it, and locked his joint, and pulled out for the railroad yards. There he hid behind a pile of ties until night. The town had lots of fun with Bill. They could see his head bobbing out from behind the tie pile all day, and it was such a good joke that no one went down and

put him on to the joke. Mrs. Nation says she is going to Atchison to see old Ed Howe of the *Globe*. Old Ed Howe is terribly brave when Carrie is in Topeka, but he'll hunt his tie pile when she comes to Atchison, all right. There never was a man—not even so smart and good and decent a man as Ed Howe—whom a woman couldn't bluff if she kept her nerve.

Carrie Nation keeps her nerve.

J. R. BURTON

JANUARY 9, 1905.

Whatever the supreme court may decide to do in the Burton case, there is a disposition in Kansas to admit that Burton has had enough. He is disgraced, and is absolutely removed from any further political future, not merely by the disclosures of the trial, but by the stories of his past record, which facts the trial corroborates.

The GAZETTE has been harsh with Burton because it honestly believes that his influence in public life was bad in Kansas, and that his continued success was a lesson in immorality to the young men of the commonwealth. But what temptation Burton has had and resisted, what handicap he has carried in the way of a predisposition to weakness of the spirit and of the flesh, Heaven only knows. What he has done that was the result of impulse, and what the result of ignorance of the moral turpitude of his acts, only his Maker can say. Each heart knoweth its own sorrow. Each human being makes his own fight with fate and with temptation alone, and no fight is like any other fight. Burton—a man with brilliant equipment—fell to his ruin, but how or why and by what degree of

sin, God only can say, and Kansas and all who know him can only hope that he may profit by his trial, and that others, seeing the inevitable end of weakness, will be led away from temptation. The prayer that we should all pray is "lead us not into temptation."

No citizen's usefulness is ended till he ends it himself, and while Burton's usefulness in politics is gone, politics is a small field of human activity, and a man with Burton's talent who will turn himself into any other avenue will find much to make life worth living; and if by his six months of suffering he has atoned to society, there is no reason why he should not pick up his life and make something of it. After all, the greatest of these is charity. And now that Burton as an influence for harm in politics is gone, those who judge him in his adversity should hesitate lest they themselves be harshly judged in some extremity.

POOR BURTON

AUGUST 24, 1905.

Another case of boodling seems to be made against Senator J. R. Burton of this state. It is hardly likely that an indictment will follow. There is a general feeling that Burton has been punished enough for all the many sins and transgressions he has committed. There are, as Cicero said two thousand years ago, other punishments than the death penalty, and Burton through social and political ostracism has suffered more keenly than if he had been brought to the gallows. People who are afraid of a burning hell should close it up and look at Burton.

What he has done has been unspeakably dishonest. Until he was caught he showed no repentance. His

crooked career began twenty years ago, and has continued without a break; he has violated every social and political obligation, and every financial obligation as well. But he has paid for it. He has been treading the wine press alone for the last year. He has seen, what he never has seen before, the iniquity of his course. It is doubtful if Burton, until the exposure came, understood even in a small part the measure of his wrongdoing. When the jury was out, it is said, he pressed his hands to his head and groaned: "My God, why didn't my parents teach me to be honest!"

And now, ladies and gentlemen of this wide and cruel world, who are teaching your children that it is smart to win; who are preaching the doctrine of success for the sake of success; who are showing by example, if not by precept, that you believe the only wickedness is to be caught—how would you like to have your son or your daughter cry this indictment against you in some hour of trial? Take this matter home. Shall your son curse you for not teaching him simple honesty? Shall your son cry out against what you have taught him, by your greedy career, by your babble about "shrewdness," by your self-deceptions that fool no one else? Burton's sin is not all his own, yet he is suffering all alone. When Christ said "the greatest of these is charity," he understood what we cannot understand, the amount of blame for a misdeed that lies on a man who does it, and the amount that lies on others. The people of the United States, who for five generations have been tolerating boodling and honoring boodlers in public life, until boodling has been accepted as a perquisite of

office—they are partly guilty of Burton's downfall. The public moral sense was low, and Burton, being a public man, could not be expected to rise higher than the source from which he sprang.

Poor Burton—we are all partners in his sinning, yet he suffers alone. He has had enough. Let him go his way in peace.

GOOD-BYE, “HEN”

MARCH 3, 1905.

To-day's dispatches announce that Governor Hoch will put John Q. Royce at the head of the board of control which takes the place of the state board of charities. The appointment is a good one, but it carries with it the swirl of the knife and the sickening swish accompanying the official decapitation of Henry J. Allen, president of the defunct board. The GAZETTE has a considerable admiration for Mr. Allen. He has made an honest, capable officer and has given the state more than value received for the money it has paid him. But he refused to “harmonize.” He has been interesting to the GAZETTE and to all Kansas for that matter as the tail of the snake which doesn't die till sundown. Long after Cy Leland had taken the beef-steak off his eye and returned to business, long after Bailey had handed in his sword and taken a requisition for a plowshare, long after Billy Morgan had turned his pockets wrong side out to show that there were no rocks in them, indeed, after Mort Albaugh had swallowed his stiletto and snuggled into a nice warm lifetime job, Henry kept right on lamming the endgate of the band wagon of reform with a poker, and clodding the inmates down the road. During the

six weeks last past he has been running ahead of the band wagon, tearing out culverts, putting rocks in the road, and stretching wires over the highway that would catch Stubbs in the neck, and in order to get him, Stubbs and Hoch had to get out the reform wagon, hitch up the old machine, and beat the bushes to catch Henry. They got him, but they lost a lot of time and some good skin doing it.

And now they have beheaded him with a case knife and left him by the wayside. There is a good deal of wild cat in Henry; he will live nine lives, and will be up and a-coming before the band wagon gets to the first bend in the road. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, and the blood of old Henry that squashed on the clothing of the drivers of the band wagon will burn holes in their raiment, and leave them naked in the next big fight. It was an unjustifiable act. It's good-by, Hen, to-day, but to-morrow Henry will be open for business at the old stand, newly papered and painted throughout, soliciting the patronage of old friends, and glad to make new ones. Any time Hoch and Stubbs wake up and see something grinning at them on the foot of the bed, with his thumb on his nose, it's the ghost of the first Henry Allen haunting them. There are eight other ghosts. The decapitated cat has nine lives!

ROOSEVELT

MARCH 4, 1909.

What Theodore Roosevelt has done for the country—the laws he has pushed through Congress, the policies of administration he has inaugurated, the righteousness he has made public morals—all these form a

most unique career in our history. But they are not chiefly the most important part of the heritage that Theodore Roosevelt has given to the people. The chief thing he has given is himself. He went into office a strong, virile, frank, honest, fearless man—full of youth, full of faith in man and God, full of ideals. And for seven years and a half he has lived and worked before the people, and has come out—not a broken, jaded, worn-out, disillusioned man—but the same high, clean, unbending, youthful man that he went in.

One's ideals are gauged by his conduct. The reason Roosevelt has faith is because he has kept faith himself. The pessimist is the man who has compromised with life, who has lowered his flag for expediency, who has surrendered. Theodore Roosevelt has made mistakes, but he has not surrendered. He has lived up to his ideals. He has played an honest hand, and he is leaving eight years of great service as he came—"unconquered and unbowed." That is a great achievement—perhaps his greatest achievement. For he has given an example of what a decent man may do. The example he has left probably is worth more to the nation than the laws he has forced through Congress and the policies he has promulgated.

And that is why to-day the nation is sad at his going, and the people feel instinctively that he will come back again.

THE DEATH OF HARRIMAN

SEPTEMBER 10, 1909.

The death of E. H. Harriman removes from American life a great railroad manipulator. He represented

the tendency of the times. His life epitomizes much that is good and all that is bad in our national growth. On the one hand, every benefit that accrues to a nation's commerce through combination, through economy of operation, through the direction of many small enterprises by one keen mind, through saving of vicious competition, is typified in the career of Mr. Harriman. He was the first fruit of our wonderful American spirit for organization. No other American has had his vast capacity for bringing loose ends of many concerns together, and making them part of a systematic whole, with a definite direction and purpose. Even Mr. Rockefeller, whose system has been more of a syndicate than a one-man company, has not shown the fine genius Harriman has shown for organization.

But on the other hand, all that is bad in our commercial development finds its flower in Harriman. Much that is mean, not only in big business, but in little business, a lot that is crooked in high finance and the finance of the peanut stand, more or less that is warped and biased in our national life—all the Yankee shrewdness that in the small business was called “near” and “shifty” and “forehanded,” and that magnified into millions became obviously wicked and venal—Harriman embodied. He was a necessary part of our life. He was an essential product of our civilization. He was as much and as properly American as Roosevelt is American. Indeed, Roosevelt, the antidote for Harriman, also is a part of our national development. The two men—opposites of our character—have sprung from our social, economic, and moral tendencies. We needed Roosevelt for Harriman, and should the Roosevelt type of mind ever dominate us, ever overbalance

us, making us inconsiderate of material things, to our own harm, the time might come when we should need Harriman for Roosevelt.

Our American life, our institutions and our national destiny will be the product of our national character. We have come to a point in our history where we are seriously considering checking the tendencies which Harriman stood for and enlarging those which Roosevelt typifies.* We are asking ourselves as a nation, in our politics, in our commerce, in our literature, if the egotistic element, the aggrandizing element, has not been overdeveloped, and if it is not time to consider things of the spirit. This movement is a definite tendency of our times. It is found everywhere. It is a great ethical movement. It was directed, not at Harriman, the rounded man, but at the immense evil he has done, in spite of the good that was in him—in him and all his kind.

So it is probable that Harriman marks high tide in the egotistic movement of this country. He is the last of the pirates of commerce who will dominate this country. He, in another hundred years, will be as impossible as Captain Kidd or Jesse James. They were products of their times, just as he is. They were personally likable, even lovable men. They were kind fathers, good sons, and, in the main, good citizens, save for the professions they followed. They were even good neighbors and loyal friends. Only the crimes of their times made them hateful to men living under another order. So with Harriman—he, too, will be as little understood in a hundred years as Robin

* But the tide turned during the World War. The Roosevelt ideal is in eclipse.—W. A. W.

Hood. Yet we shall be responsible for him. We shall have made him. We have cherished, nurtured, fostered, and even honored him. But as we are growing as a nation, in a wider moral sense, into something better than shrewd Yankee traders, our heroes will change as our ideals are improved.

Therefore, let Mr. Harriman rest in peace. He was big and strong and courageous and intensely human. His meanness was the meanness of our times. His virtues were the prophecies of what we shall be. For organization is as necessary to commercial and political development as any factor of it. Only that organization must be honest organization. Make Harriman honest, and he will be a benefactor of mankind. For no other nation has developed the type of mind which he illustrates on his best side, and when that best side is controlled by a private conscience made quick by the enlightened consciences of a nation of his neighbors, Harriman, the Harriman of the next generation, will be, not the shrewd, ruthless, grasping, greedy railroad king and money grabber, but the newer type in whom skill and efficiency are not blunted, but who believe their duty to mankind is greater than their thirst for money or fame or power.

But even then—the millennium will be a long way off.

PINCHOT A THOROUGHBRED

JANUARY 10, 1910.

Gifford Pinchot was dismissed from the forestry service of the United States. His dismissal brought to light several important facts ignored by the Attorney-

General of the United States in his vindication of Secretary Ballinger. These facts make the vindication of the secretary by the Attorney-General seem petty and unconvincing. Moreover, these facts brought out by the dismissal of Mr. Pinchot make it plain that the President is not giving the conspiracy to rob the American people the attention that the conspiracy deserves. President Taft is inclined to be easy-going. Obviously he has taken the facts at second hand with which he has vindicated Mr. Ballinger. His handling of the whole affair in the cabinet is a menace to free government, and a reflection upon the President's energy in getting at the facts in the charge against the secretary.

Mr. Pinchot, knowing the President's propensity to take things as they come, to smooth matters over, to accept second hand facts, wrote his letter to Senator Dolliver. Mr. Pinchot knew that he would be dismissed from the service for insubordination. But in judging Mr. Pinchot one should first pass upon his facts. If his facts were true, it may be assumed that so brave and wise a fighter as he had shown himself to be would first have placed those facts before the President. This he did. The President, being easy-going, did not attach so much importance to these facts as the exigencies of the case seem to warrant. He let a letter of the Attorney-General's under a date of September 11 go before the people in January, when the facts are that between September and January many new facts were developed which put the situation in a different light.

After all, Mr. Pinchot was a public servant. He believed that he had a right to appeal from his official

master, the President, to his real master, the people, with his facts. His facts are true. The official master disregarded their importance. The servant then put them before his real master, the people. And to get them before the people with proper emphasis, Mr. Pinchot had to write such a letter as he knew would bring about his dismissal. It was a heroic measure. A less faithful servant would have considered his own fortunes. Pinchot thought only of the people.

He is a thoroughbred. He has brought the robbery of our public domain to a crisis. He has made it impossible for the unwilling not to see the facts. From now on the fight is in the open. The machine is with the thieves. The regulars are trying to save the "organization." The people have with them only such men as Pinchot,* in Congress and out, in public service and out. But the public will win in the end.

THAT MAN BRANDEIS

MAY 21, 1910.

If you have followed the story of the Ballinger-Pinchot hearing, you have marveled at the patience and skill of Brandeis, the lawyer who represents Glavis, a clerk in the Department of the Interior. If the facts at issue have been brought to the surface where the public may see and appreciate them, it is because Brandeis is tireless and persistent and adroit. When he wants to bring some story to the light he never lets up until he gets it. He keeps pounding away at a stone wall until he has punched a hole through it, and then

* How true he is running to his old form to-day!—W. A. W.

he puts in his arm and brings out the goods he was after.

Several of the witnesses were bound and determined to tell nothing that could be of any benefit to the cause of truth. Brandeis began questioning them, quietly, persistently, coming back again and again to the vital matter; the witnesses sweat blood, and got mad, and pawed the air, and appealed to the chairman of the committee for protection; and it ended the same way. Brandeis got what he was after. Some of the witnesses were like wild bronchos at first; they plunged and bucked and kicked, but in the end they were saddled and bridled, and stood without hitching.

There is no record that Brandeis bullied or abused witnesses; he was quiet and suave and never lost his temper, or pretended to lose his temper. He conquered by means of infinite patience and a clear knowledge of what he was doing. Many of his questions were apparently trifling and irrelevant, but in the end you saw that they were all leading to the same result. It was a bad day for Ballinger, and Lawler and Wickersham *et al* when Brandeis volunteered to represent Glavis.

It is worth remembering that he volunteered in the case, and gave his services free, for pure love of the game and a desire that the truth should be made known. Brandeis is that sort of man. He refuses to accept an office of any sort, so that he may be free at any time to do his best for any public cause that appeals to him.

The people like to have a hero, and it is a healthy liking. When next they contemplate choosing a na-

tional hero, they should consider the record of that man Brandeis.

WILSON IS ALL RIGHT

SEPTEMBER 10, 1914.

Some cheap partisans of all parties are trying to make capital out of the fact that President Wilson is asking for a war tax to cover a probable treasury deficit. The deficit came as the direct result of the war. Imports were shut off, and trade generally disorganized. It is to the credit of Wilson's courageous statesmanship that he has asked for this tax, and asked for it in advance of the deficit.

A fine, fair, brave, wise man is this man Wilson. His party is not up to his own level of intelligence and courage. But he has displayed fine common sense and infinite tact in dealing with his inferiors in many things. He has been handicapped as no President since Lincoln was handicapped, by wars and rumors of wars, a greedy party, and an unscrupulous group of reactionaries in the country—in his party and out of it. Yet he has shown in every crisis and every important decision the heart of a Christian gentleman and the mind of a scholar. The people are with Wilson irrespective of party, and the politicians may rage, but the people will not imagine a vain thing about him. In the war-tax contention they still will be with him.

THE SEEGARS ON THE "STAR"

APRIL 10, 1915.

In compiling a list of more or less notorious Kansans, last night, the esteemed Kansas City *Star* omitted the most famous—and most useful—of them

all. He grew up on an Allen County farm, in a township that has produced two congressmen. He was educated in the Kansas State University, and worked on Kansas City newspapers, and later was train auditor on the Santa Fe, which is the Kansasest of all the Kansas railroads. He fought as captain of artillery in Cuba, and later commanded a Kansas regiment that has spread the glory of Kansas from the Yukon to the equator. He explored in Alaska, planted rubber and coffee in Yucatan, wrote books in New York, captured Aguinaldo, put down the Filipino rebellion, straddled an earthquake and rode it to fame in San Francisco, and was sent to Mexico to uphold the honor of the Stars and Stripes down there. He is a writer and a fighter with the punch. He is what might be called a "diversified crop": Explorer, author, planter, captain, colonel, brigadier and major general—what's the matter with Funston, the most talented, most useful, most ubiquitous Kansan the breezy, versatile old state has produced? Jess Willard has his place in the Kansas hall of fame, all right. So has Walter Johnson, the baseball pitcher, and good Kansans they are, both of them. But the greatest of these is Funston. And now abideth these three: Funston first in war, Johnson first in sport, and Willard first in the jaw of the cinderman! For which nine rahs!

BILLY BORAH'S FIGHT

APRIL 23, 1915.

We are informed that Billy Borah, formerly of Kansas, but now of Idaho, is going to lead the fight of the progressive Republicans for their altars and their fires. Our good friend Borah is up against a

hard proposition. If he makes a real fight he will be called a Bull Mooser. If he doesn't, he will be called a piker. Making a fight inside the Republican party to-day isn't the snap it was three or four years ago. The best fighting men on the progressive side have left the Republican party, and a lot of the others who are left and are progressively inclined are going to do nothing that will alienate them from the pie counter. It recalls Bishop Potter's fight for a model saloon. He couldn't get a model saloon so long as he kept whisky in it, and when he put out the whisky it no longer was a saloon.

APPLES OF GOLD

DECEMBER 27, 1915.

"So long," declares a standpat paper, "as Henry Allen continues his good behavior, he will be welcome in the Republican party."

We just love that word "continues" in connection with Henry Allen's behavior! If Henry's political behavior has been good in ten years from a standpat viewpoint, we just naturally can't remember the year.

LOOK AT HENRY

JANUARY 29, 1916.

When we bundled Henry Allen up, put his scarf about his neck and his musket on his shoulder, kissed him good-by and deployed him on our right to bring in a Hughes delegation,* and be a good boy, little did we think to what dangers we were unwittingly exposing him. But now, lifting our eyes above the trenches,

* To the National Republican Convention.

we see Henry trudging along under the shell fire of John Dean, marching between Joe Dolley and Ross Stubbs in the Hughes phalanx.

We sometimes wish we hadn't raised our boy to be a soldier!

LAFOLLETTE

JULY 19, 1916.

The election of a President is no more distinctly a national matter than the reëlection of Senator Robert M. LaFollette in Wisconsin. For no public official in the White House, on the Supreme bench, or in Congress in a generation has been more truly and worthily a national public servant than Senator LaFollette. No section, no class, no state, no cult or creed or even party has been able to win his support as a United States senator away from a broad, courageous, intelligent conception of his duty to this whole nation. His record vote is a guide in the Senate to the brave, wise, statesmanlike course in every crisis. Robert LaFollette is, by odds, the biggest man in the United States Senate. He has seen more of his demands met, more of his ideals realized, more of his plans matured into reality than any senator who has been in public life in this generation.

Moreover, he has seen these demands met, ideals realized, and plans matured, not by sitting idly by and hoping, but by fighting with all the ardor of a crusader and all the intelligence of a trained political general. What a record of political victories his career has been, and not once has chance favored him! Every fight has been won upon its merits, after a fierce contest. He has hit the enemy line at its strongest point,

and has gone through. So he is battle-scarred and weighted with enemies. But his enemies are his best recommendation. His scalps are his laurels.

For not once has he ever lined up with special privilege. Always has he been fighting for more equitable economic conditions for the people; always has he stood for broader and more democratic control of this government. The aristocracy of organized aggrandized wealth and of crafty political plutocracy knows Senator LaFollette for its uncompromising foe. It never sleeps. It is after him now. His fall will mean a triumph of money and privilege in America.

Of course it will not fight fair—this secret power that stalks in every state seeking to sweep brave, clean men from politics. Senator La Follette will have to meet lies; he will have to fight against half truths twisted into vicious falsehoods. He will have to stand against malice posing as patriotism; and he will have to combat not merely open bribery but corruption masking as state pride and national honor.

Yet he will win. The good sense and good judgment of the people of Wisconsin have been too often tried to admit of a doubt. And when he wins—what a victory it will be—not merely for Wisconsin but for America!

THE MIX-UP

OCTOBER 20, 1916.

Roosevelt still is Roosevelt. A week ago, when he was coming through Kansas on the California Limited, which stops in Emporia seven minutes, a citizen wired the Colonel to put in those seven minutes speaking to the crowd that would gather here. He wired back

that he couldn't do it, for he couldn't say what he wanted to in seven minutes. Then they changed his plans and gave him a special train, which could stop as long as he cared to stop. And he gave it out at Rochester, New York, that he was going to make just one speech between Louisville, Kentucky, and Phoenix, Arizona, which speech should be at Emporia, Kansas. Whereupon the National Committee began wiring him to call off the Emporia meeting. Chicago headquarters wired Kansas that there would be no Emporia speech, for scores of our elders and betters were clamoring for the Colonel and could not get him. But the Colonel only grinned.

At Kansas City he found what had been done, and sent word to Emporia that he would speak, and speak he did. They have a lot of trouble keeping him bottled up.

"WATCH HIM!"

NOVEMBER 16, 1916.

Closing an eloquent and timely editorial on the subject of Hiram Johnson, of California, just elected to the United States Senate, the Kansas City *Star* says in clarion, though upon the whole sympathetic, tones:

"Watch him!"

The advice is well meant, but unnecessary.

You might as well tell the denizens of the frozen north to watch the aurora borealis. There's nothing else to watch.

Watching Wilson is like sitting in a séance when tables tip and bells tinkle and boards rap and graveyards yawn, but nothing is visible to the naked eye. Watching Hughes is like looking at the frost on the

windowpane—beautiful, apparent, puzzling, intricate, but not diverting. Watching Roosevelt is like putting a cyclone on a microscopic slide. But watching Hiram Johnson is going to be the chief outdoor and indoor sport, recreation, and adventure of the American continent for the next twenty years.

A WONDERFUL MAN

MAY 1, 1917.

Great times make great men. The great man who has come out of these times is Woodrow Wilson. If democracy—which is but another name for Christian brotherhood—makes a long forward stride in humanity out of this world crisis, more than to any one individual in the world credit should fall to Woodrow Wilson. He has risen to big opportunity in a big way. He has used his ten talents with splendid stewardship. A year ago, two years ago, three years ago when the war cloud descended upon the world, President Wilson seemed to be the one impossible man for a war administration in the country. His talent for phrases; his inconclusive patience; his belief in vague spiritual forces, as opposed to concrete physical facts; his disposition not to settle things seemed to make him the schoolmaster at the tournament, grotesque, half pathetic, and wearying to a degree. So America's hard-headed believers in action, and action, and always still more action in crises, chafed and fumed under the Wilson leadership. It seemed tragically inadequate, madly quixotic.

But the passing years have brought events to a place where that leadership seems to be the exact kind of leadership needed. For under the President's leader-

ship the whole world is rallying to the democratic idea. This does not mean the immediate coming of the millennium. It does not mean that the world is suddenly to be made over. It does not mean that self-interest is to be banished from affairs, international, national, and personal. But it does mean that, because of President Wilson's last great note to Germany, mankind is considering seriously whether or not there is a God in Israel, whether or not things spiritual have a vital, actual place in human affairs, whether or not justice is to be neglected and God to be mocked in this earth. The words of President Wilson have done for democracy, for the spirit of justice in the world, more than tons of ammunition and acres of fighting men.

And because of the power of those words in the world beyond our borders, the President's leadership here has been strengthened. The strength of that leadership is seen in the passage of the army bill through Congress with an almost unanimous vote. Here was a new thing. Here was a proposition unpopular and probably “un-American,” as we read our traditions a year ago. Here was a plan to change the relation of every able-bodied man in America to his government, to sink the individual into the social unit. The plan to conscript men turns a sharp but necessary corner in our American progress. No other leader now living could have put it through the American Congress so quickly, so quietly, so little battered by politics, as President Wilson has put it through Congress since Congress convened.

He is indeed a wonderful man. His talents are not strongly marked. He is a man of small enthusiasms, and of no personal following. He has not a charming

or lovable personality to draw men to him and to hold them in his service with hoops of steel. Yet he has by force of sheer intellect drawn America about him in the leadership of a world combat for democracy as no other American leader has drawn America about him for years. This is the schoolmaster's day. From him the world is learning some rudimentary principles of democratic ideals translated into government.

THE OTHER SIDE

NOVEMBER 5, 1918.

During the past ten days of the late campaign President Wilson, largely through his own choice in urging a Democratic congress, rather than a loyal and progressive congress, has been caught off his pedestal. And then and there being, he has stopped in the mêlée certain brickbats, dornicks, and such loose real estate as fit the hands of an ardent but often careless opposition. It was a pretty scrap, from an American point of view; and doubtless the slings and arrows and dead cats and cabbages which the President got, in the excitement of the moment, were good for his soul. And the subsequent events, thereunto appertaining, doubtless will give him an humble and a contrite heart. Which is a good thing for any ruler.

But on the other hand——

We who heaved the rocks, tossed the bats, and were careless with our rhetorical cats and cabbages, should not forget how great a service to humanity our President really has rendered. We Americans have built up during this war the greatest machine for propaganda in the world. To all the neutral nations

of the earth by wireless, and to all our Allies, and to their dependencies daily goes a great grist of American news; and in this grist always go the President's state papers and addresses. In remote China, in Central and South America, in Asia Minor, in the fastnesses of the Balkans, in Russia, in the Scandinavian countries, and hence surely and accurately to our enemies themselves, the words of President Wilson are sent to be printed at almost the same hour and in the same amplitude in which they appear in America. So that all over the world these words have gone—to the rulers and to the weak and oppressed alike—these living words voicing America's ideals of human freedom under government. No other man who ever trod this planet has spoken to such a wide and various contemporary audience as President Wilson has addressed in the past two years. And he has spoken always with power, with conviction, and with kindly grace. His words have had the strength of an army with banners—of mighty battalions.

If this war means anything—if it is worth while at all—its meaning and its worth enforce the fact that, fundamentally, this is not a material world; that the spiritual forces of humanity at last in the slow evolution of the ages have become ascendant. Germany stands for the faith of the pagans—the faith that brute force, sheer physical power, crass selfishness backed by might, have no check or let or hindrance in the conduct of men and nations. The war is fought to deny that thesis forever. And in the great denial of the powers of unrighteous might, it has been fitting that the strongest single force in the war has been the voice of people who for three centuries of slow, steady

growth have stood for freedom; for the spiritual development of man ahead of material things—even though those material things have been added unto them also. And it was given to President Wilson to speak for America to the world. The nobility of his utterances, the simplicity and directness of his appeal, the splendid way in which he has risen to his job as the speaking voice of humanity in this world conflict, mark him for a great world leader.

"Paint me, warts and all," quoth Cromwell, who had his warts even on his strong face. President Wilson, too, has his deficiencies. He is human. He can be petty, which proves him man, and he is partisan and timid in personal contact with those who differ with him. In the past ten days or two weeks of the passing campaign we have been more or less preoccupied with the President's human side. We have treated him as one of us, giving him the American compliment of our bitter partisan broadsides. Let us hope that now, having had our way with him, we may escort him back to his pedestal with Yankee felicitations and—wishing him no harm—hope he may die there and pass into blessed and deserved immortality.

ED HOWE "HONORED"

APRIL 23, 1920.

In a recent number of the *Saturday Evening Post*, E. W. Howe, of Atchison, has a most interesting article on Miami, Florida. It is by far the best article in the *Saturday Evening Post* of that issue, and the *Saturday Evening Post* is the most interesting weekly

published in the English language, which fosters the most interesting periodicals in the world. The article describes in simple, understandable language what the great Florida resort is like. Mr. Howe describes a certain club built by millionaires and used exclusively by them. And he says that he was "honored by an invitation to luncheon there."

Which makes us tired.

For there are 18,000 millionaires in America; some of whom have given society value received, some of whom have merely grabbed money off the Stock Exchange. The fact that a man is a millionaire signifies what he has got, but not that he has given. And a man's value in the world depends not on what he has but on what he has given.

For the 18,000 millionaires there is but one Ed Howe. Some millionaires have given more than Ed Howe; Edison has, so has Ford, so have scores of others; but not thousands, not even hundreds. E. W. Howe has given the world wisdom, he has given the world pleasure, he has given the world half a dozen great books. It took more brains, it took more of a man to write "The Story of a Country Town" than it took to make a million—or a dozen of them. And it gives us a pain to read that as smart and self-respecting a man as Ed Howe should feel "honored" to be invited to a club which has no distinction except that it is built by millionaires, operated by millionaires, and owned by them. Personally there is vastly more honor in being entertained at the Century Club in New York, or the National Arts Club, or the Players', or any of a dozen professional men's clubs, than to be enter-

tained at a club that has the low vulgarity to brag about the money of its owners and builders. It is brains and not money that count in this world, and they are by no means synonymous. Ed Howe knows better. He knows that there are a dozen men in Atchison richer than he who have not done half as much for the town as he has done. And that's what makes a man valuable; not his money. And Ed Howe has done so much in this world that he should feel the equal of any one; he should walk into the millionaires' club as a self-respecting equal of the best of them. He should not be pulling a forelock and talking about being "honored" by an invitation anywhere!

HOOVER IN EMPORIA

OCTOBER 15, 1920.

The Chamber of Commerce did a good job when it brought Herbert Hoover to Emporia. In the midst of the infernal quarrel and bitter partisan recriminations of an unusually vapid campaign, Herbert Hoover came along, talking common sense, candidly and with great wisdom. Always he understated things; always he repressed his personality. No finer exhibition of what a great man really is was ever given in Emporia than the appearance of Herbert Hoover before the Chamber of Commerce and before the joint meeting at the Current Club and the Forum at the Gufler home later in the evening. The Chamber of Commerce serves Emporia in a lot of ways; and this service was quite as important as bringing an industry to town or getting a new train on the Santa Fe.

WILSON

NOVEMBER 10, 1920.

Every Republican paper in the United States and many Democratic papers since the election have been pleased to lay the blame for the defeat of the Democratic party at the President's door. Probably it is not flattery to say that he is the most neglected man in America to-day. With all the material power which his office gives him, he is spiritually powerless. He, who two years ago was the world's greatest spiritual leader, to-day seems to be “with Nineveh and Tyre.”

And yet there can be no doubt that the verdict of history on President Wilson will affirm his greatness. In great moments of crisis during the last eight years, President Wilson has risen to real heights and has done worthy and memorable things. His name will stand in history either as the sponsor of a great hope, or the recorder of a high tide in human affairs from which impotent humanity has receded. He, the first of all world statesmen at the end of a ghastly world catastrophe, tried to make a settlement based upon justice and not force, upon what should be rather than what could be. Either the League of Nations will rise during this century and work for peace on earth and good will among men, or it will fail, and in its failure will herald in such an epoch of horror that humanity in its decay will look back to the glorious dream which this man dreamed as the beginning of the wreck of nations and crash of civilizations. In either event, Wilson's name is safe. He aspired greatly; he strove with what strength he had and with what weapons God gave him. He lost. His powers were

not sufficient for his task. His hand was not as strong as his heart. He called the spirits from the vasty deep, but, alas, they did not come. His loss is mankind's loss. But even if he lost, he lost, but losing, won.

He is not the first Moses left in the wilderness, even though he stood by the burning bush; nor the first Isaiah to preach righteousness vainly to a wicked and perverse generation.

THE TWO BROKEN OLD MEN

FEBRUARY 1, 1921.

One at Washington, palsied and frail, who made war and brought a hundred million people into a great cataclysm that piled up debt for countless generations, and filled the land with hate and suspicion. In some future day the fruits of the war will ripen into righteousness, but now they are bitter persimmons. The war and all that it stands for—justly or unjustly—is accursed in the hearts of the people.

Another old man is working under the broiling sun in the federal prison at Atlanta. He stood up and denounced war—this war, all war—as God's curse upon the world. So the first old man sent the second old man to jail. The present, with its greed and suspicion and depression and hatreds, seems to justify this old man's curse upon war; yet he is in prison.

And on the other hand the future with its united world under a league of peace, "the federation of the world," for which the frail old man at Washington brought America into the war will justify that old man. But the two broken old men, each despising the

immediate endeavor and the immediate aims of the other, yet both working for the same brotherhood of man, present a strange concord of discords that will merge into ultimate harmonies. Wilson and Debs, two sad old men, wrecks of the war!

HENRY WATTERSON

DECEMBER 23, 1921.

It is not by accident that the newspaper business is developing no more editors like Henry Watterson, who died yesterday. Fifty years ago the list of readers of a paper in an American state was not large. The advertising receipts were but a few thousand dollars a month and an equipment of \$50,000 would start a paper large enough to cover the average American state. The public schools have made hundreds of thousands of readers in every state, and millions in some states. Advertising patronage runs into the thousands every day in a city newspaper. It takes a million dollars to start and establish a state-wide paper in the average American state.

Young men as bright as Watterson have no million dollars, and no million dollar friends. So the young men hire out their brains. They are naturally not given the liberty in their hired men's jobs that they would have on their own papers. So they get into other work, or shrivel up and die mentally. The time was when the country printer or reporter could start his own paper with a little help and little nerve. That time has passed. The day of the big individual editor has passed. The day of the big corporation-owned paper is here.

DEBS

DECEMBER 24, 1921.

Pardons, like kissing, go by favors. Debs was pardoned for the same reason that he was jailed: Because he was a man of charm and eloquence whom it was dangerous to have out fighting the war while we were in war, and also whom it is dangerous to have in jail now when we are at peace.

This is a funny world. Sometimes the reasoning of Alice in Wonderland seems to be the logic of events.

THE ETERNAL HIRAM

SEPTEMBER 11, 1922.

"Why do the folks love Hiram so?"

The little children cried.

"Because he loved them first, you know,"

The teacher then replied.

And that's all there is to it. Hiram Johnson won in California because whatever his mistakes, and they have been many and obvious, he never has consciously deserted what he honestly believed was the best interest of the common man. He holds to the theory that prosperity is not to be achieved by making a few people rich and letting their richness drain down on the many; but rather that the prosperity of the many incidentally must make a few men rich, who are to be taxed out of it as soon as possible. A sincere and picturesque man is Hiram Johnson of California, who has been nominated for the third time for the United States Senate by the Republicans of California; a fighter, who as the years go by is becoming a bit isolated in his military operations, but who nevertheless

is a brave soldier who never deserts a popular cause. His solitary habit of life is liable to make him a bit of a prima donna and keeps his friends guessing more or less of the time about whether he will speak to them or not. But they never worry about his honesty, his courage, or his espousal of any cause which will benefit the average man in his struggles with the great forces of aggrandized wealth. There Hiram Johnson is a tower of strength.

He may defend Hearst in the courts, and fight Wilson's League of Nations with the tactics of a red Indian, but upon social and economic issues Hiram Johnson is dependable and sound, and his leadership is powerful. Johnson, LaFollette, and Borah may be the trinity of the wild men of Borneo, but they are after all the men whose names will stand out among the senators of the United States in twenty years from now as the big men of our times.

HARDING AND LABOR

JULY 19, 1922.

President Harding is not the man to deal with the labor situation as it now exists in America. He is exactly the man to handle the situation at the head of the Republican party, where no great principle exists and where matters of expediency may be settled by compromise. He is a fairly good leader of congressional expeditions into business legislation—the tariff, the bonus, the ship subsidy. There are matters wherein compromise upon one figure is about as fair as upon any other figure. But the conflict between labor and capital comes upon a fundamental principle. The ques-

tions are: Who controls American industry? Does the man who owns the tools own the business? Does the man who works with the tools have any interest, right, or proprietorship in his job, and hence a stake in the business? Is the public entitled to interfere for justice? These are not questions of expediency. They are questions of deep governmental policy, and the President is not there.

We are slowly but surely drifting into civil war; it may come in a year, or it may come in a decade, unless some strong, wise, brave man finds the solution of the labor problem, and forces that solution into the situation. Capital has a right to ownership and interest; labor has a right to a living wage and a steady job. The public has a right to insist upon justice being enforced—interest and ownership for the capitalist, living wage and steady work for the laborer—and having established justice, the public has a right to enforce peace. But not until justice is established does the public have any rights.

These questions are big questions. Their manner of settlement requires statesmanship and a big personality; a man not afraid to tell an owner of a mine, a railroad, or a steel plant that he is a traitor and a robber if he is one, and also a man who can look four million votes in the eye and tell them to go straight up if they try to bluff him into accepting an unjust settlement.

Harding will patch up this peace, one way or another. But he will not stop the war.

THE PRESIDENT

OCTOBER 5, 1922.

A year and a half, crowded with big events, has passed since President Harding went to the White House. It is fair now to measure him. And many newspaper men are doing so. It is unlikely that any other event will rise in his official life that will develop any new trait, nor is it probable that any characteristic will be strengthened by the two years before him in the White House. What he has shown us he will continue to be to the end.

So let us look at him as the times have revealed him. First of all, we find a kindly man. He is dignified but always gentle. He has no sense of his own importance that makes him gruff or mean or intriguing. He is not a face-saver. He clearly has no lust for leadership nor desire for power. His place in history doesn't bother him; for books do not interest him. Books and bookmen are not in his cosmos. The writer whom President Roosevelt called to great power from his garret and whom President Wilson kept around the White House like the "organ in the parlor to give the place a tone," President Harding has ignored; indeed President Harding has packed up the writer's books and chased him off the place.

So the writer has naturally felt that the plutoist has replaced the writer in the White House. The writer's inference is unfair. Plutocracy may have a better chance in the White House with the writer back in his attic, but not because the President consciously agrees with the plutocrat. Harding is not a tool of Wall Street. Wall Street has little standing in the Presi-

dent's cosmos; and this is true despite the mistakes of Secretary Fall, the nonsense uttered by Secretary Weeks, and the outrageous conduct of Attorney General Daugherty. The President is a country-town man with the country town's distrust of Wall Street mingled strongly with his respect for it.

He let the coal miners win their strike and when the railroad strikers had lost their strike the administration foolishly gave it a most unnecessary kick with the Daugherty injunction. But Harding's fair proposals—rejected at different times by both sides—indicate the fairness of his mind.

So we may say that like most men who are essentially gentle, he is also fair as he may be. The reason why he is not fairer than he is comes not from lack of courage, but comes because he doesn't know how to be fairer than he is. A lack of information, a limited background in his experience is his greatest drawback. Roosevelt and Wilson knew or knew who knew books where they could find out the truth. They were scholars who had read of the problems before them and had associated with well-read men. President Harding has made his living as a publisher, rather than as an editor. His concerns were politics as it affected circulation and advertising rather than fundamental policies as they affected life about him. He had followed his party. He had cared little for platforms and much for victories. Hence the fundamentals that make big issues are new to him. He senses out much, and when he is sure he moves bravely. But he is too often unsure.

His courage is never blustering, never cruel, never self-seeking. But his courage never fails him. His

veto of the bonus took grit. His advocacy of the ship subsidy took something of the same quality. One was popular in many quarters, the other was popular in but a few. But popularity does not gauge the quality of the President's nerve. It is gentle, dignified, persuasive rather than aggressive, but always steady.

So there he stands, our ruler for two years and five months more. We need expect no new man to emerge. He is what he is and will be—a gentle, sincere, fair-minded man with courage and without pretense. He is not given to intrigue. No one accuses him of lying. He is not sophisticated, and because he is kind, he is never rude. He has no hobbies, is not hampered by convictions about public matters, goes at the day's work with a desire to do it well and let it go at that. He is no Cæsar; but neither is he a Cassius, nor a Brutus. And a dazed and puzzled era may need just such a mild, fair, brave gentleman as the gods have given to us.

WILSON

FEBRUARY 4, 1924.

God gave him a great vision.

The devil gave him an imperious heart.

The proud heart is still.

The vision lives.

“FROM GRAVE TO GAY”

INTRODUCTORY

One must do a lot of friveling in this world to keep back the tears that would come if one kept thinking of the truth. Friveling is the editor's tipple. It "cheers but not inebriates" and lets him smile at the ribald drama that strays across the news pages every day. If in his friveling he is sometimes impious, don't complain too bitterly. He is merely giggling out of tragedy!

W. A. W.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

NOVEMBER 23, 1895.

This is the season of the year when one may look for an item in the columns of correspondence to the effect that "a meeting will be held at the schoolhouse next Friday evening for the purpose of organizing a literary society, which shall have for its object the dissemination of useful knowledge by the discussion of literary, moral, scientific, historical, and financial questions, and to promote the social welfare of Center Township."

From time to time as the days grow shorter one may look for reports of the various meetings. The question for discussion will be, "Resolved, That Intemperance has Caused More Sorrow than War," and the judges will decide in favor of Intemperance, two of the judges being for the affirmative and one for the

negative. The question for debate for the following week will be, "Resolved, That the Morals of the World are Growing Worse." The discussion will be opened by Uncle Billy Critzer, and will be denied by Professor Johnson, who teaches the Summit School. The decision will be in favor of the affirmative, only one vote being cast in the negative, by the judge who has been selected by Professor Johnson.

There will be recitations ranging from "The Supposed Speech of Regulus" down to "Noon by the North Clock, Noon by the East," etc., and including, at regularly recurring intervals, "I am not mad," "Tom Twist was a Wonderful Fellow," "Eugene Aram's Dream," and "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse."

There will be select readings which will require that the president hold the lamp for the reader. There will be essays on "Truth," "Happiness," and similar topics, and they will all begin, "'Truth,' says Webster——"

There will be French harp solos, French harp duets, French harp quartets, and miscellaneous selections on the French harp.*

Then there will be the "paper" edited by some young man with some particular friend as assistant. And the result of their combined efforts will make the ceiling ring with the recitation of all the best things from Hostetter, Ayers, "Baled Hay," "Josh Billings," and "A Tramp Abroad," all well told and squarely placed.

At recess the committee will meet in one corner of the room together with all those "who are willing to take part one week from to-night," while the men folks will stand around the stove or go out to see how the

* The mouth organ or harmonica—the first musical step above the jew's-harp.—W. A. W.

horses are. The young folks will get together in the hall and dance "skip-to-me-loo" and Virginia reel with once-and-a-half-round, to the voluptuous swelling in accelerated time of a French harp.

Along toward the vernal equinox the literary society will begin to thin out. The reports will come in at rarer intervals. The corn stalks will have to be broken down and burned, and the plowing will begin, and at eventide the hired man will steal away to the loft to rest his limbs with little hankering for the delights of the lyceum. And the school will close, and the president will not be on hand to preside, and so the literary society will "let the old cat die," and soon be spoken of as a "last year's affair."

But here's to the literary society. Long may the meetings be held to organize it and long may the columns of the country correspondent teem with tales of the "times" they have, and ever the good work go on of "disseminating useful knowledge and promoting the social welfare of Center Township."*

MARCH ON!

SEPTEMBER 28, 1908.

Seven thousand words from Roosevelt to-day. Tomorrow we will have eight thousand from Bryan answering Roosevelt's answer to Haskell's answer to Foraker's answer to Roosevelt's answer to Foraker's

* The literary is waning. The "community house" in the country districts is the new light—the coming ideal. In the community house, dinners, dances, parties are given. The houses are often electric lighted—with wires cut into the passing transmission lines—and are equipped with moving picture machines. The old literary still hangs on, but its days are numbered.—W. A. W.

reply to Hearst. Hail to the dictionary! Let's adopt it as our slogan, the typewriter as our emblem, the phonograph as our candidate and "march on, march on to victory!"

A MISFIT TAIL .

NOVEMBER 25, 1909.

The GAZETTE fears that it cannot place the Seal of Its Approval upon Halley's comet, which is now hitting the high places in an effort to reach this planet before the baseball season opens.

It is true that the GAZETTE referred to this comet in terms of respect and admiration some time ago, but that was before the true nature of the approaching visitor had been divulged by astronomers. The Sporting Editor supposed that it was like other well-conducted comets, that it would observe the rules of the road, and turn to the right when it met other comets, and that its appearance was attractive. But it seems that it is a disreputable comet, and that it is careering along like a drunkard on election day, without regard for the rights of others.

It is said to have a tail that is never in the same place for two days at a time. When the comet itself reaches Emporia, and pauses for refreshments, its tail may be sticking straight up in the air, like that of a roan steer in a thunderstorm, or it may be brushing the face of the earth like a huge feather duster, and sweeping us into space. The most learned of astronomers can't say where the tail will be when the comet comes, and not one of them has volunteered to put a crupper over it, in order to gain some control over it.

The GAZETTE confesses that it hasn't much use for a

comet with a tail that sticks out sidewise. All earthly creatures wearing tails have them in the same place; if you happen to grasp a mule by the nose, you can locate the tail without the aid of sextant or compass; the dog has a versatile tail that covers a good deal of territory, but it always grows on the south end, and never slides round to a nor'-by-east position. We have grown so accustomed to the theory that we have reached the end of an animal when we have its tail, that it will take us a long time to get used to a besotted comet that wears its tail where its helmet ought to be.

It will soon be time to appoint a reception committee to greet the comet when it reaches Humboldt Park; and the spokesman of the committee should be instructed to hand out a rebuke, letting the visitor know that we have certain prejudices against misfit tails which are difficult to overcome.

HOW TO EAT WATERMELON

AUGUST 20, 1910.

A young person of the female persuasion, who signs herself Guinevere but whose real name is Molly, writes to the GAZETTE to know what is the proper way to eat a watermelon.

The GAZETTE is no Hill's Manual of Etiquette; neither is it a Gaskell's Compendium of Social Forms.* Still it does know how to eat a watermelon. First you slough off thirty years; then get a ten-acre field adjoining a cornfield which borders a creek; prepare carefully, and be sure to insert in the ten-acre field one acre of watermelons; then take three or four large

* Titles of books wherefrom boys and girls were taught their social P's and Q's forty years ago.

dark green pot-bellied watermelons, insert them gently but firmly in the arms of a similar number of young gentlemen just at that age; slip the young gentlemen deftly through the large commodious cornfield to the banks of the deep, wet creek. Remove the outer covering of the young gentlemen down to that buff cutaneous substance beneath the husks; let them put the melons in the spring under the sycamore tree, and then soak the young gentlemen in the creek from two until half-past four, taking care not to sunburn their backs, nor to remove any of the cutaneous substance on the slippery side. At four-thirty take the young gentlemen out and drain them as they duck through the high horse weeds two hundred yards up stream, still wearing that buff cutaneous substance, and stand them in a row by the railroad bridge waiting for the five o'clock passenger train. As it arrives let the young gentlemen stand waving their arms and yelling to attract the attention of the passengers, and as the sleeper passes let them duck head first, patting their backs as they disappear in the water. After floating down stream at five-thirty take the melons from the spring, break them on a big limestone ledge, give each young gentlemen half a melon to hold in his lap, let him gouge out the heart and souse his face in the hole and swill it down. Next, let the first boy who gets down to the rind begin breaking it up and throwing it at the others until all are as sticky and dirty as pigs; take them to the high mud bank over the turtle hole, and shove them off one at a time, then take out and dry clean and serve raw for supper.

That, Guinevere, is the best way to eat watermelon. Try it some day; it is fine.

A QUEER MISTAKE

SEPTEMBER 12, 1910.

Last night at 1:30 the Associated Press agent at Kansas City called up the editor of the *GAZETTE* and asked where Walt Mason was.* Reply was made that Mr. Mason was riding behind his charging palfry with his wife in the back seat of the family surrey along about sundown; to which the Associated Press replied that it was no such thing, as Mr. Mason had been killed in Philadelphia an hour before. A few minutes' conversation with the Associated Press and with the *Star* a moment later restored Mr. Mason to earth. Some poor devil killed in Philadelphia was identified as Mr. Mason, and the Associated Press carried the story. Doubtless many first editions of morning papers all over the country carried the story of his untimely end to their readers to-day.

This is essentially unfair. A paper should print both sides, and when it hears a man is dead, a reliable newspaper should at least give him a chance to deny it or submit the extenuating circumstances before rushing it out in the first edition. When a story comes in that a man is dead, there is just one reliable source to consult—the man himself. And Mr. Mason desires to say that when he gets ready to die he will give the papers due notice, and will die for the evening papers, anyway. Moreover, as Mr. Mason is about to publish a book of his justly celebrated and popular red rhymes for real people, price \$1.25 net, at all bookstores after September 20, there is a suspicion that this dying story

* The best paid poet in the world. He lived in Emporia from 1907 to 1920.—W. A. W.

is an advertising dodge. It is at least more original than having his jewels stolen, and the price of burglary is far too high for a journeyman songster. And, until the differences between the Burglar's Union and the Peroxide Association are settled, burglary will be far out of reach of an humble poet whose songs gush from the heart; and even the gushing business is being discouraged by the city commissioners, who propose to put the gush faucet on a meter; so it may be easily seen that no poet can any better afford to die the way times are than to get his collar button swiped. At any rate, Mr. Mason authorizes the *GAZETTE* to say that any publication of the news of his death at present and until the undertaker's trust is busted is ill-advised and without authority. Mr. Mason declares his position with no uncertain terms in this matter, and is in possession of inside facts which give his statement the hall mark of authority.

FOR US MEN

OCTOBER 13, 1911.

This world is made for us men. Out in California we decided that we desired to have the right to make and vote upon our own laws. We men liked the sound of that. We adopted the proposition at the polls by an overwhelming majority. We decided we would like to have the right to vote public servants out of office whose official behavior did not suit us. So we men gave ourselves that blessed boon by a large vote. But the women, thinking we were in an amiable mood, asked us men for the ballot. Well, we voted on the proposition and if we gave it at all we gave it so grudgingly you could almost hear us say: "Well, for Heav-

en's sake, you women certainly are the limit; always nagging for something you didn't need."

We are the captains of creation. The world was made for us men. You women are lucky to be alive—in some countries they drown you as girl babies and burn you alive as widows. Go on away and don't bother us!

A NEW HORROR

JUNE 23, 1913.

A new dress, called the lamp shade dress, is headed this way. It looks like a horror. Yet so did the dresses women are wearing now look like horrors five years ago. And the dresses they wore ten years ago look like horrors now.

Yet all the time women were pretty, and had no trouble proving it. Women were attractive and men went jumping into rivers and shooting themselves for women even ten years ago and five years ago and now, and they will continue to do so five years from now and when the lamp shade is a memory.

It isn't what a woman wears; it's what she is that drives us crazy. Eve didn't wear much of anything and Adam traded paradise for her. And the old Adam to-day will trade paradise for her and keep his paradise even when she wears the next new style of dress.

Put rings in her nose, stripe her forehead, scar her face, or put her in the plug hat of the simple child of the forest, and she still remains the most wonderful thing our blessed Lord ever made.

HEAVEN FEND IT

NOVEMBER 7, 1913.

If the Colonel could only lose his exuberance!—Iola *Register*.

If the lily could only lose its grace! If the leopard could only lose its spots! If the buzz saw could only lose its allurement! If the sky were no longer blue, the water no longer wet, the worm no longer turning, the grass no longer green. If the Colonel should lose his exuberance and Charley Scott* should find it, what a mad, sad world it would be, anyway!

HERE'S A REAL JOKE

SEPTEMBER 17, 1914.

It isn't often that real humor gets into a campaign. But an item in the Peabody *Gazette* is absolutely the funniest item we have seen in this campaign. It announces that the Bull Moose candidates on the Marion County ticket are making a still hunt for votes. The idea of a Bull Mooser keeping still about anything makes us—

There's no use trying to finish this paragraph, with our sides hurting this way.

O YOU GIRLS!

FEBRUARY 7, 1916.

The ballot has been given to women in the Canadian province of Manitoba, and in Texas the women are trying to get 40,000 signatures to a petition that

* Our favorite standpat Kansas editor who lives in Iola.
W. A. W.

will force suffrage as an issue into the Democratic state platform by way of an official referendum.

From Manitoba to Texas is a long yump; yet by landing in Kansas where women have the ballot, the Texas girls ought to make it in two yumps.

A STEPSON OF MARS

MARCH 1, 1916.

The United States may never have another war. But if it does, one of the greatest factors in the success of American arms will be the Kansas mule, the flop-eared, dreamy-eyed mule. The war horse of Holy Writ that sniffs the battle from afar, that has lived for ages in song and story, in some measure has passed into a memory in these days of big guns and trench warfare. But there will never be a war without the mule. He stands triumphant, unscarred by the tooth of time, amid eternal change, unchanged.

The humble mule does not scent the smoke of battle from afar. The excitement of war does not surge around him in life and over his body in death. His place is far in the rear, where the army lives and where the wounded die.

When the war goes into a mountain country, the horse remains behind. But with machine guns and mountain batteries on his back the surer-footed mule goes onward and upward to the first line. When an army moves, the mule follows. He brings the baggage of the officer and the beans and bacon of the enlisted man. When war has done its worst, the living fragments, the shapeless things that were men, are gathered up and taken to the rear by the mule, because his gait is sure, and his bodily motion is steady.

All day, in war, the mule toils through roads plowed by shells and sown with bullets. On a bare sustenance or nothing he plods on, never panting, never surging, never quitting, dreaming in his wistful eyes the eternal dream that he has never told. His ears flop, his eyes are closed, he shambles and he hobbles in his gait, but he never stops—except from sheer cussedness, and to dream of the days when he and the war gods played in the morning of the world.

The mule does his duty well. He never complains. He will travel fifty miles without food, take it as a matter of course, and sadly kick the eternal stuffing out of the tired teamster who feeds him at night.

Styles in war change. Modern inventions are mercifully sending the horse to pastures of peace. But while Mars roams his bloody way across the earth, always beside the panoplied war god will trudge his humble stepson, the melancholy mule.

A FAT MAN'S HOPE

MAY 16, 1916.

The skirts which the girls are wearing this spring are equipped with elastic "pucker strings" at the waist, and the Emporia tailors who build clothing for men should take a hint therefrom, and include an elastic section in the vests of the suits they build for customers who are no longer sylph-like in their proportions.

Men who hover habitually on the bulgy side of a 44-inch waistband sometimes have a mean variation of as much as four inches in before and after breakfast readings. An elastic vest would automatically take up the slack and shield from the remarks of the

ribald crowd the man who by persistent starving, sometimes called dieting, is just beginning to see his own feet for the first time in years, where now, a slack and wrinkled vest is a dead give-away of the dieting. Also when the flesh is weak, although the spirit remains willing, and the portly brother falls, and wraps himself around baked potato, salad rich in olive oil, and other waistline producers, the elastic section would yield and there would be the same unruffled vest front of his more slender days, where now bulging and strained buttons betray the fact that the old man is putting on weight again.

HOP IN WHERE GLORY WAITS

AUGUST 11, 1916.

Candidate Hughes probably would stand more of a chance with the Common People if he were to pose for a reel of motion pictures showing his ability successfully and gracefully to eat corn on the cob.

We believe that the handicap of whiskers is not fatal. And a header into a slice of red watermelon before the camera would practically remove the prejudice against his lambrequins and make Judge Hughes the man of the hour.

THE SECRET

SEPTEMBER 15, 1919.

"Why," asks the Wellsville *Globe*, and like jesting Pilate does not wait for the answer, "Are Prices High?"

Sh-h-h; it's a dead secret. But economists have been working on the problem for six months. The report will be ready and will be published in six months.

It will occupy seven closely set columns of a newspaper. But an intelligent synopsis of the report may as well be given out now. It is this: Prices are high because the people pay 'em!

After that the rest is anybody's guess.

THE HERMIT

FEBRUARY 13, 1920.

Forty years ago all over Kansas an elderly man used to travel about paring corns. He was known as "Old Doc Corns." He wore a long frock coat and a disreputable plug hat. He liked to throw big words about. He brought the word "salubrious" to many a Kansas village, and "catouche" and "sagaciate" were also among his contributions. He was a shrewd, eccentric man. Of late years he had given up his itinerary, and had lived a hermit in Emporia. He was the theme of many a boy's tale of adventure. He quarreled with the kids—liked it apparently—and they told stories of his fabulous wealth and of his queer ways. He grew contentious and grouchy, because he lived alone, and little boys bedeviled him. Often he was sick and lonesome, and had a sad time. Last night he died—burned up in his hermitage—a long life and a lonely one!

ON BEING A PRESIDENT

MARCH 8, 1921.

W. A. White intimates that he could pick out a much better cabinet than President-elect Harding has chosen. William has no copyright on this idea. There isn't a member of Chanute's whittling and spitting lodge but who thinks he could have done a better job of it, too.—*Chanute Tribune.*

The spitters and whittlers are right; but the trouble with them is that while they might naturally and instinctively be able to pick out a better cabinet than President Harding, the minute one of 'em got to be President a lot of fellows would come around nagging him with a lot of advice. It's advice that kills off Presidents. If a man had the same chance for the free play of his own common sense when he becomes President that he had while whittling and spitting this would be a great country. We should first of all insist that before he does anything important, a President should retire to Chanute or Emporia or some good railroad division, and go to the barber shop down by the track and whittle and spit for a day or two. Harding has been handicapped by a lot of fellows who can't do either.

A LONG-FELT WANT

APRIL 12, 1921.

Now that low collars, trousers without cuffs, and the old styles have come back again, bustles are due to stage a comeback. In the old days the GAZETTE was accounted the best bustle fabric in Lyon County. Now is the time to subscribe.

TEACH HIM TO TODDLE

JANUARY 6, 1922.

"What," asks our good friend Dr. Vernon L. Kellogg, "shall be done with the unusually bright college student?"

Opinions differ. Some think holding under the pump helps. Others favor making him a Phi Beta Kappa, and thus keeping him so busy with his keys

that he won't have time for other things. Often he is successfully jimmied by putting him on the football team, but sometimes it takes athletics and a dash of calico to tame him. At least the proposition, however troublesome, is not hopeless. As a last resort, give him a whirl on the college paper. That will bring down his grades to normal, but sometimes it unsettles his mind.

HOW STANDPATTERS GROW

JUNE 22, 1922.

Roy Bailey, of the Salina *Journal*, was in town last night and to-day. He grew up in Emporia, and worked on the *GAZETTE*. This morning he roamed over the town, and came into the office gloomily bemoaning the spirit of change that had come over the village.

"I went up to the old High School where I played as a boy," said our ex-reporter. "And it was gone. The stone schoolhouse beside it was gone. I went to the Normal, which was the pride and joy of my youth, and the main building was gone, and new buildings were standing where I once had romped without hindrance. I went to the old playgrounds at Twelfth and Exchange, and they were covered with houses. I went out to the college to see the beautiful building where I hoped to go to school, and it was gone. Where I picked wild flowers as a boy on the prairie, a big brick hospital stands. The moon came up and it was late and small, and the cottonwoods through which it used to shine were gone, and elm trees smaller and less resplendent replaced the ancient and honorable trees of the pioneer."

He was low in his mind, was the middle-aged gent who used to be the perplexing puzzle of Emporia schoolma'ams. "Why all these changes?" he bewailed. "The old schoolhouse was good enough for me. The old Normal building was a fine building. The old playground made great ball players, and the old college building was one of the handsomest I ever saw. The moon was a good enough moon to get me married at twenty-two, and the cottonwood trees furnished both shade and profanity for the hardy pioneer. What good is the infernal change that befuddles a crazy world? Where is it getting us?" he sighed as he trudged out of the office, a growling gaffer in his thirties.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

AUGUST 12, 1922.

The papers the other day printed more or less as a joke a picture of Bryan, taken when he was asleep in a chair on a front porch in Norfolk, Virginia. It was funny enough, but it proved nothing in particular except that man, meaning the male of the species, ornery enough looking at best, is several degrees uglier than hades once he loses consciousness. Since the race began to walk upright, painters, poets, musicians, and sculptors have glorified the sleeping female of the species and not without reason they have slopped over into the realm of the sleeping faun, the sleeping mermaid, and the sleeping gefuelte fisch. But in no age has sleeping man been glorified.

Woman, even if she is no beauty, seems to possess the ability to do her sleeping with a degree of grace. Man when he sleeps lets go all holds. His double

chins all drop down, his mouth swings open and his tonsils hang out, and he seems to sprawl over the better part of an acre. Generally it is the fat man who does his sleeping in public, and perhaps he looks a little worse than average. If we had a new dramatic or motion picture star and wanted to eliminate as much competition as possible, we would try to arrange to lead John Barrymore, Douglas Fairbanks, Rudolph Valentino, Wallace Reid, Lou Tellegen, and the smaller fry among the he-beauties into a chair car due to cross Kansas during a hot night in August. About three o'clock we would make a flashlight unprefaced by an announcement, send out a few copies of the picture, and sit down for a month for results. Then when the laughter began to subside, we would breeze into the market with our young and unknown meal ticket with less competition than Noah's Greater Combined Circus and Wild West.

The list of fool things a man may publicly do without provoking more than a titter is long and varied. But sleeping isn't one of them.

OUR ROMANTIC SOULS

AUGUST 12, 1922.

A Cuban poet with a name like a college yell, Gustave Sanchez Galarraga—and may the spelling of it be on the proof reader's hands—declares that he has a “romantic soul.” As if that were strange! Who has not? One of God's precious gifts to man, one of the proofs of our kinship with the divine, is the romantic soul of us; individually, as poor worms of the dust, living in waste places and treading drab or even shady, sordid paths, we chase the rainbows, listen for the

fairies, hope for the prince, and look even for our lost crystal slippers. Collectively, grouped as neighbors, as cities, as states, as nations, as races, we know there is a golden age and hurry forward to meet it in the ever receding to-morrow.

It is the mainspring of life, this romantic soul of us. No one ever loses it. If his good sense tells him that the fairies are dead, the rainbow a fantasm, the prince a shadow that he never may see, if adversity, or sorrow, or poverty, or a wicked habit of life makes a man cynical and stifles his hope, still down deep in the heart of him is the conviction that he was cast for a grand and beautiful rôle but missed his cue or forgot his part. And with that conviction comes the consoling faith that some one beloved near him—child or friend—will prance through life in the part he missed. Without the romantic soul, man would soon be going on all fours. With some of us like the Cuban poet, the romantic soul flowers in graceful verse, with others it turns into secret hopes, and with a few it glows in beautiful lives. But the root of all our lives is set in an undersoul that aspires to noble things.

A WORTHLESS LOT

JANUARY 3, 1923.

Scores of young folk in those days in every district could read ordinary music as readily as they could read a book. Can they do it now?—*Alma Enterprise*.

No, they can't. And they can't spell, either. They don't know enough geography to bound Kansas, and when they take a pencil in hand to write it looks like an eel having a fit in a pan of milk. They can't do long division without sticking out their tongues,

and they can't parse a sentence any more than they could wipe their necks with their elbows. But they know the difference between Babe Ruth and Bebe Daniels and they know all about how to strip a Ford and make it a racer. They do know basket ball, and they can tell you who is on the all-Kansas football team and where to buy bootleg cigarettes and the one about the Jew and the Irishman.

A low-down, good-for-nothing, worthless lot they are—but Lord, how we love 'em!

THE GOLDEN THREAD IS BREAKING

OCTOBER 30, 1922.

"A Man's Cook Book for Men" is the sub-title of "The Stag Cook Book," compiled by C. Mac Sheridan and published by the George H. Doran Company. In these days when woman, having taken the ballot, has eloped with all the household gods in a body, man's place is rapidly becoming the kitchen sink. The Kaiser's three "K's" for men under the new régime would seem to be kitchen, kidding, and kicking. And a man's cook book filled with simple recipes for the food on the cob, each written by a more or less famous man, will fill a long-felt want. The book is specific and contains no culinary language too deep for tears, but is couched in plain words and calls for nothing which a second-rate bootlegger in a fourth-rate town may not quickly supply.

But the baldness of the language reveals in many cases the baser nature of many men who have seemed to be leading spotless lives. Probably the heartbreak of the book comes with the revelation that our beloved President eats gravy on his waffles, and chipped beef

gravy at that. No syrup for him, nor honey, nor powdered sugar; nothing but gravy does Warren G. Harding eat upon a food which was no more designed for gravy than is strawberry shortcake. What a revelation!

Would even Colonel George Harvey have supported this man for President had he known the shameful truth about his conduct before a waffle? Surely the American people would have turned back to Wilson two years ago if Harding had told them that he smeared chipped beef gravy over his waffles. And where, we beg leave to ask, does this leave the 31 Republicans headed by Hughes and Root and Nicholas Murray Butler and tailed by the writer of these lines, where, we repeat, does this leave those Republicans who pledged their good name, subject to the usual discount for cash, that Mr. Harding would lead America into some league, society, or association of nations? Is a man with a soul so dead that he puts gravy on waffles ever going to get any sense of our international obligations into his head? He will go from gravied waffles to sugared lettuce and salted cassabas, and soon will be plunged into the depths of pounded beef-steak from which no high sense of duty to dazed and struggling humanity ever will arouse him.

The American people have stood by President Warren G. Harding fairly well. He has until now lost practically none of his prestige. But from now on suspicion and dread will dog his footsteps and, knowing that his Sunday morning waffle is polluted with gravy, vox populi will begin popping at the President with sad sincerity.

It may soften the blow upon the public heart to

know that Clare Briggs, America's reincarnation of Michael Angelo, eats 'em with syrup. And this is Briggs' recipe for the respectful treatment of a waffle:

"Put one-half pound of strained honey in a double boiler, or a small pan placed in water. Heat very slowly, adding a half pint of pure maple syrup with which has been previously mixed two teaspoons of powdered cinnamon and a dash of caraway."

This he-food cook book contains many beautiful and ecstatic thoughts. It is full of mysticism and recipes for liver and onions. For Christmas we recommend it for father's present. The book has just one mistake. It has a bad title. We suggest that the second edition be printed under the title, "What a Young Girl Should Know."

THE DECAY OF A CONSERVATIVE INTRODUCTORY

Youth is sure. With years come restrictions, qualifications, doubts. So it generally happens that men change with their maturity. These editorials show how that change came to one man; how restrictions, qualifications, doubts turned him right about face. Most men begin life as liberals or even rebel radicals, and go into middle life recanting the revolutionary enthusiasm of their early years. Life is disillusion. So if one begins life as a conservative, with abounding faith in the status of man under the justice of God, as exemplified in the institutions of human government, life is sure to bring disillusionments. And those of us whose disillusionments of middle life bring them faith in a better world and a compelling call to strive for it, those of us to whom age brings hope for progress and eager zest to see the next act of the show, those of us whose disillusionments bring the fair, fond visions that the young men see surely have received the most precious blessing of God. We may be mad. But so are our gloomy brethren. Better is the fine frenzy of the man who chases the rainbow than the misanthropy of his brother who rocks on his coat tails and nurses his grouch between his knees.

So, gentle reader, turn these pages and observe the Walrus turn into the March Hare before your very eyes.

W. A. W.

PATRIOTISM OR ANARCHY?

JULY 31, 1896.

The question before the voters of this country is a simple one. It is not involved; a child may comprehend

hend it. The question before the voter of this country—of Kansas, of Emporia—is shall American institutions prevail; shall every man have a right to enjoy the fruits of his endeavor, or shall political and financial anarchy prevail?

The man who supports the Populists in this election, whether for road overseer or for President, is lending his vote and his influence to the cause of anarchy.

These are rough things to say, but they are true. The fight between the political parties to-day is for existing American institutions and against them.*

Let us reason together. The platform of the Republican party declares in effect that American institutions shall be preserved as they are. It declares that honest debts shall be paid in the money promised. It declares that as gold has been the standard money of this nation for generations, and as the circulation has constantly and steadily increased, every debt shall be paid and every contract held inviolable.

On the other hand, the Populists demand that debts be cut in two. They lie when they say that the currency has been contracted. Every thief in jail has his excuse; he thinks he did right. He justifies himself. So do the men who want to steal half their creditors' money justify their crime by talk about the contraction of the currency. But it is a criminal's subterfuge. It is a rogue's sophistry.

The demand for fifty cent payment for a dollar's debt would cut every savings bank deposit, every widow's insurance policy, every building and loan stock

* Lo! the nice fat Walrus, tusks, flappers, mustache, and ponderous tail.—W. A. W.

in two. That would put a discount on frugality. It would also cut every single piece of accumulated wealth in two. That would put a discount on thrift, business talent, and industry. Of course it would. You can't destroy wealth. The half that you take away from the man who saves would go somewhere. It would go to the man who has not saved, who has been an idler, who has been shiftless. The anarchist, in clamoring for the "division of property," has always claimed that men who had no property to divide were "unfortunate." The anarchist drools over a worthless man, and calls the frugal and industrious man a thief.

What in the name of Heaven are these latter-day anarchists doing but that? They are clamoring for a "divvy." They have sugar-coated their demand for a "fifty cent dollar," for an easy "way out," for a division of property, for anarchy, if you please—they have sugar-coated that demand with fine words and rhetorical claptrap. But it is the same old robbery that Herr Most has ever demanded.

The American people hanged five men for demanding just what the Populists are demanding now. Governor Altgeld, the leader of the Populists, pardoned the anarchists who escaped the gallows, and the men who demand a division of property now are cheering him for it.

The Populists are no better than the men who take the dose without the sugar-coating. It is the same old dose. Cain murdered Abel because Abel's offering was acceptable in the sight of God. Cain's was not. Cain hated prosperity. He killed his brother. Tillman, Bryan, and the other Reds hate prosperity, but they

have courage only for theft. They are willing to take half the property and postpone bloodshed until men like Bloody Bridles Waite shall start the slaughter. As between Cain and Bryan there is no choice. Envy, demagogery, and greed are at the bottom of their actions.

The Republican party stands against this party of anarchy and robbery. It will give nothing. The Republican party is the party which champions the cause of the thrifty; it is not afraid to say that the man who earns or saves or makes a dollar honestly shall hold it against all comers. The Republican party does not snivel and whine over the misfortunes of the lazy man. It takes the side of the manly American citizen, who wants work, and it proposes to give him work and pay him an honest dollar and then let him shift for himself. The Republican party does not propose to make any man rich at another's expense. The Republican party says that it will not take care of the poor man or the rich man.

In this American government paternalism plays no part. It is every man for himself. It is free for all, and in the end the keenest, most frugal, and most industrious win. That, says the Republican party, is as it should be. That is American. The government of this United States is not a commune. The lazy man, the spendthrift, the "poor manager" must go under. The government is not going to have a "divvy," a fifty cent dollar to help him out every ten or twenty years.

For when the "divvy" is once made it will be needed again. The men who fail to get ahead under "the existing gold standard" would soon be behind under silver. Then there would be a demand for copper; then,

after the keen, shrewd, industrious, thrifty, fore-handed men were on top—as they will always be—under copper there would be a demand for paper; after paper—what? The “existing gold standard” will be maintained. The “divvy” that the Altgelds and the Bryans and the Tillmans demand will not be made.

The Republican party is the party of manhood. It does not stir the poor against the rich. It has no class hatred to foster. It is for manly pluck, for honor, and for the best kind of people—the thrifty, frugal, courageous people. The Republican party is against the whiner and the demagogue. It is against the man who wants to pay a debt borrowed four or five years ago when money was worth just exactly what it is now, in money worth just half as much. The Republican party is frank to call things by their right names, and when a man wants to pay a boom mortgage with a fifty cent dollar and when that same man sneaks behind what he calls “the crime of ‘73,” the Republican party is frank to point out the fact that a criminal’s universal defense is the alleged wickedness of others.

The Republican party holds out no inducements to men who want a “divvy,” who want a fifty cent dollar to pay a dollar’s worth of debt. The Republican party desires and will receive the support of conservative, honest Americans who believe that working and saving and honesty win in this world. It will receive the enthusiastic opposition of men who own silver mines, and of other men who believe that the government can right wrongs that personal habits have caused. The question is between Americanism, old-fashioned and sturdy, and European visionary schemes for social sal-

vation by paternalism; it is clearly and squarely between patriotism and anarchy.

Are you an American or an Anarchist?

THE SWEEP OF IT

AUGUST 11, 1896.

In the campaign that is now pending there is nominally a single issue at stake—that of the limited or the free coinage of silver. But the real issue has a much broader sweep—it is really the question: Shall American institutions, as they have been since the beginning, stand, or shall they be changed?

The principles on which this government was founded were not paternalistic. The doctrine of the fathers—of Washington, the Adamses, Jefferson, and Hamilton, was anti-paternalistic. These men believed that the state should give every man protection in his right to enjoy “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” They believed that further than this, it is dangerous for the state to go. They were distinctly against the state’s going into partnership with the citizen; they were clearly against taking the part of the weak or the strong; they believed in the “hands off” theory of government after the citizen was protected in his enjoyment of peace.

“Every man for himself and the devil take the hindermost,” is a fair statement of the idea of American government as it exists to-day.*

But during recent years, there has grown up in the West the un-American doctrine of state paternalism. It is claimed by these doctors that when one man is

* Observe the Walrus doing all his tricks.—W. A. W.

weak, when he fails to get on in the world, when he finds himself at the bottom of the heap, the state should help him up. The believers in the new creed hold that it is the duty of the state to check the accumulation of one man's wealth and to end another man's poverty. They say that the man with the large fortune and the man who commits a crime are both subjects for state interference. They say that the man who is without means is the nation's ward, that he should be protected against the "oppression of wealth."

These two theories are violently antagonistic—one is American, Democratic, Saxon; the other is European, Socialistic, Latin.

The Republican party stands for independent manhood. It says to the weak man: "Be strong or go under." It says to the strong: "Only be fair and keep within the law." It says to the poor: "There is no way on earth to get rich except by frugality, good management, and industry." The Republican party, speaking for old-fashioned, sturdy Americanism, says to the man who asks that the state shall step in and relieve him of his burden: "You had an equal opportunity with your fellows. You had as good an education, as good a body, as fair a start; if you are behind and the other man is ahead, the thing for you to do is to catch up. We can't stop him. He is running his own race; if he is violating no law we shall let him go ahead—the faster he goes the better."

The American idea is to-day in the balance. The Republicans are upholding it. The Populists and their allies are denouncing it. The election will sustain Americanism or it will plant Socialism. That is the breadth of the question at stake.

The same men who threatened the stability of the government a generation past are attacking its foundation to-day. The party which sympathized with treason in '61 is encouraging the man who pardoned the anarchists in '93. The party which abused Lincoln for upholding the government by continuing the war threatens to cut in two the pension of the veterans of that war by a nefarious measure that will divide all accumulated wealth. The party of treason thirty years ago is now the party of the man who defied the troops of the United States at Chicago.

It is the same old party—with its mischievous plans, with its sugar-coating of dishonor. To-day it is a menace to good government, as it has been since the war. It gave the nation a Cleveland and precipitated disaster and prostration. Now it threatens the country with Bryan and promises the overthrow of the American idea. It silver plates a revolution, and calls to its aid all the forces of failure, of jealousy, of malice and sectional hatred to accomplish its dangerous scheme. It rallies state's rights under Altgeld, revolution under Tillman, despair under Peffer, anarchy under Debs, greed of office under Gorman, and all the wild, remorseful emotions of men who have failed in life under Bryan.

This is the battle line against American institutions, against manly thrift and manly courage as they find political form in the American Constitution. This is the horde of whiners who are trying to distract the attention of the people from Democratic administrative blunders, and personal mistakes and personal habits, and who are covertly advocating state control of the private affairs, advocating Socialism under a

disguise, advocating a revolution in affairs, going to any length of denunciation of American honor—and solely to bring again into control a party that has paralyzed the industrial and commercial life of the nation. It is Republican America against Democracy—the same old organized greed for spoils. That's all there is in this campaign.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KANSAS? *

AUGUST 15, 1896.

To-day the Kansas department of agriculture sent out a statement which indicates that Kansas has gained less than two thousand people in the past year. There are about two hundred and twenty-five thousand families in the state, and there were about ten thousand babies born in Kansas, and yet so many people have left the state that the natural increase is cut down to less than two thousand net.

This has been going on for eight years.

If there had been a high brick wall around the state eight years ago, and not a soul had been admitted or permitted to leave, Kansas would be a half million

* This editorial was written August 15, 1896, in the midst of the McKinley-Bryan campaign. The GAZETTE was for Thomas B. Reed for President, before the Republican convention met, and the gold standard, while Governor McKinley of Ohio was dallying with free silver. The editorial had an unusual vogue. It was reprinted in nearly every Republican newspaper in the United States and Mark A. Hanna, chairman of the Republican National Committee, said that he used the editorial more widely than any other campaign document in the campaign. The editorial is directed at the Populist ticket in Kansas and refers to a former Populist administration. The editorial did not keep Kansas from electing the Populist ticket, but Chairman Hanna was kind enough to say that it helped materially to elect Mr. McKinley and a Republican Congress. The editorial represents conservatism in its full and perfect flower.—W. A. W.

souls better off than she is to-day. And yet the nation has increased in population. In five years ten million people have been added to the national population, yet instead of gaining a share of this—say, half a million—Kansas has apparently been a plague spot, and in the very garden of the world, has lost population by ten thousands every year.

Not only has she lost population, but she has lost money. Every moneyed man in the state who could get out without loss has gone. Every month in every community sees some one who has a little money pack up and leave the state. This has been going on for eight years. Money has been drained out all the time. In towns where ten years ago there were three or four or half a dozen money-lending concerns stimulating industry by furnishing capital, there is now none, or one or two that are looking after the interests and principle already outstanding.

No one brings any money into Kansas any more. What community knows over one or two men who have moved in with more than \$5,000 in the past three years? And what community cannot count half a score of men in that time who have left, taking all the money they could scrape together?

Yet the nation has grown rich, other states have increased in population and wealth—other neighboring states. Missouri has gained over two million, while Kansas has been losing half a million. Nebraska has gained in wealth and population while Kansas has gone down hill. Colorado has gained every way, while Kansas has lost every way since 1888.

What's the matter with Kansas?

There is no substantial city in the state. Every big

town save one has lost in population. Yet Kansas City, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Louis, Denver, Colorado Springs, Sedalia, the cities of the Dakotas, St. Paul and Minneapolis and Des Moines—all cities and towns in the West have steadily grown.

Take up the government blue book and you will see that Kansas is virtually off the map. Two or three little scrubby consular places in yellow-fever-stricken communities that do not aggregate ten thousand dollars a year is all the recognition that Kansas has. Nebraska draws about one hundred thousand dollars; little old North Dakota draws about fifty thousand dollars; Oklahoma doubles Kansas; Missouri leaves her a thousand miles behind; Colorado is almost seven times greater than Kansas—the whole West is ahead of Kansas.

Take it by any standard you please, Kansas is not in it.

Go east and you hear them laugh at Kansas, go west and they sneer at her, go south and they "cuss" her, go north and they have forgotten her. Go into any crowd of intelligent people gathered anywhere on the globe, and you will find the Kansas man on the defensive. The newspaper columns and magazines once devoted to praise of her, to boastful facts and startling figures concerning her resources, are now filled with cartoons, jibes and Pefferian speeches. Kansas just naturally isn't in it. She has traded places with Arkansas and Timbuctoo.

What's the matter with Kansas?

We all know; yet here we are at it again. We have an old mossback Jacksonian who snorts and howls because there is a bathtub in the statehouse; we are

running that old jay for governor. We have another shabby, wild-eyed, rattle-brained fanatic who has said openly in a dozen speeches that "the rights of the user are paramount to the rights of the owner"; we are running him for chief justice, so that capital will come tumbling over itself to get into the state. We have raked the old ash heap of failure in the state and found an old human hoop skirt who has failed as a business man, who has failed as an editor, who has failed as a preacher, and we are going to run him for congressman-at-large. He will help the looks of the Kansas delegation at Washington. Then we have discovered a kid without a law practice and have decided to run him for attorney-general. Then for fear some hint that the state had become respectable might percolate through the civilized portions of the nation, we have decided to send three or four harpies out lecturing, telling the people that Kansas is raising hell and letting the corn go to weeds.

Oh, this is a state to be proud of! We are a people who can hold up our heads! What we need is not more money, but less capital, fewer white shirts and brains, fewer men with business judgment, and more of those fellows who boast that they are "just ordinary clodhoppers, but they know more in a minute about finance than John Sherman"; we need more men who are "posted," who can bellow about the crime of '73, who hate prosperity, and who think because a man believes in national honor, he is a tool of Wall Street. We have had a few of them—some hundred fifty thousand, but we need more.

We need several thousand gibbering idiots to scream about the "Great Red Dragon" of Lombard Street.

We don't need population, we don't need wealth, we don't need well-dressed men on the streets, we don't need cities on the fertile prairies; you bet we don't! What we are after is the money power. Because we have become poorer and ornier and meaner than a spavined, distempered mule, we, the people of Kansas, propose to kick; we don't care to build up, we wish to tear down.

"There are two ideas of government," said our noble Bryan at Chicago. "There are those who believe that if you just legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, this prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous their prosperity will find its way up and through every class and rest upon us."

That's the stuff! Give the prosperous man the dickens! Legislate the thriftless man into ease, whack the stuffing out of the creditors and tell the debtors who borrowed the money five years ago when money "per capita" was greater than it is now that the contraction of the currency gives him a right to repudiate.

Whoop it up for the ragged trousers; put the lazy, greasy fizzle who can't pay his debts on the altar, and bow down and worship him. Let the state ideal be high. What we need is not the respect of our fellow men, but the chance to get something for nothing.

Oh, yes, Kansas is a great state. Here are people fleeing from it by the score every day, capital going out of the state by the hundreds of dollars; and every industry but farming paralyzed, and that crippled, because its products have to go across the ocean before they can find a laboring man at work who can afford to buy them. Let's don't stop this year. Let's drive

all the decent, self-respecting men out of the state. Let's keep the old clodhoppers who know it all. Let's encourage the man who is "posted." He can talk, and what we need is not mill hands to eat our meat, nor factory hands to eat our wheat, nor cities to oppress the farmer by consuming his butter and eggs and chickens and produce. What Kansas needs is men who can talk, who have large leisure to argue the currency question while their wives wait at home for that nickel's worth of bluing.

What's the matter with Kansas?

Nothing under the shining sun. She is losing wealth, population, and standing. She has got her statesmen, and the money power is afraid of her. Kansas is all right. She has started in to raise hell, as Mrs. Lease advised, and she seems to have an over-production. But that doesn't matter. Kansas never did believe in diversified crops. Kansas is all right. There is absolutely nothing wrong with Kansas. "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

WHAT ABOUT REFORM?

OCTOBER 26, 1897.

The Kansas people are the most conscientious people on earth. They have a higher per cent of literacy; they have better morals and they put them into active life more than do the people elsewhere in the world. When the doctrinaires of reform came to Kansas, the people accepted the new theory because it seemed honest and progressive. A more stolid or a more ignorant community than Kansas would not find attraction in something that promised only a high ideal of gov-

ernment. Kansas did accept, and she believed that the reform preached by the apostles of reform would accomplish good.

The reform movement has been at work in state and county government in Kansas for seven years. It has controlled one or both branches of the state legislature all of that time. It has elected a majority of Kansas representatives in Congress during that time. Reform has found its home in Kansas, and Kansas, during the past seven years, has stood for reform. The question which the conscientious Kansan must ask himself is this: What has Kansas gained by it?

First she has gained Peffer, Simpson, Clove, and Otis,* who maintained, till they were shamed by the facts, that Kansas could never pay her debts in honest gold money similar to that money which she borrowed. Now the debts are paid. That is no longer an issue. But the bad name that Simpson and Peffer gave the state still stains.

Kansas has that.

Secondly, there were the scandals that came with the Lewelling administration, when Pete Cline† bribed the executive department that he might run gambling dens in Wyandotte County. There were the state board of charities scandals wherein Mrs. Lease,‡ queen of reformers, called Lewelling‡ a thief; there were the cruelties at the insane asylums with the murders that followed. Then reform brought the police board scandals in Leavenworth and Wichita. This scandalous taint remained.

* Populist congressmen.

† A local boss.

‡ Two Populist leaders.

Kansas has that.

Again, and thirdly, came the legislative bribery when Populists before a Populist board called together by a Populist legislature, swore that Populists, and Populists only, were bought like cattle for less money than it takes to buy a good steer. That is a heritage of reform.

Kansas has that.

Fourthly, there are blackmailing operations under the Populist insurance commissioner. He sent his agents East to "examine" rich insurance companies. Any sort of an examination would consume at least three months. These blackmailers took but three hours, and sandbagged each company for a hundred dollars. These men were public officers. They put the people of Kansas in the attitude of blackmailers. This position is wrong—damnably wrong. The people of Kansas are not blackmailers. But reform has given them that reputation. It is infamous.

Kansas has that.

For the first time in a generation the Kansas state treasury is empty. The state is bankrupt. The Populist state treasurer lays the blame where it belongs: on the Populist legislature which authorized Populist officers to take junketing trips with public money, and they neglected to make appropriations to pay the running expenses of the state. The people of the state have to see the state treasury looted to the bottom and they know that the reform party is responsible for the looting. The state has a condition of bankruptcy as the bequest of reform. It is here now.

Kansas has that.

Bad name, scandals, bribery, blackmail, bankruptcy,

and—by the records on the backs of tax receipts—constantly increasing taxes: these are the returns of reform. These are the jewels Kansas has garnered for her crown in the swamp of reform. Kansas followed the light because she loves light. Her soul is high. But the light was only a will-o'-the-wisp. Kansas got her feet muddy and her hands stained and a cold in the head, chasing the delusion over the quagmire.

Kansas has these yet.

But how long will she hold them dear? How long will she follow the allurement? What is there in it worth the while? How is Kansas better off than she was before she left the main-traveled road?

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding:

"For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver.

"Length of days is in her right hand and in her left riches and honor."

THE BOSS SYSTEM

NOVEMBER 8, 1897.

New York City voted for a boss. New York City had to have a boss. New York City is a community in which the majority of the people have no nearer conception of the American idea of government by the people than they have of the Golden Rule. They need some person to represent the governmental idea, just as the heathen needs a carved wood or a graven stone to represent his idea of God. The majority in New York needs a boss just as the majority in Europe needs a

king and the grandeur of a court to represent the idea of a nation.

It was impossible for New York to vote any other way than the way she voted.* There isn't intelligence enough among the common people. The per cent of literacy is too low. She is beneath the American level of intelligence and hence beneath the American level of honesty, charity, and civilization. New York holds in her borders the greatest minds in the world, the biggest hearts in the world. But they are not influential in New York. They have their leverage upon the American people outside the city. The masses of New York are barbarians. Only the externals of civilization have touched them. They wear good clothes. They ride on electric cars, use telephones, and go to theaters. Yet these things only heighten the shade of their barbarism when it is revealed by some characteristic action like the recent obeisance to Boss Croker. No feudal serf ever put his neck under the duke's foot with more disgusting servility than New York exhibited in taking the oath to Croker.

New York City is a barbarian port. The Americanism of her Americans does not rule her masses nor control her public deliberations. Her council is corrupt. Her example is a blight. She is the strange woman of America.

"Whoso is simple let him turn hither, and as for him that wanteth understanding she saith to him:

"'Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.'

"But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell."

* The Walrus walks on his tail!—W. A. W.

ASSASSINATION OF MCKINLEY

SEPTEMBER 7, 1901.

What a horrible thing it is to know that any fellow creature would deliberately take a human life—for any cause. How much more unspeakably horrible it is to think that there is a poor, degraded, ignorant, deluded creature who would, with unprovoked malice, try to kill so kind and gentle and so entirely inoffensive a man as William McKinley, President of these United States. One shrinks from imagining the mental processes or the moral perversity of such a murderer. There is contamination in the very fancy of such a crime or of such a criminal.

The man who is the victim of this terrible crime did not induce the crime by his character. McKinley was not pugnacious. He was indeed and in truth a gentleman. No finer soul ever lived in the White House. He was as tender in his sensibilities as Lincoln. Garfield also was amiable in his ordinary relations with men. It seems to be this sort of man that perishes by the assassin.

And yet in our American indignation at this fearful crime it might be well to pause and see if some little blame does not lie somewhere in the system and order of things in this republic. For half a century the greed of the great captains of industry has been almost untrammeled.* Millions of Polaks and Hunkies and Italians, the very scum of European civilization, have been shipped into America to fill mines and furnaces and replace honest, well-paid, intelligent, conscientious American labor. This greed of money makers has

* The first tear dims the eye of the Walrus.—W. A. W.

filled America with human vermin; liberty with them means license. They can no more understand American liberty nor appreciate it nor enjoy it than wild beasts can. Liberty is not in laws; it is in men, in their traditions, in their breeding, in their blood. The Polak who shot McKinley is as incapable of understanding American liberty as a tiger is of understanding the Beatitudes. He and his kind are in America to-day, not for the liberty they enjoy, but because American greed brought them or their fathers over to take the place of American liberty-loving and understanding workmen in mines and mills and shops.

We are reaping the whirlwind! The greedy disregard of the law of kindness, which is the great unwritten law of America, the greed which turned American miners and mill hands and machinists out-of-doors to starve or come West, the greed that violated the Golden Rule because it was not on the statutes, is finding to-day, in the rise of anarchy, the natural and inevitable harvest of its sowing.

Greed, selfishness, wickedness—whether corporate or incorporate, whether national or individual—find their natural punishment though the victim stricken is innocent—as in the case of William McKinley. The mine, mill, and shop owners of the industrial East, who forced Americans away from work by employing Polanders and Slavs, are grieving with the nation to-day; yet these men's crimes against humanity, against America, even if not against the written law, are in some measure to blame for the crime of Leon Czolgosz. It will pay us as a nation, and as men and women, to be kind, to remember always that there is a God in Israel, a just God, but an inexorable one.

BOSS RULE

DECEMBER 30, 1901.

An innocent paragraph in the *GAZETTE* has set the esteemed Topeka *Capital* and Kansas City *Journal* to talking about the righteousness of the government by the people—as though it were by divine right established as a perfect thing. Now, as a matter of fact, government by a majority of the men over twenty-one is not necessarily the best government. It is merely a convenient way of establishing government by force, because the men over twenty-one do the fighting. But government by the red-headed or the one-eyed men or the short-haired women has just as much divine sanction, and would probably prove as wise as what is known as popular government.

For the schemes above mentioned of determining which side of a question shall be called the law would soon resolve themselves into what popular government is and has always been—boss rule. There is no other kind of government but government by the strong. There never was; there never will be. In every church the strong men run things; so they do in every school, every corporation, every legislature, every congress. There is boss rule in every township in America, and it is as certain—even if it is veiled—as the boss rule of Nicholas or the Sultan. Occasionally in America one boss in a township or ward, a city, or a state grows weak, and he is horned out of the herd by the younger buffaloes. But it isn't popular government. Boss merely succeeds boss.

It is impossible for five human beings to get together without a dominating spirit. Laws in Congress

or in a state legislature or in a city council or in a township meeting are not what the majority of the electorate desire—but what the bosses will give. Nine laws out of ten that are passed in any enacting body would not be ratified by the people—if the people could vote section by section. The laws are good only as the bosses are honest and intelligent and brave. But the people often repeal good laws—as in the case of the McKinley law of '90. Laws do not come up from the people but down from the bosses—those who control. A score of men in Congress will decide upon every law that is seriously voted upon at this session.

If the people don't like it they can lump it. It is feudal except that the titles are new and are subject to forfeiture when the strength of the boss gives out. Communities differ in defining strength. In some communities it is moral sense; in others kindness; in others oratory; in others affability. But once a boss rises, whether by election or by common consent as in the case of bosses who hold no office but control things by sheer human strength—once a boss rises to power, he has feudal rights. He is answerable to nothing. He may and does—as in the case of Croker and Cox of Cincinnati, and Kerens of Missouri, and Mayor Harrison of Chicago*—defy the people. They stand it for a time like sheep, then a new boss comes along and they follow him. But generally speaking, a boss is amenable only to his sub-bosses who are amenable to still smaller bosses, till it comes down to the election precinct. There the people come in with their veto power. But the initiative comes from above. This is the boss system as it is in vogue in every church,

* Contemporary local bosses.

school, corporation, municipality, or legislature in America.

It is a good system. It is the best system of government there is. It is as old as the hills. It changes its name frequently, but it has worked with the same machinery for a long time. And to get the hang of the machinery it is necessary to know that force in its thousand forms—brute force, mental force, spiritual force—rules. That is the main spring of the boss system. And the people who are bossed like it. The mob system never operates more than a few hours. Anarchy is sporadic. Nihilism is an impossible scheme. Force rules, the boss system prevails, and the government at Washington still lives!

THE BOSS SYSTEM

JANUARY 2, 1902.

The boss system is a good system or it would not exist. To say that the whisky system exists and is therefore good is bad logic. There is no whisky system generally accepted by the people as the boss system is. The boss system is the party system. The people do not govern themselves in the simple way they did a hundred years ago, when the people were homogeneous, and the corporation was not. In every township and county and state and in Washington there is government by parties, by bosses if you please.

The township committee is the unit. The county committee is the first gathering of units. It begins to boss. In county politics and county affairs it has only the surrendered power that comes from a dozen town-

ships. The county committee is not very powerful; but when a hundred or more county committees link themselves with the state committee, there power generates. The state committee generally controls its party caucus in the legislature. If a man desires a law he can buy it—if it is not too bad—whether the people have ever thought about the law one way or another. He can even buy immunity from the foolishness of the people by contributing money to the state central committee, which controls the party caucus in the state legislature. For in Kansas and in every other state in the Union, railroads have bought immunity from popular folly dozens of times, and from both parties. They have bought it without bribing a legislator or violating a statute. They have done so without “an understanding” with the chairman of either committee—depending commonly upon simple gratitude for past favors to get the future ones. Sometimes the boss is not the state chairman, but the man whose political work got the state chairman his job.

But wherever the power of direction lies—in or out of the committee—the result is the same. Legislatures which make laws are generally dominated by the men who control the machinery which elects the individual legislator. Money which is required to run party campaigns is dominant in party affairs up to a point. That point is the place where the people will rebel. But inside of that point is a wide area in which mercenary politics, which is not necessarily wicked nor unwise nor unpatriotic politics, is played.

Laws which a foolish majority of the people want are refused admission to the statute books—literally bought off; privileges which will aid corporations a

good deal and cramp the people a little are bought with as much impunity to-day as that with which the church of Rome sold them in the Middle Ages. (That, by the way, was the boss system of its day.)

The boss system to-day has moved up a step. The national committees of both political parties dominate the national legislative caucuses. Legislation in congress is not necessarily what the people want except as they want legislation to come out of party action. It is a compromise between what the people don't want and what the contributing corporations demand. The national committee of the Republican party, of which Hanna is the boss, stands to-day as a fortress against any foolish popular movement that may arise to cripple the corporations until 1904. Then Hanna goes out and a new boss comes in. But it is not popular government. It is the party system, which stands between the people and their raw undigested impulses. It is a good system or it would not exist. It is the best possible system for the present times and present conditions, because it is the absolute, inevitable product of the times. Some time the people may grow wiser and more capable of self-government than they are. Of course they will. But until they do, the party (or boss) system will stand as the bulwark between the Constitution which grants the popular government and a people who seem to be incapable of enjoying the constitutional privileges. If they were capable of enjoying them the people would be strong enough to control these privileges instead of surrendering them to party organization and the boss.

Education of the head and heart will bring the people up to a place where they can walk without leaning

on the staff of a boss. But the boss is as much a part of the government in the United States to-day as the judiciary or executive or any constitutional institution. The bosses are chosen with care and with much wisdom by the people. The boss is a representative. The kind of boss indicates the kind of people a community has. The *GAZETTE* does not believe in being mealy-mouthed about the word boss. The boss is here. He bosses. Government comes down from the top—not up from the bottom, from the strong elements of civilization, not from the masses, who are often fickle, weak, or ignorant.

The Topeka *Capital* pretends it doesn't believe in the boss system, but instead in the leader system. The difference is this: the boss you like is a leader; the leader you dislike is a boss. That's all there is to it. To the *GAZETTE* Cy Leland is a leader and Burton* a boss. But why quarrel over a little thing like that?

BOSSES AND BOSS BUSTING

JUNE 13, 1902.

At the Wichita Republican convention J. B. Tomlinson refused to vote for Burton's candidate for chairman. Burton wired President Roosevelt to hold up Tomlinson's appointment for a place as United States Marshal for which Burton had endorsed Tomlinson. D. R. Anthony refused to vote for Curtis' candidate for chairman, and Congressman Curtis cut off Anthony's head as postmaster at Leavenworth. Congressman Miller notified Ed Ellett of the Butler County delegation that if Butler County did not desert Bailey,

* Two Kansas politicians.

Ed's brother, Bill, couldn't have the El Dorado post office.

For all of these things the fellows whose factional toes are aching are bellowing lugubriously.

And which same is the baby act. Politics is war. A man can't play both sides. He has got to line up. If a faction helps a man he should help the faction. If he doesn't like it he should get out and join the other fellows and not weep if he is shot up a good bit while passing between lines. The Burton fellows have a perfect right under the rules of politics to enforce obedience, and to punish violations. They are merely following the ordinary customs and traditions of fair politics and should not be blamed.

Of course, the Boss Busters do not blame the Curtis-Burton faction. But when Leland did exactly what Burton, Congressman Curtis, and Miller are doing, the Boss Busters had spasms of gasping apoplectic fury about "Cy Leland's method." He was denounced as a "despot," as a "domineering tyrant," as a "close corporation," as a "stultifier of political manhood," and a lot of other rib-tickling pseudonyms. But he was only doing what these fellows are doing. So long as there are factions there must be leaders of factions whom members of other factions will call bosses, and bosses if you please—whether they be Burton, Curtis, or Leland—must be obeyed.

What the GAZETTE dislikes is milk-eyed horror of a good red spanking administered by either faction for disobedience. One should be frankly what he is, and not pretend to be so good when he is like other men. The Boss Busters always made the GAZETTE weary because they were the same kind of bosses that

"Old Cy" was—lacking only his opportunity to boss. They got it at Wichita and duplicated "Old Cy's" methods—as they should do very properly—but when he licks them and duplicates their methods again, why then again they will lift up their clammy-colored eyes and bewail the deplorable state into which politics has fallen.

Which will be hypocritical cant, but they won't have moral sense enough to know it.

HONOR WHERE HONOR IS DUE

JUNE 4, 1903.

The GAZETTE has been known in this county as a rather straight-laced Republican paper for ten years. It has not been given to praising Populists overmuch. But at the present time the interests of fairness compel the GAZETTE to make an acknowledgment due to the Populist county commissioners who have controlled the majority membership of this board the dozen years last past. They have been honest men. This is clearly shown by the fact that this recent great flood which swept over the county did not find one rotten bridge. The taxpayers have the county commissioners of this incumbency and of past incumbencies to thank for this good service. If the Populists had been crooked, if they had been on the make, these bridges would have been of inferior material and of poor construction, and when the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon them these bridges would have been swept away. Though the men who controlled the board have been members of the party which the GAZETTE has opposed, this paper is bound to take off its hat to them. It would of course be un-

fair, as the Populists themselves will admit, to ignore the service of the Republican who has always held the minority place on the board. During the six years last past, after succeeding the admirable administration of W. F. Ewing, Major William Mapes has been a member of the board and has done everything a minority member could do to direct its course in the way of efficiency and the right as he saw it. A full—heaping full—third measure of the credit for the durable construction of the Lyon County bridges is due to Major Mapes. He and all the commissioners have given the county a high grade of service. They have held honorable office, receiving as the greatest part of their pay the gratitude of the taxpayers of Lyon County.

THE BURTON CASE

MARCH 29, 1904.

The conviction of United States Senator Joseph R. Burton of a felony in connection with his official conduct will surprise no one in Kansas. Few of his senatorial associates will be even mildly astonished. For Burton's character has been well known in Kansas for twenty years, and in the Senate, while he has not been known so long, he has been shunned by the decent element for two years, and his name has been written among the impossibles. For a dozen years before he came to Washington as a senator from Kansas, he was a professional candidate for senatorial honors. He had served a term or two in the lower house of the state legislature where he openly solicited bribes, and was charged dozens of times in the newspapers of the state with being a boodler, without the slightest resentment from Burton. Time and again perfectly reputable and

financially responsible newspapers have charged Burton with violating every obligation of life—social, moral, political, and financial—and he made no attempt to bring these newspapers to the bar of justice. His most ardent friends promised nothing more for him when he was elected to the Senate than that he would reform.

His election was due to the influence of railroads in state politics. Every local attorney for the Rock Island, the Missouri Pacific, the Santa Fe, and the Union Pacific who had any influence was at Topeka working for Burton. Peremptory orders came out of Chicago and St. Louis in the campaign which ended with Burton's election, demanding that local Kansas railroad lawyers support Burton or lose their places.*

A railroad has rights in politics for defense, but the railroad campaign for Burton was not defensive but offensive. It was a war of conquest. Before Burton had been senator six months he had alienated President Roosevelt by recommending improper men for federal office. His candidates were ignored, and some of the men whom McKinley had named for Burton were incontinently thrown out of office. To win a place for a follower Burton forged a telegram of Congressman Long endorsing the Burton candidate to President Roosevelt, and when confronted with his deed by the President, Burton tried to laugh it off. He allied himself with the beet-sugar interests against the resolutions of the Kansas Republican convention and in violation of his promise to President Roosevelt to stand by the administration in the campaign for Cuban reciprocity. He worked a shell game on the President, by which Burton got Roosevelt's signature to an en-

* A shudder convulses the frame of the Walrus.—W. A. W.

dorsement of a Midway show at St. Louis, and tried to get the President to write a letter endorsing a patent toy, for whose manufacturers Burton was an "attorney."

For two years he has been socially an outcast at the White House, and among the leaders of Congress Burton has been known as a scarlet woman.

He has sustained his Kansas reputation with remarkable consistency, and has ended his political career by furnishing a horrible example to young men who would go into politics as a means of profit. He has been of no assistance to the railroads that elected him, because he could not be trusted with any important work, and his connection with even a worthy minor measure subjected it to suspicion. He was always being searched for "the goods."

He has no philosophy of life, no horizon beyond office-brokerage. When he retires from the Senate he will give up the ambition of a lifetime, and a great opportunity utterly frittered away. He will go out of office poor in worldly goods and still poorer in friends, and robbed of his good name, the only capital a man may have who begins life anew on the shady side of the hill. He has flourished and flaunted himself in the eyes of his people; young men have seen his wicked prosperity and have been misled to believe that mere smartness pays. Yet by the miserable tragedy of his fall he has written for the whole nation an object lesson in the unprofitableness of decency and of the simple life with its simple homely rules of honesty and its plain wholesome joys. Providence economizes in her warnings. She ruins few men utterly, but when she does wreck a man entirely she makes the object big

and the collapse terrible. This haggard, nerveless man who sat with his face in his hands, listening to the lawyers harangue the jury, the human pendulum that swung up and down the long corridors of the criminal court in St. Louis, speaking to no one, with blazing, terror-stricken eyes, waiting the clock around for the jury to come in, that man should be pointed out to the young men of America as the most tragic figure of his day—the man who went wrong.

There is something big and histrionic in the calm way in which Providence smiled as she took this man up to a high place, only to cast him down and shatter him by the inevitable fall.

BOSSES AGAIN

NOVEMBER 11, 1904.

As the GAZETTE said two years ago this winter, in any organization bosses are absolutely necessary. For saying this the editor of this great home journal was abused and called all kinds of mean names, but it is noticeable that the bosses at Topeka have organized the legislature electing Stubbs* for speaker without consulting the members, any more than the members were consulted in the election of Pringle.† There was talk of A. G. Mead, who is friendly to the anti-Hoch wing of the boss busters, but the friendship of Hoch pulled Stubbs through, just as the friendship of Bailey pulled Pringle through.

The members of the legislature seem to have no rights at all in the election of speaker. They didn't have two years ago, and they won't have this year. Why

* W. R. Stubbs, later governor of Kansas.

† Speaker of Kansas House of Representative

should the soldiers in a war have anything to say about electing their superior officers? A legislature is a body organized to accomplish results. Bosses heretofore have been needed. The average member is asked to stand around and keep out of the way. That's what he does, whether he wants to or not. The Stubbs deal is just as bad as the Pringle deal, and there was nothing the matter with either. But it affords the GAZETTE some satisfaction to find that the thing the boss busters screamed loudest about, they are doing themselves—organizing the legislature without consulting the members. It is perfectly proper, when it is for a proper end, and the complaint against it was cant and hypocrisy.

Now mark this prediction: The appropriation bill of the coming legislature will be just as large as the appropriation bill of the last legislature, if not larger.

There is room for reform in Kansas, but that reform will come from men like Governor-elect Hoch and Stubbs, using the methods ordinary in politics. Methods are clean enough in and of themselves. It is dirty men who make dirty politics. It is not electing a speaker without consulting the members that makes the legislature dirty. It is the work of the legislature after the speaker is elected. It is not the appropriation bills which make the trouble—it is grafting and boodling that make trouble. The present legislature will be clean probably. It will not graft and boodle. But it will not be clean because it elected its speaker in the old-fashioned way. It is the character of the man elected and not the method of his election that really counts. The character of the individual, not the method

of organization, is what tells. The silliest slogan ever sounded in Kansas was "methods, not men." It is everlasting men who make methods dishonest or honest. A bad man can debase a good method, and a good man can elevate a bad method.

HARMONY POSSIBLE

NOVEMBER 14, 1904.

The GAZETTE's idea of harmony is now possible. One crowd is so everlastingliy licked that it can't whisper—it can only wiggle its fingers. That was the way the machine should have licked the boss busters, but the machine couldn't do it. The boss busters did it, and now there will be harmony. The GAZETTE is for Stubbs for speaker, and for Dolley for speaker pro tem of the senate, for Hoch undivided and unrestricted and unrestrained for governor. There is no other way out of it. That is the kind of harmony that really counts. Do you remember what the GAZETTE said about politics and war, two long weary tumultuous years ago? *

Well, it was true and is true now, and we have harmony because the war between the factions was fought to an everlasting finish. That is the only way to settle things. Polly-foxing around and compromising won't bring about anything but a renewal of the fight at the first opportunity for it to break out. But the rebellion is settled now, and the Republican party seems to be entering an era of prosperous good times in Kansas.

* See editorials "Boss Rule" and "The Boss System" in preceding pages.

A NEEDED REFORM

NOVEMBER 30, 1904.

The most needed reform in Kansas just now is a new primary law which will insure honest nominations to the people of all parties. As the case stands now, in close counties and districts, Republicans vote at Democratic caucuses, generally for men whom Republicans believe they can defeat, and Democrats similarly vote for the weakest men before Republican primaries. The result is that the people get the weakest candidates of both parties.

And the result which follows is that when the offices are filled, there is misgovernment, too often scrubs in office, high taxes with no adequate returns to the taxpayers, and in the end government is disregarded, laws are violated, and the people are dissatisfied.

Honest men make honest government. The people themselves are righteous, but when the decent people of the community are divided, the disreputable have their way. The whole thing comes back to the party primary in a government of party control. Unless the party machinery is purged, party government is bound to be unclean. There is but one way to purge the party machinery with human nature as it is, and that is to enact such a primary law as will give the people a chance to record their honest views outside of the manipulations of politicians.

Give honest men an office as a result of an honest state-wide primary law, and government in this state will improve.* The people will get more for their taxes, laws will be respected, and government may ex-

* The Walrus sheds a tusk!—W. A. W.

tend itself to many affairs without danger of oppressing the people through dishonest officials and grafters.

The Kansas legislature should give Kansas an honest primary law, a just railroad law, an equitable tax law, and an early adjournment.

A NEEDED LAW

DECEMBER 1, 1904.

The needs of Kansas in the way of a railroad law are simple. The shippers demand a law that will compel the roads to furnish cars under certain conditions or submit to a fine. Then the railroad commissioners need a little more power. The legislature should be able to delegate this power to the commission, and still keep within constitutional limits.

When that is done, the railroad question in Kansas may be done for a time at least. The laws should not be passed hastily, and legislators should not try to cover too many subjects. The attempt to make a rate law or to fix rates will be futile. The commission can fix the rates, and the commissioners should be given power to make the rates and to compel the roads to adhere to them or show why the rates are unjust. The law should make the rates fixed by the commissioners operative while the railroads are lawing.*

The commissioners are now elected by the people. The people of Kansas are not "after" the railroads. The people will be fair and the commissioner who is unfair will lose his job. There should be no giving in in this matter; there is a just demand, and it should be honestly satisfied. But on the other hand there

* Bang! goes another tusk of the Walrus.—W. A. W.

should be no attempt to hold up the railroads. It should be a fair fight, and in the open, and in the end the people and the railroads will both be winners.

BOSS BUSTING AND THINGS

DECEMBER 16, 1904.

Whatever else you can say of the old machine, it had this cardinal virtue: it stood by its friends, and did not throw any sop at its enemies. It stood pat, and when it won it took the rewards of victory. When it lost it took its medicine, and bided its time, as it is doing now. And just so sure as the sun shines and the birds twitter, just so sure will the Leland machine be returned to power in the state in two years if the policy of petting the machine and ignoring the "boss busters" is continued by Hoch. The plan of heaping coals of fire upon the head of your enemy by doing good things for him may be all right in Sunday school, but it doesn't go in Kansas politics.—*Lawrence Gazette*.

All of which is very funny considering the fact that former Governor Bailey was defeated for standing by his friends. The boss busters, one of whom the *Lawrence Gazette* was the whitest, said that the party was run on too narrow gauged a track. The boss busters were right. The party was too close a corporation—too much of a family affair with the old man all the family.

The people of Kansas now will not stand for a machine. If Governor Hoch and Speaker Stubbs make the same mistakes that Bailey and Albaugh* made, Hoch and Stubbs will go the Bailey and Albaugh route. There is no reason why Hoch and Stubbs can do the things that Bailey and Albaugh did and escape the fate

* Local state boss.

of those who fell. The Kansas people will not play favorites. If it was wrong two years ago it is wrong now. The Republican party is not an agency through which a man may reward his friends and punish his enemies. It is an agency through which the people of Kansas have been promised good government, and when a man in office is giving the people value received for the taxes the people spend on his job, he should not be molested merely because he happens to be a friend of this or that other Republican leader. If on the other hand a man is not giving the people honest service in a state office he should get—and get quick.

THE MEDICINE MEN

JANUARY 3, 1905.

Another gentleman takes a bottle. They now say that Ben Odell "laid down" in his fight for Black for senator in New York because E. H. Harriman, who is Odell's friend and backer, insisted on Depew. Harriman is at the head of the railroad syndicate. In every state in the Union the railroads are trying to control the United States senators, and they come mighty nearly doing it. The people howl for Roosevelt, and whoop it up for reform, until the railroads begin issuing passes and contributing to the campaign fund, and then the same dear patriotic people get on special trains, eat free railroad grub, corrode their insides with free railroad liquor, and hurrah for the "old man" who sees that the railroads run the government. United States senators make federal courts, and federal courts make laws ultimately which control the railroads, and all the hat throwing for Roosevelt, when the railroads control the Senate, is boys' play and fool play at that.

The people of this country wonder why the railroads aren't made to stop having wrecks, why railroads aren't made to deliver goods promptly, aren't made to obey the laws as other people are made to obey the laws. This is the reason: the railroads sop the people with passes and special trains and banquets; and for these the people trade the right to govern themselves. The people get about as much government as they are able to hold. A state that will throw away its right to send a free man to the Senate for a few trainloads of liquor and a little free grub is unworthy of governing itself anyway. Probably if a people or a party which accepts railroad domination really tried to govern itself and choose its own free men, it would make a worse mess at it than it does by turning the government over to the railroads who choose smart men. People get all the government in this country that they are able to take care of.

But what great medicine fakers the railroads are! Whenever the legislature of a great and sovereign state meets, the fakers give a grand free open-air concert, round up the rubes, and—another gentleman takes a bottle. So the people hurrah for Roosevelt and a square deal and free government—and take their medicine! If the tears of the angels make rain, look out for floods in this country next year, for the sight of the people walking up to the rack and giving to the railroads the right to choose their public servants is enough to make the angels weep.*

*And the Walrus has a chill! He is about to grow rabbit hair!—W. A. W.

SOAKING THE OCTOPUS

APRIL 11, 1905.

It is funny—how we all have found the octopus; an animal whose very existence we denied ten or a dozen years ago. The question that naturally comes up for discussion is this: has the octopus just hatched out, or were Mose Coppock and Bill McCreary and Ed Waterbury* and the old line Populists who put sand-burrs in his tail, and tied cans to it, smarter and further seeing and more frank and honest than we were?

The other day a pamphlet came to the GAZETTE which seemed about the right thing. It was going after railroad discrimination. It seemed sane and calm and well poised.† The man who wrote it seemed to have his head full of facts ground through the wheels of logic. When, lo and behold, the pamphlet was written and printed in 1890, and was written by Percy Daniels!‡ The sun do move. This is a funny world!

OVER THE END GATE

APRIL 5, 1906.

There seems to be no reasonable doubt that United States Senator Long of Kansas is fairly in the railroad rate band wagon, even though he did get his hands full of splinters climbing over the end gate as it pulled into the home feed lot. Still he will be there in time for the charivari, the barbecue, and the house warming, and it will be all right. The Topeka *Capital*, which is to be trusted in its attitude toward the rate

* Emporia Populist bellwether of a dozen years previous.

† Presto! the Walrus drops a flapper.—W. A. W.

‡ The Populist lieutenant governor of Kansas in 1893.

legislation, accepts Senator Long's present attitude, and says:

It is gratifying to Kansas to see its senator taking his stand and stepping in at a critical time to help the cause of railroad regulation. His support was accepted in a cordial way by the President, who honored him by selecting him to offer the proposed amendment to the bill.

However, it may be well for the senator to know that this fight has just begun. The people will not be satisfied with half a loaf, even though it is better than no bread. This contest between the people and aggrandized wealth seeking to infringe upon the rights of the people is to be a long, hard contest.* It is the big thing looming on the horizon of our public life. Laws and the fundaments of laws must be changed before there can be an equitable distribution—and that doesn't mean a "divvy" by any means—of the wealth which we are all producing in this country. Senator Long can well afford to cease being a politician—uncandid, crafty, and cunning—and be a man, frank, wholesome, and aboveboard.

TO ROB THE PEOPLE

MAY 15, 1906.

The railroads of this state are admitted by every one to be worth \$40,000 a mile. They do not pay a fair share of their taxes. They should pay on at least \$10,000 a mile, and if they did the farmers and business men would have to pay many thousands of dollars less than they now have to pay. The farmers and business men of Kansas have to dig up thousands of dol-

* The Walrus sheds his mustache with a fearful crash.

W. A. W.

lars in Kansas more than their share of the taxes every year to make up for what the railroads steal from the taxes. Stealing is stealing, even though it is expressed in six figures.

And how do these railroads steal? This way: Their political attorneys run party conventions; get weak men nominated for state officers who fix the assessments so that the people are robbed; and when taxpaying time comes around the railroads steal their taxes. That is why a railroad ridden state convention is a crime against the state.* That is the reason why a ticket nominated by the railroads should be rebuked. That is the reason why the people who are being robbed by the railroads, not only in the matter of unjust rates, but in tax-stealing, are complaining.

That is the reason why the only men on the recent railroad made ticket who will be elected, or who should be elected, are those who prove to the people that as candidates they are against tax robbery by the railroad, and that as public officials they will stand by the people and against tax robbers. Surely that is not too much to ask. Surely a newspaper asking party candidates to make it plain that they are no part of an apparent conspiracy to rob the people should not be read out of the Republican party. Surely the Republican party as a party has no part in the conspiracy that the railroad attorneys tried to put upon the Republican state convention. A convention is not a party. A party organization is not a party. A party is the rank and file of the people who desire a certain form of good, honest, efficient government.

* Watch closely, and you will observe the blubber of the Walrus evaporating rapidly.—W. A. W.

Tax robbers have no right to the use of the name of the Republican party. What in Heaven's name did the tax robbers ever do for the Republican party except to outrage its ideals?

WHO WAKED US UP?

JUNE 14, 1906.

All over Kansas one finds people complaining at politicians who travel on passes. Now politicians have been traveling on passes since traveling began—long before railroads were built. Why this sudden realization that it is crooked? Who waked us up to the moral obliquity of pass-riding? It is wrong of course to ride on a pass. The public officer who rides on a pass is either cheating the railroad or selling out the people. But why have we not seen before that politicians were stealing? Why this widening of the moral vision of the people?* A few men have known that it was wrong, and have said so publicly, and have been called cranks. Now that the people say so and think so, do they think better of the cranks who were pioneers in the anti-pass movement? May we not hope for the day when the widened moral vision of the people will see many other wrongs which only the cranks see now, and remedy them?

THE SUGAR SCANDAL

NOVEMBER 20, 1909.

The government seems to have evidence that the sugar trust has been stealing millions of dollars from the customhouse. That, in effect, is taking it from the

* The emaciated Walrus, you will notice, has sprouted a cottontail!—W. A. W.

people of the United States. The methods used to steal this money were such that every one in authority in the sugar trust must have known about it. The methods used in this trust may have differed from methods used in other great trusts, but the moral sense at the back of their organizations is probably the same. They are ready to go any length, just so they do not get caught, to cheat and swindle the people or their rivals or their laboring men—all to make dividends.

And yet, when the people begin to regulate these institutions, the people are called socialistic, populistic, and erratic.*

It is about time for the people to wake up to the fact that the trusts who are stealing from them are the men who are putting up the campaign funds of those congressmen and senators who go about the country saying that they did the best they could, and didn't stand up and fight for the people. Unless a man has stood up and fought, in party and out of party, for the people, he has not done the best he could. And until the people retire congressmen who vote for the sugar trust in Congress, take their stolen money as campaign contributions through the national party committee, and then stand by party regularity against the interests of the people—until these congressmen are elected to stay at home, the trust will rob the people. For that is what the people vote for.

* The hind legs of the Hare are more than rudimentary.
W. A. W.

JOHN BROWN

DECEMBER 2, 1909.

Fifty years ago John Brown died on the gallows. He was a crank. The raid that ended with his capture, conviction, and his death did not stop slavery; but his soul went marching on and the life that he gave for his conviction was the most precious single treasure ever offered to this union of states. It precipitated the struggle; it made compromise appear to all the world the hollow subterfuge it was. It was more than John Brown that died on the gallows that day fifty years ago. John Brown carried to the gallows with him the doctrine of vested rights in human beings, and it was executed with him.

To-day John Brown is a national hero—going on in immortal fame with his first fifty years of glory behind him. Millions of men who believe that the established order is wrong sing John Brown's body with great feeling, and refuse to get their feet damp by walking to the primary or to the election on a wet day. We are given to praising sacrifice in others and having a headache when the call comes home to us.

Just now in America great corporate combinations of capital in the trusts—the sneak-thieving sugar trust, the criminal oil trust, the sandbagging steel trust, the greedy wool trust, the nefarious tobacco trust, the diabolical lumber trust—are robbing the American people.* These trusts are putting up the price of living; they are paying campaign expenses of congressmen through the regular committees who give the trusts

* The March Hare—ladies and gentlemen—a perfect specimen. Walk right up and feel of his paws.—W. A. W.

exorbitant tariffs, who create public sentiment that says everything is all right—and the trusts go right on robbing the people. Moreover, they go right on corrupting this government, and robbing it blind—witness the hundred million dollar steal of the respectable sugar trust. Moreover, when one trust or combination of corporate capital gets into trouble, all the trusts come to its rescue. There is a community of interests against the American people that extends to every city franchise in every little town, no matter how small, in this whole country. Hit one of the offenders and all come to its help. The slaveholding oligarchy was never more solidly arrayed against the free people of the nation than is this bondholding aristocracy to-day. It places property above men. Property rights are placed before human rights. In the Cherry Mine the lives of the men were nothing; but the drafts were shut down and the property saved. The rights of the people in Kansas City to cheap car service are nothing; but the rights of the bondholders to a forty-year franchise make all the bankers line up against the people—property against men; the rights of the children to an education that the ballot may be cast in the next generation by an intelligent citizenship—that is nothing compared with the right of corporations to hire child labor under the sacred right of contract; the rights of the wives of killed and maimed railroad employees to support from the railroads is nothing compared with the right of the stockholders to dividends, so the assumed risk is upheld by the court and thousands of women and children are left without support every year. Property against humanity—dividends against flesh and blood—this is the situation all along the line

wherever corporations having no souls control our institutions.

And the sad and simple part of it is that we are all to blame. We can stop these things. The ballot is in our hands. The remedy is with us. But we will not take it. Party regularity steps in. Tradition steps in. Convenience steps in. Our own little business is threatened, and we let these conditions grow. The spirit of John Brown, who gave his life to stop wrong, is needed in the land to-day. We need men and women who are not afraid to take abuse of those in high places; we need sacrifice—real sacrifice for the good of humanity. We need business men who are not afraid to lose the sale of a spool of cotton or a pound of butter; we need people who will be willing to lose a little or even much—that mankind may gain more.

John Brown's soul is not marching on if the sugar thieves steal from us, if the franchise grabbers put their clamps on future generations, if we let the steel trust and the wool trust and the lumber trust fatten on our tariffs, and stand by the congressmen who do these things.

It is all right to thrill with patriotic joy at the mention of the old patriot's name, but the thrills are of no avail if we have not something of his courage to stand in peace and politics as he stood in the hour of his death.

SOCIALISM AND FREE SPEECH

SEPTEMBER 22, 1910.

Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist leader, in opening the Socialist campaign in Chicago recently, made it his business to attack with charges of either specific or im-

plied dishonesty Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, Theodore Roosevelt, John Mitchell, the labor leader, the Supreme Court of the United States, August Belmont, George B. Cortelyou, and Judge Peter Grosscup. There can be no doubt whatever that Mr. Debs sincerely believes that these men are worthy subjects of his indignation. Mr. Debs is a perfectly sincere man, who often sees red. Probably his denunciation of men will be regarded as incendiary. Doubtless many well-meaning people would like to see Mr. Debs clapped in jail and kept there. And certainly if these well-meaning people had their way, that very thing would be done. And it is everlastingly sure that if Mr. Debs were clapped in jail, if free speech were denied to men who see things differently from the average man—even men who see things red, and who see things dead wrong—the country would suffer.

For free speech in the end harms no one. In the case of Mr. Debs the good his speech does and the harm it does depend entirely upon the amount of truth there is in it. The error in it ultimately poisons the whole speech. This is true of the free press, as well as free speech. It is true of the propaganda of every movement or cause, political, commercial, or religious. Error poisons itself. Its triumph is short-lived. This brings up the whole matter of the Socialist propaganda. The government is trying just now to shut off the *Appeal to Reason*. This is a mistake. The people will take care of the *Appeal*. It carries its own poison. Putting Fred Warren in jail will do no good; it will only make him a martyr, and give to whatever error he propagates a longer life, and to whatever truth he

proclaims a wider circulation. The whole case of the government against Warren is a mistake. The people of this United States are wise and shrewd and in the end sternly just. If Warren's cause is right, jailing him will help it; if it is wrong, jailing him will serve to befuddle the issue as to the truth or falsity, justice or maliciousness of what he has written. Socialism will not be checked by force—any more than it will be helped by force. Socialism must be met and checked by truth. Force—jails, gallows, guns, and boycotts are losing their power if they ever had any. As man grows wiser and kinder, he is dropping force as a weapon of progress. The more the Socialists denounce people indiscriminately, the longer will the grain of truth in their cause be in fructifying, and the sooner will their fabric of error tumble upon them.

Free thought and free speech are the first requirement of progress. Debs and Warren have their place in the scheme of things. So have J. P. Morgan and Rockefeller; so have Mitchell and Gompers; so have Roosevelt and the Supreme Court. Debs and Warren are apostles of discontent. That is needed. Content brings gangrene in the social body. Morgan and Rockefeller, by showing what organized industry can do, are pointing the way to economic conditions that under government regulation, or control, or perhaps ownership, mean vast economic savings to masses. Mitchell and Gompers are preaching a fraternity to the workers that will organize them also—for the day when great charity as well as great wisdom will be needed to work out the social problem. Roosevelt and the courts are preaching, "each in his own tongue," a gospel to the average man in the mid-

dle of the social organization that is needed before the social organization can grow and expand as it must.

The poison of the militant Socialists, the arrogance of the domineering capitalists, the mistakes of Gompers and Mitchell, the errors of Roosevelt and the courts, all these things are flies on the wheel. They do not make the power of the engine. They retard the power but little. Slowly but steadily, generation after generation, through errors, through suffering, through meanness and greed, through cruelty and in pain and anguish, the world is moving forward. The surest fact in history is the growth of society. And the surest fact about that growth is the fact that more and more, through laws and customs and traditions, society is moving into a somewhat kinder order between men than the one that existed when men were savage. That faith—the faith that if every man does his best and his kindest, God will take care of the rest—is the solidest thing in the world to lean upon. Only when we forget that faith are we mean and sordid and wicked. Only then do we clog the wheel. In the meantime, as more men live decent, friendly lives, the sooner will the day come when we shall no longer need jails and guns and bombs and starvation and poverty and war and disease to make us good.*

THE CHUCKLING SOCIALIST

JUNE 26, 1913.

Kansas City, Kansas, voted to construct a municipal electric lighting plant. Yesterday, Judge Hook,

* The March Hare starts out, lippety, lippety, lippety!

W. A. W.

of the federal circuit court, approved a plan looking to the municipal ownership of the Kansas City street car system. Last week Attorney John Dawson declared that ice, being a public utility, should be controlled by the state. Last month a bill favorably considered by a committee of Congress provided for the construction of a government railroad in Alaska, and for the government ownership and lease operation of coal mines. All these things have happened in the past thirty days.

If you were a Socialist, wouldn't you hunt a cool, shady spot between two buildings where the air poured through and sit down in a kitchen chair and chuckle and chuckle and chuckle?

The really interesting part of the situation is that about half of the American Socialist platform for 1904 is now on the statute books of one third of the states, and much of it is in the platforms of at least two of the great parties.

The Socialists are getting too conservative for this country.* They will have to get a move on themselves or they will be without an issue in 1916. For the Bull Moosers have stolen the Socialist thunder, and the progressive Republicans declare they are just as progressive as the Bull Moosers, and the Democrats say they are more progressive than the Progressives. Unless the Republicans and Democrats are lying about how progressive they are, and unless the Bull Moosers are as short-lived as their enemies declare they are, the Socialists might as well go out of business, for all the great parties will be swiping the Socialist planks.

Which is funny. But it indicates that the people

* The March Hare shows speed.—W. A. W.

have begun thinking along economic lines, and the politicians are trying to capitalize the popular tendencies.

THE KILKENNY KITTIES

NOVEMBER 26, 1913.

The harmony meeting at Atchison Monday was not a frost. It was a house afire. The Atchison *Champion*, which is a harmony paper, declares that "many present thought it would have been better if Mr. Troutman * had not spoken at all," and Jim made the "key-note speech." Earl Akers* declared that he was proud of the prefix "progressive" before the name Republican, and that he intended to wear it. He also declared, "I want to be a Republican if I can." Mr. Walker (unidentified standpatter) made a speech welcoming the harmonizers to Atchison in which he declared against the primary, calling it "the absent treatment method of nominating."

Among other things Mr. Troutman's *faux pas*—them words in French—gloated over the fact that there were fifty-two defeated office seekers at the late Progressive highjinx at Topeka, but neglected to say that these fifty-two were regularly nominated on the Republican ticket and were regularly defeated by the regular Republicans, and by counting the number of standpat office holders who were regularly elected by the loyalty of the Progressives last fall to the Republican ticket, Senator Jim might have added information to his otherwise eloquent address.

But it's all right. The cruel war is over between the Progressives and the Republicans in one party. A few

* Local Republican leaders.

near Progressives with acute inflammation of the office may continue to irritate the placid waters of the Republican party, but the fellows who will really fight for anti-Republican principles which now form the Progressive platform are now out on the hills away, far off from the gates of gold, and there need be no nightmares in Dave Mulvane's and Charley Scott's* beloved sheep.

It was not a Kilkenny cat fight at Atchison. All the elements of difference that should make a fight were there. It was merely the Kilkenny kitties—dear, soft, sweet, fussy, festive, hungry Kilkenny kitties.

SOME DISTINCTION

JANUARY 15, 1915.

Jay House, the genial and urbane colyumetter of the Topeka *Capital*,† declares that the editorial printed in the *GAZETTE* announcing the candidacy of Governor Stubbs for the United States Senate three years ago was the most perfect piece of flapdoodle the aforesaid colyumetter ever read. That is certainly some distinction. We have read, and upon reflection are willing to admit that we have written, inadvertently, oceans of flapdoodle during the twenty years this June since we entered the newspaper business; doubtless Mr. House will join us in a similar confession, and to have one gem stick in so acute a mind as Mr. House's for three long years convinces us that the article had its points.

And now that the smoke of battle has cleared away and the political pot has begun to boil for 1916, we should like to have Mr. House reveal the True Story

* Local Republican leaders.

† Now of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

of the Life and Adventures of that Famous Letter, of October, 1914, which Stubbs wrote to Capper, endorsing Capper for governor and tromping the face off Senator Curtis and Associate Justice John Dawson. Also we should admire the private opinion of Mr. House as to whether Stubbs wrote it that way "apurpose" so it could not be printed, or whether it just happened that Capper forgot to print it. Let truth, crushed to earth, proceed to buck up and get into the game.

Mr. House—ladies and gents!

THE STANDPATTER AND FOLKS

APRIL 18, 1916.

"But," insists a correspondent, writing of the tremendous Roosevelt enthusiasm that is sweeping the East and Far West, and is beginning to make itself powerfully felt in the middle states, "what if the delegates elected now are against him? Will not the wishes of their constituents have more weight with these men than their personal pique or their private grudges?"

Ever meet one of these delegates? Ever talk politics to him? Ever get into the inwardness of his view of his relation to the universe?

The favorite indoor sport of the average standpatter is saving the people from themselves. Four years ago we should have said that any unmistakable evidence of public sentiment would have reflected itself in any national convention, and particularly in a Republican national convention. No one questions but that the sentiment of the rank and file of the voters of the Republican party was for Roosevelt four years ago. He

polled a million votes more than his opponent, who had a regular nomination. Yet he got in the Republican convention not one vote more than was actually elected and instructed for him.

The fine, tingling joy that the average man gets in serving his fellows, in braving hardship, in giving up his own comfort and happiness that others may enjoy a "more abundant life," the average standpatter gets from bucking the buzz saw of popular opinion. He revels in it; it is his "theme in glory"! He would rather go down to Chicago and vote stolidly and solidly against Roosevelt than to do any other one job on this sad old earth. And that is all right. The standpatter and his type of mind are needed in the scheme of creation; so are the rattlesnake and the jimson weed. And who are we that we should scorn our humble brethren?

There is, however, one hope for the Colonel: The language of public sentiment is Greek to the standpatter, and he will dominate the Chicago convention. He does understand orders. And he obeys.

Should orders come to support the Colonel—orders from the high powers that control American business, he will be nominated. And orders will come—provided big business gets it thoroughly into its head that on the whole it is cheaper to divide up with the people under a Roosevelt régime than to be blown up under the Kaiser! For the Colonel does not want the job. He will make no terms. He has recanted nothing. During this year 1916 he has repeated publicly all that was essential in the campaign of 1912, and has enrolled as a party Progressive.

The chief question now before the country is not how many newspapers or citizens on foot or prominent

cits declare for Roosevelt; it is how badly Wall Street is scared!

"SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT"

JULY 3, 1917.

If the black man loafes in the South, he starves. If he works in the South, he is poorly paid, more or less in kind—chips and whetstones—and his wife becomes a "pan toter." If he leaves his low estate in the South and goes to work in Northern industry, he is mobbed and killed.

He was brought to these shores from Africa a captive. He is held by his captors in economic bondage to-day—bidden to rise above the lowest serving class. He is herded by himself in a ghetto, and if, while he is there, he reverts to the jungle type, he is burned alive. If he tries to break out of his ghetto and, by assimilating the white man's civilization, rise, he is driven out by his white brothers.

If he goes to school he becomes discontented, and is unhappy and dissatisfied with his social status. If he does not go to school and remains ignorant, he is then only a "coon" whom every one exploits and who has to cheat and swindle in return or go down in poverty to beggary and shame. There aren't ships enough in the world to take him back to the land of his freedom; there isn't room enough for him here except on the crowded bottom round of the ladder, and there always the grinding heels of those climbing over him toward are mangling his black hands.

Race riots, lynchings, political ostracism; social boycott, economic serfdom. No wonder he sings:

"Hard trials,

"Great tribulations,

"Hard trials.

"I'm gwine for to live with the Lord!"

No wonder as he looks dismally back at the forest whence he came and dismally forward to the hopeless sea into which he is slowly being pushed, he lifts his plaintive voice in its heartbroken minor and wails:

"Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home!"

"Home" is about the only place he can go where they don't oppress him.

OUR RACE WAR

JULY 23, 1919.

All over the South race hatred is manifesting itself in race riots. Race riots are organized murder. The actual murdering is done by the blacks and whites. Members of one race are as guilty as the other in these carnivals of blood lust. The violence rises—dies down—but the hate that makes the violence remains. And the injustice which breeds the hate which makes the violence remains. So other riots spring up in other times at other places, and in America it is likely that the situation will grow worse before it grows better.

For at the bottom the causes of race hatred are economic, not social. And these economic causes come from conducting the explosive experiment of trying to make a race which regards itself as superior live beside a race which has been taught to regard itself as inferior, and that in a democracy, which is based upon the declaration that all men are created equal. The result of that experiment is a crash; for the situation

is social dynamite. There is no more answer to the negro problem in America than there is an answer to the fire in a powder mill. Either the black race will have to leave America, or the white race will have to leave the South. They simply cannot live side by side.

The trouble for the moment comes from war. The negro soldiers were treated as social equals by the people of Europe—by the English as well as by the French and the Belgians and the Italians. It is said that the treatment of negroes as social equals was confined to women “of a certain class.” This is untrue. French and Belgian Ethiopian colonials have been received socially class for class for generations. This is because they were not slaves—never as a class were these colonials inferior.

When the American negro went to Europe he was treated as any other soldier. And because he was rather a primitive man—the cave man type of brute male—certain women—not “women of a certain class,” but women of a certain temperament in all classes—preferred him to white men of less savage instincts. The race differences did not diminish the attraction of these white women for the cave man type of man any more than the race line stops certain white men—not “men of a certain class,” but men of a certain kind, from seeking black women.

So the negro man came back—as the brown man came back to India and the yellow man to China—tremendously puffed up. He had aspirations. He talked about them.

Now the economic situation requires that the negro

must not aspire. He must not talk. For the industrial organization of the South requires a permanent hereditary working class; cotton requires inferior labor. Cotton is king to-day in the South as it was before the Civil War. The negro must keep his place by heredity, if the royalty of cotton is to be maintained. The white man cannot and will not do the work in the cotton fields. And it becomes necessary to make that work degrading. To make it degrading it is necessary to degrade the worker. Hence race hatred; hence the social bar sinister against the negro. Hence the bitter resentment at negro education. Hence the demand that the "nigger should know his place."

We must not blame the South. It is not because they are Southerners that they feel as they do and act as they do. Northern men going down there quickly assume the Southern attitude, and forget their theories. But we must recognize that the present attitude toward the negro is the result of deep-rooted economic forces; just as the other slavery of the negro was based upon economic need. Now this economic need would have no serious check in an autocracy or in an aristocratic government. But in a democracy it is a dynamic power. It is nitroglycerin. It will keep blowing up. The school teaches the negro that he is a human being endowed with certain common hopes and fears and universal attributes. The church teaches him that he is an immortal soul. These democratic forces meet the hard impact of economic need: the need for cheap labor which must be degraded labor if it is kept cheap. In the awful grind of these forces is the explosive called the negro problem.

The solution? Who ever solved a cyclone?

THE BROKEN PRESIDENT

OCTOBER 18, 1919.

The President will not be at his work for a long time. Probably he never may take his place again as a leader in American politics. Foolishly his friends have surrounded his condition with mystery. And naturally gossip, not having the facts, makes facts, so men say first that he is suffering from complete nervous collapse, secondly that he has suffered a mild apoplectic stroke, and third, that he has a broken blood vessel at the base of his brain.

The only thing known is that his ailment is nervous and that it affects his capacity for future leadership. It comes from overstrain; overstrain probably upon the arteries of the sixties, slowly though prematurely aging under such a load of responsibility as no other man ever had on earth before.

We have created in America a political institution called the Presidency which must mean a death sentence to the man who functions fully under it. Every year for a score of years the institution has been accumulating power, and with the power comes a tremendous responsibility which hardly can be delegated.

The power is legal and constitutional. The responsibility is largely extra-legal and superconstitutional, but none the less a vital function of the office of president. The power comes with the administration work required to keep the greatest single executive unit on earth going every day.

Cabinet members who are directly responsible for this administrative work, of course, look after the details; but the administrative policy, the selection of

the chiefs under the cabinet makers, must come before the President. The more or less intimate knowledge of what is doing in a thousand great activities all over the land, and all over the earth in recent days must be always in the President's mind, and this consciousness of his power, quite apart from the fearful weight of its responsibility, must create a psychological impact upon the mind and a strain upon the heart which will grind the youth out of any human body, however hard that body may be.

Then add to the merciless sense of power the still more awful sense of responsibility that comes from the fact of political leadership, and we have a Frankenstein of human duties made by a free people to curse the man they choose to lead them which makes their choice a curse.

And as if that were not enough, we are about to force upon the President leadership of all the nations of the earth. For if the League of Nations works, it will work only because America leads it. And America can lead it only through a President who takes world power and assumes world responsibility.

Icarus tried to fly to heaven. He got so near the sun his wings melted. We have built slowly an institution called the Presidency which is so big no man can live who fills it.

What a child is humanity, trying to take from God the powers of destiny!

However that may be, it is interesting to American readers to know how Congress has shriveled under the governing power of the Presidency.

It is not Wilson's power. Roosevelt took it; he had to take it or fail. Taft tried to shirk it, tried to be a President under old constitutional limitations, and the

people cast him out in contumely because he would not kill himself in their service.

The President constitutionally is supposed to pass upon laws submitted by Congress. As a matter of fact, when a President comes into office his party comes with him and he has to assume leadership of Congress. That means that he has to draft laws, to submit policies virtually, to say what Congress should do and what it should not do, to be the prime mover in national legislation.

More than that the President must prepare public opinion for his policies, must exhort, advertise, and be the voice interpreter between his party council and the entire people. The second year of his administration he either sees a new party come in or he sees his own party indorsed.

If his own party is returned by the people the President has to continue his leadership. If the opposition party controls Congress, it generally fears to take responsibility under an opposition President. That is the situation in Congress to-day.

The Senate is substituting a personal quarrel with the President for legislative initiative, and he is tremendously busy with rather unimportant things. It is saying the undisputed thing in such a solemn way; so in any case Congress has become the tail to the Presidential kite.

Congress does what the President says. He and his cabinet do not sit in Congress and submit themselves to interrogations as the government of England sits in Parliament. But members of the cabinet go to Congressional committees and there direct more powerfully than in England the course of legislation.

And here again is an extra-constitutional function

that is coming into government. The check of Congress upon the Presidency is through the congressional investigation. A congressional investigation chills the heart of Washington like a Red Terror! It is the eternal veto of Congress through publicity upon the tremendous power of the executive. Now all this is not in our schoolbooks upon the Constitution. Yet all of it should be. For these changes are permanent in our government, and they are fundamental.

Somewhat the war has brought them, but they were coming long before the war. In Wilson's first term they came. In Roosevelt's last term they were quite definite. And when a lawyer like Taft tried to check them, popular opinion sustained the coming changes. Yet Congress has a veto power upon executive action. When President Wilson came back from Europe the Senate maintained the right to summon even the President himself and quiz him in a congressional investigation. With all his vast power he had to kiss the rod of congressional investigation, like an ordinary bureau chief.

And this power of Congress to veto him also pesters and bedevils the President and wears out his nervous energy with a gnawing pain—not particularly this President in his relation with his Congress, but all Presidents in all their relations with Congress.

So we have a man-killing job. Like the old Aztecs, we pick our victims for human sacrifice, make them drunk with power, give them four gorgeous years of glory, gratify every whim that crosses the minds of men who like power and glory—and then lead them to death ruthlessly amid the acclaim of the populace and the plaudits of history!

So we have the mystery of the White House, where the President sits remote from men, broken and helpless, waiting for a slight reprieve which may give him some small degree of returning strength so that he may hold the mocking scepter, if he may not wield it. What irony this is upon the dream of earthly glory!

Icarus at the landing stage, gasping under the weight of his engine, never to fly again—whose highest hope is to live to see some other dreamer rise to defy the sun.

WHO IS TO JUDGE

APRIL 6, 1920.

"If the Socialists wish to be heard in the legislature," declares the *Iola Register*, "let them clear their skirts of disloyalty." In Massachusetts there is a distinct majority of the people who believe in the tenets of the Catholic Church. In Kansas a distinct majority does not believe in the tenets of the Catholic Church. Suppose that the fanatics in Kansas decide that no member of the Catholic Church shall enter a legislature when he is legally elected because he is a Catholic, on account of some utterance supposed to have been made by the Pope about America, or some oath which the Catholics were accused of having taken. Suppose in Massachusetts a Catholic majority should refuse to seat elected Protestants because their views disagree with the views of the majority.

Who is to judge of the disloyalty of the Socialists?* Isn't their constituency the judge? If there is any fundamental principle in 100 per cent Americanism it

* The March Hare out for a pleasant morning taking fences.
W. A. W.

is the principle of representative government. To deny the right of representation is vastly more un-American than the disloyalty of the Socialist. It is to our shame that this thing in New York was done by a Republican legislature. But it is a source of pride to the believers in the Roosevelt type of Americanism that young Theodore stood in the legislature and spoke and voted against this outrage.

If the Socialists are wrong, time and reason will prove it. If the Socialists are right, force will not stop them.

AGAIN WE ASK

JUNE 15, 1921.

Whose administration is this—Harding's or Debs'? The packers' bill which has just passed the House of Representatives in Congress puts packers under something the same control that the railroads have enjoyed more or less for thirty years and the banks for fifty. The next thing on the Senate program back of the packers' bill is the bill to put coal on somewhat the same basis as the packers, and then comes the Shepherd-Towner bill to give a federal bonus to maternity by granting federal aid to local hospitals which take maternity cases. These bills certainly do put the government into business. Yet the keynote of President Harding's inaugural was his promise to take the government out of business. Whereupon he appoints a Secretary of Agriculture who is pushing the packers' bill, a Secretary of the Interior for the coal bill, and he himself recommended the maternity aid bill.

Coal.

Transportation.

Money.

Communications.

All under federal control—the first phases of public ownership—all in forty years. What will the next forty see?

With a civilization growing more complex every minute, with the need for mutual aid, mutual information, and mutual coöperation growing every day of the year, and with the government of the United States the only national agency that can bring aid and information and coöperation together, how foolish it is to talk of getting the government out of business. The government must go and really is going into business under Harding, just as fast as it can. The thing to do is to put business into the government. That is Harding's big job. He can do it if he will.

QUIT TICKLING OUR FEET!

JUNE 29, 1921.

The Wilson administration was moving, therefore, in the direction of Bolshevism. Fortunately, that movement was stopped on March 4 in pursuance of a command issued by the people at the election in November, 1920.—*Iola Register*.

Say, ain't it the truth? Socialism got an awful jolt when the Republicans came in. So in the past three months we have had a complete right about face, and we find in that time:

Both houses of Congress have passed the bill regulating the packers.

The two houses have passed a bill legalizing the lending of thirty-one million dollars to farmers.

The President has recommended and Congress has

passed a law granting federal aid to hospitals taking maternity cases.

The Senate committee on interstate commerce is asking Congress to pass a law taking coal mines under the federal control and regulation.

A bill is being prepared in the federal loan board authorizing the lending of government money upon elevator and warehouse receipts upon the farmers' crops.

And the federal board of railroad arbitration has set up some rules in handling the labor situation in the railroad industry which provide for joint management between the workers and the managers, establishing the eight-hour day, basing wages upon the needs of men rather than the services and abilities of men, and giving men more security in their jobs than capitalists have in their investments.

What a big jump we are taking away from Socialism. One more jump like the one we have taken in the last three months, will land us in the pearl pink heaven of the parlor Bolshevik.*

As the *Iola Register* so truly says, "the movement was stopped by the people in the election last November."

And what a joke it was!

Quit tickling our feet. It makes us giggle about serious matters.

* The March Hare zipping like a blue streak!—W. A. W.

AMERICA

INTRODUCTORY

These editorials were part of the day's work, written as the news which inspired them came off the wires. A day or a month or a year later other information may have been coming off the wires that made the views taken in these editorials seem foolish. An editor who can re-read his daily work with pride and satisfaction must be a sad spectacle; either too stupid to think and write frankly or too proud to admit he was wrong. About all the public has a right to ask of an editorial writer is an honest mind, a kindly heart ribbed with courage, and such intelligence as the day's work may bring to him. In the nature of things, comment on the news while it is news must be a guess. News is a chameleon. What seems red to-day may look green to-morrow and turn blue next week. And it's the editorial writer's job to keep his eyes on the changeling and do the best he can with it. At the end he can be proud if he was honest according to his lights, brave without being cruel, and as wise as a man may be who peeps at the world through a crack in the door. W. A. W.

McKINLEY'S MESSAGE

APRIL 12, 1898.

The message which William McKinley sent to Congress yesterday expressed sentiments that made every American proud of his country. The message was sensible, honorable, manly and, above all, American. The best thing about it is that, after seven weeks of

pounding, McKinley was brave enough to get up a message that totally displeased the jingoes. He didn't depart an inch from the line of dignified manhood that he has been following. The message was poorly written. It was filled with long and impossible sentences that made one wish for the facile pen of Harrison or the simple language of Lincoln. But the sentiment was correct and that is the main thing. McKinley isn't much of a writer, but he is old persimmons on ideas and he can beat the band when it comes to courage. The American people should thank Heaven that in this crisis they have a president who is too big a man to be a jingo or a demagogue. How easy it would be to set the people afire with violent language, and lead the nation into ruinous and perhaps unnecessary war. McKinley is a mighty big man to resist the temptation. He is the man for the place. Divine Providence was good to this nation when it let the calamity of Bryan's elevation to the presidency pass. What a hell America would be in to-day with Bryan where McKinley is!*

WHAT IS TO BE WILL BE

MARCH 20, 1899.

Riots against the police are occurring in Havana. They will keep occurring. No Latin country governs itself. Self-government is the most difficult thing in the world for a people to accomplish. It is not a matter that a nation acquires by adopting a set of laws. Only Anglo-Saxons can govern themselves. The Cubans will need a despotic government for many years to restrain anarchy until Cuba is filled with Yankees.

* Twenty-five years later—maybe not!—W. A. W.

Uncle Sam, the First, will have to govern Cuba as Alphonso, the Thirteenth, governed it if there is to be any peace in the island at all. The Cubans are not and, of right, ought not to be free. To say that they are or that they should be is folly. Riot will follow riot. Anarchy will rise to be crushed. And unrest will prevail until the Yankee takes possession of the land. Then the Cubans will be inferior—if not a servile race. Then there will be peace in the island. Then will Cuba be free. It is the Anglo-Saxon's manifest destiny to go forth as a world conqueror.* He will take possession of all the islands of the sea. He will exterminate the peoples he cannot subjugate. This is what fate holds for the chosen people. It is so written. Those who would protest will find their objections overruled. It is to be.

REMEMBER THE MAINE
FEBRUARY 16, 1899.

A year ago to-day the United States second-class battleship *Maine* blew up in Havana harbor. What a world of history has been crowded into the year last past. The map of the world has been changed; new heroes have been made—old ones forgotten. New responsibilities have arisen. A new destiny faces the nation. New ideals of civic duty have been planted in the people. It has been a wondrous season for the growth of power and grace—has this last year been, and all because some irresponsible miscreant turned the lever that ignited the fuse that blew up the *Maine*. What force God puts in little levers!

* The squawk of the hard-boiled chicken that has not pipped the shell.—W. A. W.

It avails nothing to speculate in the subjunctive mood; the world's grammar knows only the indicative; the weeper over spilt milk loses valuable time and delays the game of life. What has to be will be. It was probably intended in the beginning that the Anglo-Saxon should conquer the Latin. The conquest has been going on for four centuries. The completion of the manifest destiny of the race could not be postponed long. And yet thousands of people cannot help longing for the old order. They cannot but feel that something good has gone, and that this promiscuous throwing about of the boundaries of the world, this widening of duties, this deepening of responsibilities brings a hardship with it and a loss of the old-time individual freedom. For every American is not only his own master now—as he was a year ago—but he is master, so much as a man can ever be another's master, of twenty million people of lower races and inferior intelligence. And the master has lost the freedom that the slave has found. This trust that Providence has put on Americans is a solemn one and it cannot be celebrated better than in serious meditation and prayer.

The roll of drums will not lighten the burden. The thunder of cannon will only make the burden heavier. One thing, and only one, will help—that is the maintenance of higher ideals of personal honesty, personal moral courage, and personal self-sacrifice to state duties on the part of every individual in the nation. Because the *Maine* has brought these things to America, made them imperative upon citizens, the *Maine* should indeed and in truth be remembered. Its memory should be revered not because Dewey went to Manila Bay, because Cervera went down off Santiago,

nor because the spirit of Lexington and Bunker Hill carried the Americans up to San Juan blockhouse, but because by the lever that ignited the fuse that blew up the *Maine* God lifted twenty million people a little nearer the light, and put a heavy burden upon seventy-five million people in the United States. We are the servant to whom the Master has entrusted the ten talents. It is an awful responsibility. It bears with it a terrifying power for good or evil. The burden will either wreck the American Union or force it upward to the stars.

Therefore, in fear and trembling and with humble hearts, let us this day remember the *Maine*.

MOBS AND THINGS

NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

It is a noticeable fact that in those sections where mobs punish certain criminals, the crimes continue. Mobs breed contempt for law. They make crime easier. Also they brutalize communities and make criminals bolder. It is about time to stop mobs. If county authorities can't, then state authorities should step in. If they fail, federal laws should be passed and enforced. Cleveland quelled the Debs mob. Roosevelt may find it a duty to quell the lynchers. Mobs should stop. Law all over the land is imperiled by mobs in any section because news travels so swiftly. The mob of Colorado bred the mob of Leavenworth, and that was responsible for the others. There is no state rights in this mob business. If news of a mob could be limited to states, the harm would stop at the state lines. But mobs are national in their consequences and should be

checked if necessary by national restrictions. Where there is a will there is a way, and law is justly the way. Some of these days the mob states may run squarely up against a plucky president with a will and a way and a law for it. You never can tell.

BEFORE PRINCES

JULY 25, 1908.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which we proclaim that all men are created equal, we, the people of this geelorous republic, usually betray a somewhat servile spirit when we "meet up with" real princes of the blood—princes of the purple chamber—porphyrogenie!

It may be that this attitude of ours is involuntary; the hereditary truckling of men whose ancestors were held in thrall by kings and earls and belted knights. The spirit of servility cannot be bred out of a race of men in such a brief space as one or two hundred years. Dogs still turn around many times before they lie down, and they don't know why; the only reason for it is that their long-dead ancestors slept in the long grass, and turned thus to make themselves beds. Horses and cattle always sleep with their noses to the wind, and they don't know why; but away back in the dim reaches of time, the ancestors of these critters had much to fear from prowling enemies, and they kept their faces to the wind that they might scent danger.

And so with the people of this country, land of the pilgrim's pride, land where our fathers died. Those fathers came from realms governed by kings and princes, and the scepter had been a sacred thing to them

and their forbears. And so, when a real prince happens along our way, we forget all about our Jeffersonian simplicity and our palladiums and our bulwarks and such things, and we begin kow-towing like Chinese mandarins.

Vice President Fairbanks made a speech at Quebec, Canada, a couple of days ago, upon the occasion of the reception of the Prince of Wales, who is visiting that quaint old town of much varied history. The speech was a good sensible American talk when once the distinguished statesman got warmed up to his work, but his introductory remarks were enough to bring a blush of humiliation to the cheek of any real Simon-pure American. His unctuous, humble tributes to the prince irresistibly remind one of Uriah Heap. It was "Your Royal Highness" this, and "Your Royal Highness" that, and he spoke as though he were some humble burgher of Quebec who expected to be pilloried if he didn't deliver plenty of soft soap.

The position of the Vice President of the United States is so high that he should preserve his dignity if surrounded by all the princes and potentates in the world. A meek and lowly attitude is necessary to such only when he goes to his party's convention to get a nomination.

IN THE BIG TOWN

SEPTEMBER 28, 1909.

The Hudson-Fulton celebration is in progress at New York, and the town is full of visitors from all over the Eastern states, and a good many from the West. Most of these people probably are sick and tired of the festivities, and would like to be back home,

leading the simple life, but they will stay until the last dog is hung, as a matter of pride. The only pleasure they'll get out of the experience will be the boring of their friends with long stories of what they saw, and they'll be telling these stories as long as they live.

There is nothing hospitable about New York; her business is shearing the sheep, and she never lets sentiment interfere with business. The multitudes who went there to see the river that was discovered by Henry Hudson, and put to a good use by Fulton, are looked upon as victims. The hotel keepers at once raised their prices beyond the limit; the restaurant men all had new bills of fare printed, betraying an expert knowledge of the multiplication table in adjusting prices; every man who had anything to sell pushed up the price to the last notch. All the large cities of the East contributed crooks to the big local supply; nothing was left undone that would aid in separating the visitor from his roll.

The unfortunates who are rubbering through the streets of New York, trying to persuade themselves that they are having a good time at a reasonable cost, will surely have things to talk about when they get back home, and few of them will feel like attending the next Hudson-Fulton celebration a hundred years hence. They will have to save their money for fifty years before they have evened up for this blow-out.

How different are things in Kansas! Hospitality in this state is the real thing, and if a crowd comes to town to celebrate, we take the visitors into our homes to save 'em hotel expenses, and haul them around in automowilliams. Next year Hutchinson will celebrate the discovery of Cow Creek by Hon. Fred Altswager.

The plans are already being made, and the program will be quite as gorgeous as that of which New York boasts. The celebration of this historic and epoch-making event will draw crowds from every part of the United States, and it is safe to say that a man can go to Hutchinson and have the best kind of time, and pay all his expenses on a dollar a day. If a hotel man dared to raise his prices, or if a restaurant man tried to dish up a codfish ball and charge for a terrapin, there would be a riot at once.

New York does the best she knows how, but all she knows she learned in Wall Street.

A THIRD PARTY

JUNE 20, 1910.

Of all the fool things under the sun, talk of a third party in this country, or in any state in this country, is thefoolest thing.* The Republican party is coming into a new lease of power. It is about to be baptized with a new consecration. It will be a new party, but not a third party. The old barnacles that have loaded down the ship will be scraped off. The people are about to take the helm and human rights are to become in the future—as they were in the beginning of the party's history—the chief object of the party's consideration. We are going into the new emancipation—the emancipation of men—and the Republican party in every state and in every nation is to be the new emancipator. Those who talk of a new party are not the best friends of progress.

* And two years later the writer of the above and hereof was sailing out with the owl and the pussy cat in a beautiful pea-green third party.—W. A. W.

WILSON'S CULINARY PLANS

SEPTEMBER 20, 1913.

The appointment of a notorious machine manipulator as postmaster of St. Louis, and the appointment of Tom Fox, a well-known Southern Pacific lobbyist in Sacramento, as postmaster, are being used by the enemies of President Wilson to sadden the enthusiasm of those of his friends and supporters who thought he was at last the perfect man in politics. That President Wilson will appoint some bad men is unfortunately true. That he will appoint some bad men, knowing they are bad, is sadly true also. That he will be doing wrong in doing this is unquestioned. That he could get further by turning down these vicious candidates and snapping his fingers at the threats of their supporters is as sure as the stars. That he would know this if another man were doing it is the plainest of all truisms. But human nature is human nature. Men are queer. The best of us makes a fool of himself now and then. Wilson will get out of line and drawing with the truth, will fail to see himself in perspective, will cut such capers before high heaven as will make the angels weep—and still, on the whole, be a pretty square man who is trying, one day with another, to do the decent thing.

There is a fairly safe though not an original rule to follow in such cases. Wilson is wrong. He deserves the scorn of all men—who have not made about the same mistake.

In the meantime, it should not be forgotten that the President is dead wrong on the trust question, and badly off on the tariff, and as the head of a party

tinctured with state's rights he should be defeated if he runs for reëlection. But the fact that he does occasional things that seem utterly inexcusable and entirely mad, only proves that he is one of the great plain people.

THE PROUD ARMY

SEPTEMBER 27, 1913.

Is the army getting class conscious? The number of cases of severe punishment of enlisted men in the army being reported from time to time would indicate that something of the kind is growing in the American army. On August 29, Clarence L. George, a private in Company H of the Signal Corps, was sentenced to a year in the military prison and given a dishonorable discharge for no other offense reported than that he had written a letter to the President's private secretary, Mr. Tumulty, telling about ill treatment at the hands of his superior officers. No denial of the truth of his statement seems to have been made. The charge on which he was condemned was that of writing letters over the heads of his superiors. Another soldier, Waldo H. Coffman, was sentenced to the penitentiary by a military court-martial on August 17 at Fort Stevens, Oregon. No report of the proceedings has appeared in the daily press. Coffman was charged with speaking disrespectfully of the flag. This he denied, and the claim has been made in his behalf that his prosecution was political, he having become a Socialist since his enlistment. On September 21 the War Department in reply to congressmen who questioned it concerning the case declared that Waldo had been sent to the penitentiary for speaking in a manner which the

court-martial held to be foul and unpatriotic, and also for alluding offensively to the late Vice President Sherman. Three other soldiers, all said to be Socialists, have been convicted and sentenced on charges based on private expressions of opinion.*

It might be a fairly good experiment to put the army into the meat-raising business to give them something to think about besides their uniforms. The Chicago packers have suggested a good way to raise more steers and less trouble by putting the army into the cow business and out of the political arena. If men can be punished for talking Socialism while the Democrats are in power, men may be punished for being Democrats when the Socialists get control of the country. The army should keep out of politics.

FREE JUSTICE AND SOCIALISM

JANUARY 29, 1916.

The awful charge against the proposition to have justice in this country free is that it is pure socialism. That is true. So is the school system pure socialism, and yet men seem to be fairly well satisfied with the school system. The time has passed in this country when an argument against a proposal is clinched by proving that it is socialistic. The question is not whether it is socialistic, but whether it is just and fair.

We go a long way toward free justice now. The people hire the judges, the jurors, the court clerks, and stenographers and sheriffs and bailiffs. Why not hire the lawyers? The people have to pay for the lawyers, just as the people pay for the school teachers. Then

*And this was before the war.—W. A. W.

why not hire a corps of lawyers as we hire a corps of teachers and let the judge assign them to the various cases, as a school superintendent assigns teachers to various schools? Why should a man with a lot of money be able to hire a better lawyer than a somewhat poorer man, even though he is no pauper?

We trust our children to the common schools. Why should we hold our lawsuits more important than our children? We trust our mail to the common carriers. We trust our policing to the common policemen, and we trust our elections to a common board. Why are our lawsuits more important than all these things?

THE PRESIDENT'S POSITION

APRIL 20, 1916.

The American people will stand by their president. He has been patient and long suffering to a fault, perhaps; but if it was a fault the fault lies in Germany's misunderstanding of his motives, which were of the highest and noblest character. He was trying to save this land for peace. He was also trying to save our honor. When he faltered and seemed to fumble it was not through fear, but through a high desire to avoid the horrible blight of war. Into this faltering has been read cowardice and a weak purpose. The time has come when the country, by its united support of President Wilson, should wipe out the impression which Europe has received. We are not a weakling nation. We are not a divided people. The time has come to prove our metal by our loyal support of the President in his demand for justice among the nations of the earth.

A TEST OF PATRIOTISM

MAY 3, 1916.

Should the United States be compelled to raise a volunteer army, there will be plenty of men who will volunteer, providing they can go as colonels. Lieutenant colonels may be found without difficulty and there will be many receptive if not active candidates for jobs as majors, captains, and lieutenants. A few humble citizens will go as sergeants, company clerks, and corporals. The great task will be to find a few bright young men to take the privates' jobs. To be a private requires that a man must take orders, including plenty of fool ones, must do night guard duty while the officers sleep, must fight with the flies for a tin plate full of "slum" and a can of black coffee, while the officers eat regular food in a screened field dining room, and must flunk more or less for officers, many of whom were his social and business inferiors at home.

A volunteer army in the nature of things is more or less democratic, and only after a protracted war can conditions be made similar to those of the regular army. There will be plenty of volunteers for volunteer officers' jobs, for an officer may resign when he gets tired of it, but the response to the call for plain, everyday privates will be the real test of the war spirit.

THE VERDUN BATTLE

MAY 26, 1916.

Many are called to that dreadful slaughter pen, but few are chosen to leave it. Probably at no other single spot in the world have so many men died. If the

dead do hover earth-bound about the places of their death what a vast horde of restless spirits must move above Verdun.

There need be no fear that the soldiers of Verdun ever will rally at home and fill the county offices and control the local politics. Poor fellows, they will be in a majority only beyond the sound of the earthly muster roll. There will be no danger of the "old soldier racket" * from them in this earth—God rest them!

PRESACTLY

NOVEMBER 4, 1918.

"Will the Emporia GAZETTE tell us," asks the Democratic Fort Scott *Tribune*, "wherein the action of Roosevelt in 1898 differs from Wilson's in 1918?" †

Fair question: Here's a fair answer. In 1898 Theodore Roosevelt was not President of the United States; he was a private citizen running on a Republican ticket for governor of New York as a partisan candidate when he spoke in favor of a Republican Congress.

It is not begging the question to declare that a private citizen candidate running for a minor office in one state, addressing partisans in a partisan campaign and pleading properly for the party which has endorsed him, has quite a different status from that of the presi-

* In the '70s, '80s, and '90s of the last century the veterans of the Civil War in politics were charged with working "the old soldier racket," when they tried to get votes on their military records.—W. A. W.

† When President Wilson from the White House wrote a letter asking the country to return a Democratic Congress to support him in the war.

dent of the United States elected by a rather overwhelming and significantly nonpartisan majority, most of which majority came from normally Republican states. The President violated the rules of good taste; he stooped to a low partisanship, because he could not trust the people who trusted him. They left their parties in 1916 to vote their confidence in him. He should have left his party to root for itself, to show his trust in the people who trusted him. That is the milk in the coconut.

As for Benjamin Harrison, the remarks quoted by the Democrats from him were made in an ordinary political speech, eight years after he was out of the White House, and was a private citizen. A private citizen has a duty to have his party preference, in any campaign, and a right to express it. The graver the crisis the more frankly should he talk, for thus only can his council come into the common wisdom of his neighbors. But a president must not be a partisan. And the graver the crisis the calmer he must be.

There is absolutely no precedent for a president of the United States, in office during a war, demanding a partisan vote from the people.

Is that a fair answer, Mr. Fort Scott *Tribune*? Faith in the people is the first requisite of a great leader.

A SAD SITUATION

FEBRUARY 3, 1920.

It is evident to any one but President Wilson that the Allies will gladly accept America in the League of Nations upon America's terms. The President's insistence upon no compromise is one of the saddest things Americans have had to witness in many years.

No one can question the sincerity of President Wilson. No one who realizes the tremendous importance of a League of Nations would withhold from him the credit of forcing it through the Paris Conference.* His intellectual vigor, his indomitable will, his great spiritual vision made him a great figure in Europe. But the same ruthless will, refusing sane and acceptable compromise, makes him a miserable figure to-day. He has no gift for leadership in public affairs except as the leader of a strong majority that bends to his will. As a leader who would do teamwork, who would give and take, as a leader who must persuade rather than order he has a vast provocative ineptitude which would make a riot out of a meeting to ratify the Golden Rule or the Ten Commandments.

WHAT IS A RADICAL?

MAY 7, 1920.

You hear a great deal about what the radicals are advocating. Here is the creed of the proposed labor party, the most radical of whose principles are:

Nationalization of essential industries and unused lands.

A league of workers to destroy autocracy, militarism, and economic imperialism.

Repeal of the espionage law.

Equal rights and pay for women in industries.

Abolition of injunctions in labor disputes.

Endorsement of the Plumb plan for tripartite railroad control.

Steeply graduated income and inheritance taxes.

*And if he was responsible for the Covenant of the League, and he was, he also was responsible for the rejection of the Covenant by America!—W. A. W.

A national budget system.

Limitation of the power of the Supreme Court to veto legislation.

Abolition of the United States Senate.

If you are a real, genuine, red radical you believe something like this. Try this on your victrola, your washing machine, your vacuum cleaner, or your lung tester and if it doesn't increase your temperature, you're a radical, and if you get mad, you're not.

NIX ON THE SOCIALISTS

DECEMBER 21, 1920.

The Socialist vote in this country which is now fairly well tabulated indicates that the Socialist party has made no great gains. The Socialist party has been functioning in politics for twenty years, most of the time under fairly competent leadership, and has got nowhere. It will get nowhere. And chiefly it will get nowhere in America because it is a class party. There are classes in this country; no one who examines our social and economic fabric can deny the existence of classes. Man moves easily from class to class upward and somewhat easily downward, though inherited wealth makes the downward movement of the incompetents rather hard. But for all our ease of movement up and down, classes do exist. Nevertheless the party that makes capital of the fact cannot thrive, for we deny the fact. We have put it out of our consciousness, and whoever tries to tell us there are classes, and whoever tries to ameliorate the conditions of the lower class, as a class; meets with an American frown. The folks simply won't stand for it.

This country is a funny country—not exactly pharisaical, but object blind. What it does not want to see, whether immoralities, or human nature functioning in the good old-fashioned way, or social evils—it simply won't see. It's that way with classes, and the Socialists might as well quit. They are impossible.

Reform will come through the middle class; the middle class will benevolently hand down such blessings as it sees fit to give the working classes; and that's all there is to it. It is not just. The working class should have some say-so whether it will take workingmen's compensation laws, mothers' pensions, eight-hour days, child labor laws or what not of social reform. But so long as the working class organizes in a class party, the bars are up. We have decided in America that there are no classes and the classes might as well fade out. The Socialists won't function.

PEACE

MAY 28, 1921.

A big strapping six-footer went into Haynes' hardware store this morning and bought a "gat," a "gat" being a large gloomy-looking automatic revolver. In an hour he came back and bought a magnificent rifle; then when he had stored it away, he strolled in and bought a shotgun. In the afternoon he came in and bought a big lot of ammunition.

"Who is that chap?" asked the clerk of Charley Haynes.

"That?" said Charley. "Him? Why, that's Uncle Sam leading a movement for universal disarmament."

"Well, he certainly has a queer idea of disarmament," mused the clerk, as he wrapped up two bowie

knives and a pair of brass knucks for the man of peace.

TULSA AGAIN

JUNE 2, 1921.

Of course, it was not the best of the white race that created the hellish situation in Tulsa. But none the less, the best of the white race is responsible. The leadership of a community is responsible for the deeds of the community. And the leadership of Tulsa, however fine its aspirations, is responsible for the beastly cruelty of the white race in the riots this week. For a determined, organized squad of leading citizens going to the rescue of the negroes could have checked the mob. But the leading citizens did not organize until too late; they sat in their houses and let the bums and riffraff run the town, and the town must be known more or less by the "element" that controlled it in a crisis.

That "element" would not have controlled it in a crisis if the respectable people of Tulsa had not permitted that "element" to swarm into town. That "element"—the bootleggers, the gamblers, the half-idle, half-criminal element which stays in a community because the best people one way or another need the semi-respectables in their business—that "element" rose and spoke for Tulsa. Tulsa cannot claim that they were unrepresentative until it legally puts them in jail, and legally punishes that "element" for the horrible crime which it did.

The white race will have a sad time convincing the black race of its superiority so long as the white race

lets its bums and idlers and nobodies kill and burn and main unchecked and unpunished.*

SEEING RED

JANUARY 8, 1922.

The Attorney General seems to be seeing red. He is rounding up every manner of radical in the country—every man who hopes for a better world is in danger of deportation by the Attorney General. The whole business is un-American. There are certain fundamental rules which should govern in the treason cases.

First, it should be agreed that a man may believe what he chooses.

Second, it should be agreed that when he preaches violence he is disturbing the peace and should be put in jail; whether he preaches violence in politics, business, or religion, whether he advocates murder and arson and pillage for gain or for political ends, he is violating the common law and should be squelched—jailed until he is willing to quit advocating force in a democracy.

Third, he should be allowed to say what he pleases so long as he advocates legal constitutional methods of procedure. Just because a man does not believe this government is good is no reason why he should be deported. Abraham Lincoln did not believe this government was all right seventy-five years ago. He advocated change, but he advocated constitutional means, and he had a war with those who advocated force to

* Tulsa in the hands of the Ku Klux Klan in 1923 was the same Tulsa that stood by and permitted the race riot.

W. A. W.

maintain the government as it was. Ten years ago Roosevelt advocated great changes in our American life—in our Constitution, in our social and economic life. Most of the changes he advocated have been made, but they were made in the regular legal way. He preached no force. And if a man desires to preach any doctrine under the shining sun, and to advocate the realization of his vision by lawful, orderly, constitutional means—let him alone. If he is Socialist, anarchist, or Mormon, and merely preaches his creed and does not preach violence, he can do no harm. For the folly of his doctrine will be its answer.

The deportation business is going to make martyrs of a lot of idiots whose cause is not worth it.

JUST HANGED HIM

JANUARY 19, 1922.

It took twenty-two lines in the morning papers, including a three-line head, to tell the story of the hanging of Jake Brooks, of Oklahoma City, because he went to work in a packing house during a strike. The brevity was due to Jake's color. He was black. Custom makes that kind of a hanging unimportant in this country. We are as brutal and merciless with the black man as the Russians are with the Jews. And take it one year with another, we kill as many defenseless blacks as the Russians kill of the defenseless Jews in the pogroms.

It's a miserable business, this ruthless race prejudice; it is a blot upon our civilization, and all over the civilized world outside of America men scorn us for this, as we scorn the Russians for their barbarities, or the cannibals for theirs.

The day that Jake was being hanged the lower house of the Congress of the United States wrangled all day over the bill to make lynching a federal crime—and got nowhere. But that law must come, if we are to hold up our heads as Christian people in the civilized world.

Jake Brooks was a strike breaker, and not in very big business; but he was an American citizen. And he did have rights as an American citizen, and to take him out and hang him for no other reason than that he was black—and at bottom that's what hanged Jake, for the white strike breakers were unmolested—it's a horrible thing.

What a hell of fear and rancor and rebellion it must set to boiling in the hearts of black folks. God pity them, and sustain them, and finally help them in their bondage.

THESE FLABBY TIMES

JULY 25, 1922.

So Elmer Dover has resigned from the Treasury Department; Elmer Dover, Senator Hanna's private secretary twenty years ago, who was appointed last year to restore normalcy to the pie foundry in Washington. His resignation came because he could not get jobs for the hungry in the department of internal revenue. The Secretary of the Treasury, being a busy man, had no use for the hungry; the collector in internal revenue had made other arrangements. And the famine remained unbroken; hunger raged among the faithful.

It was as though a real he-Republican had not been elected President two years ago. For all the boys are getting out of it, they might have nominated Hoover at

Chicago, or the New Republic, or the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. Democrats are holding on to fat and desirable jobs under the civil service as though we had McAdoo and the League of Nations and all the train of Wilson malfeasance. It's awful. Yet it is about what the people want.

After all, outside of the small fractional per cent of party workers, no one cares who has the appointive offices under government, if the work is reasonably well done. And it is less likely to be reasonably well done with political appointees than with men glued to their jobs with the civil service. The people are largely for the civil service. And so the people rule. Politicians think that they win elections. All they get out of winning is a new hat and an occasional ten-dollar bill. Government goes on just the same. Roosevelt lost in 1912. But the Roosevelt majority dominated the Wilson administration, and controlled legislation for half a dozen years. It makes no difference who is in office; through one device or another public sentiment registers.

The resignation of Dover, who was expected to bring back the political aroma of the McKinley administration and who failed because the people gagged at it, proves how futile a thing it is to move against the current of the times. It would be just as easy to bring back horse cars and public lotteries as to restore the civil service to conditions that were normal a quarter of a century ago. Elmer Dover may be imported. But the clock does not turn back for a name. Normalcy means normal conditions of to-day, and not normal conditions of Mark Hanna's happy days. We have fallen upon soft and flabby times when men pale

and sicken easily at jobbery which once they swallowed with gusto. And so Elmer Dover goes "outward with the tide."

NEBRASKA

AUGUST 2, 1922.

R. B. Howell, of Nebraska, was nominated at a recent primary election for United States senator over Congressman Jeffries. Howell was a former Bull Mooser. Jeffries is a conspicuous conservative. The newspapers herald it as "Defeat for Old Guard." But what does that mean? Howell is heralded as a "Progressive," which may signify much or little. In a general way, Mr. Howell's political location may be slightly to the left of Mr. Beveridge and somewhat to the right of Mr. Frazier of North Dakota. But what does all that signify? What is the Old Guard? What is a Progressive? What is it that marks the difference between these modern Guelphs and Gibbelines? It is not a creed. Probably the Old Guard would accept most of the Bull Moose platform of ten years ago; indeed much of it is institutionalized in law and custom. Probably the Progressives would not vote for Mr. Howell or Mr. Beveridge or Mr. Brookhart if these men were asked to formulate a common Progressive creed. And most likely if they tried to formulate such a creed it would result in a Pentateuch or a riot. Yet here are two words that seem to have a definite meaning to voters sufficiently difficult for them to get excited about the differences between the words.

The grass roots are stirring. That is all any one knows. The evidence of the primaries distinctly shows that the folks are trying to say something—trying

hard but only inarticulately to get something off their chests and out of their hearts. What is it? Is it dissatisfaction with Harding? That's the easy answer, but probably not all the truth. Is it discontent with the times? Maybe that is in it; but that surely is not all.

Do these Progressive victors at the hustings know? If so, they are sensational silent. Nebraska has spoken the language of Indiana, Pennsylvania, Iowa, and North Dakota. No one can translate it. Some way it is some sort of a *mene, mene, tekel upharsin*. It sounds like jargon. But some one knows instinctively what it means. Of old we called the man with the understanding heart a prophet. Now we call him a Progressive. But both are subject to change and martyrdom without notice.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL

AUGUST 18, 1922.

The New York intelligentsia are considering the formation of a third party with Senator Borah as the Presidential head. Senator Borah has many qualities of heart and mind which make him fit into the leadership of a new party; but on the top of his head is a bump of caution large enough for a cane rack. Senator Borah gently but firmly got behind a tree when the Bull Moose came charging his way in 1912. And he has been more nearly right in his public positions than any other American senator. He has brains and courage—traits that rarely go together. If he should lead a third party, it would be a winner. And if he does not lead it, and this is the best bet, the intelligent-

sia should put their plans in storage and think of something else. A third party in America will come when the times are ripe. Times now are only rotten. But two years from now may see great changes. Only this is certain; that when times get as bad as they can be, they will get a lot worse. Then the third party may find itself the first party, and the first shall be last. We have Scripture for that. In the meantime, whenever a Bull Mooser hears talk of a third party, he whistles softly and sadly and remembers that it was the last straw vote that broke the camel's back.

THE MIRAGE

SEPTEMBER 5, 1922.

The movement for light wines and beer in this country will go on for ten or a dozen years, and afford certain earnest souls a harmless occupation. The earnest souls know American politics only at secondhand. They are like Kipling's Tomlinson, "This I have read, this I have seen—and this I have heard men say." These earnest souls do not understand that prohibition came to America after a twenty years' fight in which all that they advance has been answered long ago. Light wines and beer would have to be sold in light wine and beer saloons, and these light wine and beer saloons would be the refuge of the bootlegger in hard liquor. Soon the whole prohibitory law would be annulled.

And the earnest souls who will keep diligently urging a return to light wines and beer cannot realize that if you cannot repeal the prohibitory amendment you cannot modify it when modification means repeal.

All the polls on the prohibitory question show an overwhelming majority against repeal—what's the use of talking about modification? Where the prohibitory law has been tried it is the strongest, and the longer the trial the stronger the majority for it.

Gradually, as the years go by, the thing that happened in the American cities west of the Alleghenies when their states went dry will happen in the big cities of the Atlantic seaboard with a dry nation. The cities are always the last to come to their milk; but they come. New York will come. So will Boston and the cities of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The mirage of light wines and beer used to last in the western states long enough to afford the secretaries of the various state associations promoting light wines and beers pleasant and profitable jobs, until the brewers went to making soft drinks and quit putting up money. Then the cause of light wines and beers faded gently into desuetude. It never produced a majority in any state, and it never will produce more than a bubble as it disappears in national politics.

SAY IT WITH MURDER

OCTOBER 20, 1922.

Generally speaking, New York and the New York papers do not care a great deal about a murder. The big town and its adjacent territory probably averages a murder every twenty-four hours and news is what newspapers are supposed to print and news is generally defined as the unusual. And since a large share of murders go unsolved it takes a particularly thrilling one to maintain its place on the front page. The discov-

ery of the bodies of a New Brunswick, N. J., minister and his choir singer upon an abandoned farm is still of absorbing interest at least to the papers, after four weeks, and if a murder case ever can be said to have its comedy element, this one has. The Evening *World* has set Avery Hopwood, author of "The Bat" and other mystery plays, to studying the case from the dramatic standpoint, and it is reported that the Morning *World* has been trying to get Edgar Lee Masters interested in the Spoon River aspects of the case. Pictures of the murdered man show that although fat he liked to pose for his photograph in a bathing suit. One of the suspects arrested told the police that he was with a companion who trailed them to the farm, shot the pair from ambush, and then exclaimed, "My God, I have made a mistake." Others prominent in the news are a small town volunteer fireman and a bootlegger.

New York theatrical managers say they are constantly searching for new material. Who, may we inquire, has secured the musical comedy rights to this one? What a great topical song that line would make — "My God, I have made a mistake!" When New York wants to express itself most colloquially, New York always says it with murder.

.THE YOUNGER GENERATION

NOVEMBER 8, 1922.

During the fortnight passing, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., got himself in bad with the red baiters. He is probably on the books of the Lusk Committee as a "dangerous radical," and very likely the eagle eye of

Ralph Easley is fixed upon the oil man as he sleeps. First John D., Jr., declared that the coal strikers in certain eastern mines have a just cause, and next he came out for the eight-hour day. He is coldly going back on his class, is this rich young man.

The safe and saners, those who believe in holding the world at anchor, believe that no coal miner has any right to strike under any circumstances, and the economists are following Herr Stinnes of Berlin in demanding that the eight-hour day be abolished all over the world to speed up the world to normalcy.

As a matter of fact, the junior Mr. Rockefeller has been for years approaching the liberal middle course. Three years ago, as a member of President Wilson's first industrial conference, he held with Gompers against Gary. He stood for collective bargaining as organized labor understood the term. He has moved slowly; but he never has stopped. He never will be a pink pioneer in the ranks of parlor radicalism. But because his millions talk for him to a group where only money talks, he will be able to convince thousands of people in the upper middle class that there is some other solution to the labor problem than standing labor leaders up against a wall and shooting them.

No other American has the peculiar power for good in his works and words that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has. And he is doing what he can with sense, energy, and courage. He is using the lever of his millions as a pry to lift a little the burden of injustice upon certain hewers of wood and drawers of water.

MEANINGLESS PARTIES

NOVEMBER 8, 1922.

What do the old parties in America stand for? Clearly their significance is gone. It was not a Democratic victory nor a Republican defeat. Wherever the American people at the polls got a chance to rebuke conservatism and reaction, they rebuked them in whatever party the conservatives and reactionaries appeared. And wherever the people got a chance to vote for a liberal, even a radical, they went for him. Six new radical senators go to Washington and every incumbent liberal is returned. The liberal group in the Senate is nonpartisan. Its power is greatly augmented by the accession of new men. The reactionary group in the Senate is nonpartisan—the old South and the North Atlantic seaboard combined—and its numbers are greatly reduced. The men who voted for Newberry, for instance, were mown down like grass.

The party name stands for nothing. The election issues were fought on other lines.

THE MENACING D.F.

NOVEMBER 23, 1922.

In the recent election, voters in all sections of the country seem to have gone to the polls in peculiar mental states. It seems to have been an election of emotion—sometimes hate, often fear, generally suspicion—rather than sense. In no other state was a lack of sense more plainly marked than in New Jersey. It elected a wet governor and promoted the present wet governor to the United States Senate. Yet less than

two weeks after election, the director for the New Jersey State Hospital for the Insane, who is presumably a Democrat, gives out a statement in which he says that fifty per cent of all the men received for treatment at the hospital since July 1 are alcoholics.

The sympathies of New Jersey have been frankly wet. That means the enforcement of the federal amendment has been half-hearted, and the head of the hospital for the insane coyly submits a case in point, but New Jersey with an election to-morrow, and in the face of the report, would vote again for a modification or nullification of the prohibitory laws, and more crazies and more crimes.

The blind, unreasoning D. F. vote continues to be this country's greatest menace.

SWEET ALICE FERMENTS

NOVEMBER 29, 1922.

Considering women in politics and the major blessings they bring to a wicked world, it may be well here and now to put in the record a warning. They should learn to take their medicine. Nothing is so blessed in politics as a good loser. Politics is no place for the "only child." Upon the shores of the vitriol sea of politics is the scum of débris—not the defeated but the rejected; men who see why Greece decayed and why Rome fell so much more clearly than they did before they were licked for some little old dinky office. Men who grumble at the ingratitude of republics and fringe the soiled petticoats of misfortune, peddling insurance or keeping neighborhood grocery stores, after brilliant but thwarted careers as political pap suckers, do more

than any other element in modern life to create the impression that politics is a dirty game. The truth is that politics is as clean as any other department of life, as clean as the church or as commerce or as teaching or as the law or as the home. Politics is played by men and women who take the same moral standards and the same habits of probity into public life that their fellows display in other avocations.

People hire public servants because the voters and the candidates for political servitude agree about certain public affairs.

And then some fine day the people who hire these public servants change their minds. And because the only way people can express their changed views is by changing their public servants, those servants who have foolish ideas that they have a life tenure on their jobs often rise up and wail at the fickle, ungracious attitude of their constituents. Women coming into officeholding should learn that these post-election pouts are execrable.

And, for instance, some one should take Miss Alice Robertson, congresswoman from Oklahoma, aside and tell her to quit railing at her good friends and neighbors in Muskogee. They elected her two years ago, not because she was a paragon of political virtue, but because they were feeling in an anti-Wilson, anti-war, anti-Democratic frame of mind. The noble qualities of mind which Miss Robertson displayed running her cafeteria had little to do with her election to Congress. They were the same honest, kindly folk who have just defeated her that they were two years ago; and Miss Robertson proves herself unfitted for public office by her gloomy forebodings about the destiny of man, the

depravity of her neighbors, and the low state of cosmos. Sweet Alice has soured. And all because her Muskogee friends are dubious about the efficacy of warmed-over normalcy as a panacea for a sick and disjointed world. Miss Alice should sweeten up. She should do this partly for the honor of her sex, and partly because, after all, Muskogee is not to blame for voting against her. Muskogee giveth and Muskogee taketh away; blessed be the name of Muskogee. The right to hire and fire in politics belongs to the people. So Miss Alice, Heaven bless her, should be thankful for what she has had, and not back-cap the shop just because some one else has her job.

If women are to be happy in politics, they must learn that only a cheerful loser makes a wise winner.

LABOR AND FREEDOM OF SPEECH

INTRODUCTORY

Emporia is dependent upon three things: the surrounding farms, two colleges, and a Sante Fe roundhouse and division point; agriculture, education, and transportation, the three things that have revolutionized America in the past hundred years. The farmer is a natural rebel. The college professor is an idealist. The railroad worker is the leader of American labor. These rebels, idealists, and workingmen drop into the GAZETTE office to talk with the editor. His views are probably only what he hears. His convictions most likely take their color from his environment. At least they are set down clearly and represent the convictions of a section of the Middle West, which sometimes makes a political majority. These editorials are interesting only if read as the "evidence of things not seen and substance of things hoped for" out in a section that has furnished three revolutions in American politics in sixty years—one led by the Greenback party, a second led by the Populists, and a third by the Progressives under Roosevelt which merged into Wilson liberalism.

W. A. W.

AMERICANISM

FEBRUARY 25, 1920.

Probably more bigotry and reaction just now are hiding under the phrase "Americanism" than ever hid under one word before. If Americanism means anything, it means freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of press. Every wicked, greedy force in

America to-day is trying to strangle discussion under the guise of promoting Americanism. And as a result of the repression every mad political folly is thriving. Socialism, which has no ground to stand on as a creed under free debate, to-day is spreading under repression. No man did more than the Rev. Father John A. Ryan, of Washington, D. C., to defeat Socialism in this country. In a famous debate with Morris Hillquit, a Socialist, Father Ryan made a powerful and convincing plea for the individualistic system of life and government. He is the sworn foe of Socialism. Yet the other day in a letter to this same Hillquit, whom Father Ryan bested in debate, the priest declares that he is in favor of seating the Socialists debarred from the New York legislature. He adds.

Possibly my desire to see your present cause triumph is not altogether unselfish, for I see quite clearly that if the five Socialist representatives are expelled from the New York Assembly on the ground that they belong to and avow loyalty to an organization which the autocratic majority regards as "inimical to the best interests of the State of New York," a bigoted majority, say the legislature of Georgia, may use the action as a precedent to keep out of that body regularly elected members who belong to the Catholic Church. For there have been majorities in the legislature of more than one Southern state that have looked upon the Catholic Church exactly as Speaker Sweet looks upon the Socialist party.

The refusal of the reactionary majority of the New York legislature to seat the Socialists duly elected, merely martyrizes the advocates of a stupid cause. But the martyrdom will make followers which the cause could not. Americanism of the best type will let any honest man duly elected represent his constituents in any assembly and have his talk out. Americanism of

the genuine sort fears no idea enough to suppress it. Americanism does not strangle the press or stop any debate. The man who talks about hunting them out, standing them up and shooting them down, is not 100 per cent American. He is 99 per cent coward who is afraid his creed won't stand the tests of free speech and a free press.

It is a queer situation when the man who has fought Socialism with his pen as Father Ryan has fought it, should have to defend Socialism from the mob which would destroy it by force and not by reason. Socialism, by the way, never will be destroyed by force. It must have its day in court; then it will be found wanting.

UNDEMOCRATIC DEMOCRACY

JANUARY 6, 1921.

The action of the American Legion men in warning A. C. Townley, of the Nonpartisan League, to leave Salina establishes a dangerous precedent. It is in effect lynching free speech. Townley himself is not a model of Americanism. But he is an American citizen. And as an American citizen he has an absolute right to free speech. Nothing that he has done in the past can in any way impair that right. If he shall attack American institutions traitorously, then the law will get him. But so long as he does not attack American institutions traitorously he is entitled to speak till the cows come home. The American Legion boys have no right to assume that Townley will run true to his form during the war, until he actually does run that way.

The fact that he is a Socialist does not bar him. The

doctrine of Socialism is superbly foolish and fantastically improbable; but holding to it is not a crime and preaching it does not bar a man from the ancient right of free speech.

Another thing: From a practical standpoint, those who are baiting Townley are helping to disseminate his folly. They are denying a man his inalienable American right of free speech and thereby making a martyr of him. And the blood of the martyrs has spread more fool doctrines than their brains. If we were governor of Kansas, Townley could have the protection of the Kansas militia to say what he had to say in Kansas, and if he violated the law he would go to jail and rot there until the end of his sentence. But if he did not violate the law, no matter how stupid, no matter how rattle-brained, no matter how radical from an economic standpoint, he should have the protection of the power and dignity of the state of Kansas to say his full and foolish say.

The Legion boys are making a worse blunder than Townley, and are doing more to spread his folderol than a regiment of his organizers. It is no compliment to the intelligence of the Kansas farmers to assume that they do not know exactly what has happened in North Dakota, and that they will let Townley repeat himself here if he has a chance to go out and talk. If he fools them, they deserve it.

THEY HAVE A KICK COMING
JUNE 22, 1922.

It is true that to precipitate a railroad strike at this time is bad business. It is also true that to join with

the coal strikers and tie up American industry is not particularly patriotic. And doubtless public opinion will be fairly well lined up against the railroad boys if they go out, and they probably will go out this time. But this big important fact in the situation should not be forgotten:

The boys have a kick coming.

When they went to work for the railroad labor board two years ago they went to work with the explicit agreement that a living wage should be established upon which adjustments of all disputes should begin. The living wage was to be guaranteed to the men at the bottom of the industry, and for skill, risk, and length of apprenticeship higher than living wages were to be paid.

Now the railroad board declares that the living wage cannot be paid until profits and rehabilitation have been secured. That is to say railroad labor is only a commodity like other labor. It is to be paid without respect to the fact that it is necessary to the life of the nation, and the special guarantee of a living wage is to be scrapped.

That guarantee was a contract.

Perhaps it was an unwise contract for the labor board to make. But it was a contract and the men accepted it rather than strike when they accepted it, so America got value received, which was peace for two years. So now that the contract is to be incontinently junked, the boys have a kick coming.

Therefore, if they go out, and trouble occurs down in the railroad yards and freight cars are tipped over and burned and the troops are called out and we have

a nasty little civil war called a strike, don't blame the boys and declare that they are led by reds and that they should be stood up against a wall and shot. They have their side. And when we talk so glibly about burying the hatchet in industry, don't forget that here is a case where we have buried the hatchet in the neck of labor.

THE RAIL STRIKE

JULY 9, 1922.

There is no reason either in law or in morals why a man who believes that the railway shopmen are right should not say so openly and with all the emphasis he can. There is no law requiring the railway shopmen to obey the national railway board. The railroads themselves have disregarded orders of the board and have gone into court to keep the board from protesting. The order of the board is based upon a violation of plain contract with the men. The board promised to compute wages upon the basis of a living wage. And when the strikers proved that the wages set were not living wages, the railroad board declared that it could not longer consider that phase of the contract. So this strike is any one's strike so far as public expression is concerned.

The GAZETTE feels that the men have a just grievance, and that they have been badly treated. They felt that they could do nothing but strike. While it was surely unwise to strike now, yet the right to strike is inalienable until the law guarantees that the railroad industry shall pay a living wage. Senator Cummins has introduced a bill in Congress to make that guarantee effective. But it is not a law now, and any attempt

to frighten or intimidate the men is wrong in theory and will fail in practice.

THE RAIL STRIKE

JULY 13, 1922.

It is unfortunate that the business of striking cannot be carried on without emotion. But some way, coarse, rude men who, on the one hand, have bread and butter for their wives and children depending upon their action, and, on the other hand, men who have the peace and prosperity of the nation resting in their hands, dictating their decisions, have a sad way of thinking with their livers in crises and reasoning somewhat with their spleen. So we have the railroad board outlawing the strikers, and the strikers plotting to draw in the brotherhoods of the operating department and so tie up the commerce of the nation. "The striker calls it a strike," declared Kipling, viewing the A. R. U. strike of 1894, "and newspapers call it a war." And the difference between a strike and a war you can put in your eye even if you have already a rather large and hectic sty there. What we have is war.

War is what Sherman called it and never was waged with all the right on one side, and all the wrong on the other. Generally one side has its preponderance of right, but not all of it. And in condemning the strikers, let us not forget these two things: First, that they were promised by the railroad labor board that wage adjustments should be based upon a living wage for the unskilled workers, and that this promise was broken. And second, that while the railroad labor board is now outlawing the strikers, and is marshaling all the power of public sentiment against the strikers

for ignoring the order of the board, the railroads of the country themselves baldly, flagrantly, and wilfully ignored the order of the same board, which demands that the railroads quit farming out shop work to non-union shops not owned by the railroads. This order of the board was not just disobeyed. It was disobeyed, and then the railroads who were violating the order went to the courts and got out an injunction to prevent the board from arraigning public sentiment against the railroads who disobeyed the board's orders.

This is no time to strike. The railroad craft unions have started trouble when trouble should be tied to the post. And apparently the administration is determined that the country's right to an unfettered commerce is paramount to any pleas for justice which the workers may make. And there is some sense in this position. It considers the greatest good of the greatest number as for the moment being the largest good. But when all that is said and done, we who stand on the side lines and watch the battle should not forget that for four hundred thousand shop workers this strike seems to be a strike to maintain what they regard as a contract, and to require their employers to obey in the matter of farming out shop work the orders of the same railway board that now is protesting the workers. One should be able to hold these mitigating circumstances in one's heart, and one should be able to deplore the strike without at the same time branding the strikers as enemies of society, plotting to overthrow organized government. And holding such impartial views, one should be permitted to express them calmly, and perhaps with a grin at the sizzling bitterness of

both sides, and still not be branded as a sympathizer with Lenin and Trotsky and a partner of ruin and chaos.

LABOR AND REAL ESTATE

JULY 14, 1922.

The Leavenworth *Times* says it would be a grander thing for the worker to invest his money in a home so that he would hesitate no longer about striking, than for him to put 10 per cent of his savings in a building and loan association as a strike benefit, as the GAZETTE recently suggested.

Would it?

At first thought, the *Times'* idea sounds reasonable enough, but after a little head scratching, it doesn't appear so sound.

We overlook the biggest factor to be considered in dealing with the labor problem when we try to treat the workers as individual units of society. It can't be done. The workers have found that out themselves, and have allied with each other in forming a power strong enough to combat the collective bargaining power of capital. The boss is organized. His organization gives him great power. Society is so organized that the workers can't bargain as individuals; capital has a powerful organization for collective bargaining and individual bargainers would be helpless in dealing with the organization.

Every man owning his own home is a beautifully sentimental ideal in print, but the worker with a little foresight has discovered that for him, a home that ties him to one place is a liability and not an asset. He has to be foot-loose so that he can go easily and quickly

with his family to any place where his allied group can bring him the most good—the best wages and the best job. Whoever says the worker should think of his family first and provide his wife and children with a purchased home and not a rented one is overlooking the fact that the worker is not a free agent. The worker who thinks of his wife and children in terms of real estate has discovered that to assure them a steady income and the best income, the worker cannot be tied down, but must be free to move to a place where his organization can best serve him. And to strike for the best wages he can get.

Until the state guarantees that labor shall have a living wage—a wage upon which a man can keep a family—the worker must think twice before he invests in a home.

FORTY-NINE PER CENT SYMPATHY

JULY 19, 1922.

WE ARE FOR THE STRIKING RAILROAD MEN
100 PER CENT.

WE ARE FOR A LIVING WAGE AND FAIR
WORKING CONDITIONS.

These words on a card in a number of Emporia show windows express a mild opinion of friendly sympathy with the strikers. The cards have been ordered out by the Kansas Industrial Court. The order is an infamous infraction of the right of free press and free speech. Certainly it has not come to such a pass in this country that a man may not say what he thinks about an industrial controversy without disobeying the law.

One of these cards went up in the GAZETTE window to-day. Instead of 100 per cent, we have started it at

49 per cent. If the strike lasts until to-morrow we shall change the per cent to 50, and move it up a little every day. As a matter of fact, the GAZETTE does not believe that any one—not even the GAZETTE—is 100 per cent right. But somewhere between 49 and 100 per cent the men are right. And if the Industrial Court desires to make a test case, here it is. This is not a question of whether the men are right or wrong, but a question of the right of an American citizen to say what he pleases about this strike. And if 49 per cent sympathy is permissible, in the next fifty days we shall all see where violation of the law begins. The Industrial Court which we have upheld from its conception, and still uphold, will have the nicest little chance to see just where it is lawful for a man to express his sympathy with his friends and neighbors, even if in his heart he believes they have made a mistake in the time of their strike.

Either we have free speech and a free press in this country, or we have not. Now is the time to find out.

A MATTER OF FREE SPEECH

JULY 20, 1922.

Judge McDermott, of the Kansas Industrial Court, declares to-day that the card in the GAZETTE window announcing, "We are for the Striking Railroad Men 50 per cent. We believe in a living wage and fair working conditions," * "is lending moral support to an

* The GAZETTE kept the poster in the window until the editor of the GAZETTE was arrested. Three times he asked for a trial on the charge of violating the law and was refused. The Industrial Court dismissed the case over the protest of the trial jury, who declared that the defendant was being badly treated by the state in being denied a hearing. The Court said it had other cases more important to try. It never tried any one for putting up the poster. It did not dare to.—W. A. W.

unlawful act, and thereby creating an atmosphere in favor of law violation."

In certain other towns merchants are refusing to give strike breakers food and shelter. The GAZETTE has nothing but contempt for merchants who would mistreat men because they are strike breakers. Every man has a right to work where he pleases when he pleases, however foolish he may be to exercise that right outside of the union. He has a right to buy food and clothing and ask for shelter and get it, no matter where he works or how. Any merchant who denies any worker these privileges is a bad citizen. And the GAZETTE has no sympathy for him and his acts. He is either a coward or worse.

But that is beside the point entirely. The right to a free utterance of honest opinions is fundamentally right. Our fathers fought for it at Bunker Hill and Gettysburg. And to restrict any man from the calm expression of an honest opinion merely because there is a strike on in Kansas is unwise. Industrial questions are not honestly settled by a suppression of free utterance, either of speech or the press or of any other kind, so long as the opinion is orderly and temperate and decent.

TO AN ANXIOUS FRIEND*

JULY 27, 1922.

You tell me that law is above freedom of utterance. And I reply that you can have no wise laws nor free enforcement of wise laws unless there is free expression of the wisdom of the people—and, alas, their folly

* Pulitzer prize editorial for 1922.

with it. But if there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison, and the wisdom will survive. That is the history of the race. It is the proof of man's kinship with God. You say that freedom of utterance is not for time of stress, and I reply with the sad truth that only in time of stress is freedom of utterance in danger. No one questions it in calm days, because it is not needed. And the reverse is true also; only when free utterance is suppressed is it needed, and when it is needed, it is most vital to justice. Peace is good. But if you are interested in peace through force and without free discussion—that is to say, free utterance decently and in order—your interest in justice is slight. And peace without justice is tyranny, no matter how you may sugar-coat it with expediency. This state to-day is in more danger from suppression than from violence, because, in the end, suppression leads to violence. Violence, indeed, is the child of suppression. Whoever pleads for justice helps to keep the peace; and whoever tramples upon the plea for justice temperately made in the name of peace only outrages peace and kills something fine in the heart of man which God put there when we got our manhood. When that is killed, brute meets brute on each side of the line.

So, dear friend, put fear out of your heart. This nation will survive, this state will prosper, the orderly business of life will go forward if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts hold—by voice, by posted card, by letter or by press. Reason never has failed men. Only force and repression have made the wrecks in the world.

THE UNION VICTORY

AUGUST 16, 1922.

The union miners have won their strike. They struck against wage reductions and working conditions, and they got the wage they had when they struck and the objectionable working conditions are removed. The miners were bound to win. For mining is an expert's job and the number of miners is limited. They have proved that they can win by striking, but at an awful cost.

The strike is labor's only weapon, and labor should not be blamed for using the strike. But the public is to blame for not giving labor another weapon to replace the strike. Kansas is trying to. The weapon is not perfect. But it is an honest attempt, and the weapon can be perfected, and it must be perfected. Industrial war soon drifts into civil war, and with the world in confusion, civil war may lead to anarchy. The laborer will strike until he has a court in which he believes.

And what is more, labor is going to win its strikes more and more. The man who does the rough, necessary work of the world is going to demand a place at the first table. And because that rough, necessary work to-day is vastly more complicated, more difficult for the unapprenticed man to do, because the work of the world requires more and more skill, the man who has been pushed aside to eat with Lazarus is going to have more and more pie and cake. We are paying superintendence too much in proportion to the skill it takes. And the time is coming soon when a division of the gross income of industry will be made along

more liberal lines to the men who sweat and grunt and moil in the disagreeable jobs of life.

This is not Bolshevism. It is common sense and common justice, and the world is coming to it, not by blood and revolution, but by seeing things more clearly, by reasoning them all out together man to man in our industrial court and acting accordingly. Reason will win where strikes fail as soon as society sets up a court that will replace the strike as a weapon of labor.

GOOD WORK

AUGUST 19, 1922.

The outlaw strike of the brotherhood on the west end of the Santa Fe has ended, and the men are back at work. This strike is ended because the national leadership of the brotherhoods is wise. They realize that this outlaw strike cost organized labor more than it gained by the championship of the President, when he stood for the seniority of the striking shopmen.

When will labor learn that violence is a luxury which labor cannot afford? Every time a strike breaker is beaten up, every time a blow is struck even in self-defense by or even for organized labor, it sets labor's cause back just that much. Every knock is a boost for the enemies of organized labor.

There was no justification for the contract breakers who left the women and children on the desert. The fact that men do live there, and that children are born and live there, is no excuse for making people stay there against their wills, especially when those very people have paid the brotherhood men for taking them through the desert without a stop. The act was brain-

less and cruel. And if the strike is lost to the shopmen they will have some of their thanks to bestow upon their fool friends.

THE LIVING WAGE

SEPTEMBER 15, 1922.

It is easy for the statistician or the railroad owners to prove that there is no such thing as a living wage; to show that what would be a living wage for one man or family would be a poverty or luxury for another. But the fact remains that wages must be set in reference to the cost of living. Labor otherwise becomes a commodity, and unless certain standards of living are predicated in any wage dispute, we shall get our labor down to a point where certain standards of citizenship also are forgotten. In spite of all we may say, economic status does effect intelligence and morals. And if we are to force labor down in a competitive market to a standard lower than the American average, we shall also force our nation's ideals down to a low standard.

It is begging the question to declare that a man with five children should have a "living wage" lower than a man with ten children. It is cheap to point out the fact that a man whose family is practically self-supporting must have a different living wage from the man with a houseful of little ones. For all that is beside the point. When an average man's family income is ascertained, he should have enough every Saturday night to live decently in self-respect and educate his children. If he has no children that is his loss, and if he has more than the average number of children that is his gain. And the average man's wage should not

be changed because of the exceptional man's advantage or disadvantage.

The labor market must go. Labor is not a commodity. The laborer is a citizen. And to function as a citizen, the worker must have self-respect. He cannot have self-respect if he is a chattel on the block in a competitive market. His country must protect him against the greed which would make the laborer but one grade higher than the slave.

When a living wage is established for the unskilled, then let every man's skill and intelligence have free play and let him sell these in the best market and for his own advancement. That is the philosophy of the living wage.

DAUGHERTY'S DEFENSE

NOVEMBER 3, 1922.

Attorney General Daugherty's defense seems to be that so many crimes were committed by labor during the strike that he had to enjoin the country against more crimes, and in the injunction deny ancient rights of free speech and assemblage. Granted that all the crimes were committed as the injunction sets forth. Granted that the Attorney General knew of these crimes and had evidence of them before he asked for his injunction. Why, then, did he not prosecute the offenders in court in the good old-fashioned American way? Why the need of the injunction if the Attorney-General had evidence of the crime? And why the injunction at all if the Attorney-General only had hearsay evidence for his injunction? Surely the well-ordered processes of our courts are not to be abandoned and our constitutional rights abridged merely

because our Attorney General is afraid of the American courts. Respect for the court should certainly begin with the Attorney General. Surely he cannot doubt that they would punish the offenders if he presented all the evidence which he is presumed to have!

A DILLAR, A DOLLAR

DECEMBER 16, 1922.

The packers who started to merge and were ruthlessly torn from their noble dream must have had foolish advice. What they tried would have gone by with scarcely a protest a year ago, or even six months ago. As late as last fall, a second-story worker in the mint would have excited comment only upon the cleverness of his idea. But the top blew off the whitened sepulchre of our smug conservatism with the late election. We have witnessed a mystery. In the twinkling of an eye we have changed from a sluggish, somnolent people dully contemplating the rape of humanity by the fiends of reaction, and to-day we are yipping and kyoodling all over the lot miscellaneous shooting up the place by way of indicating that hell is out for noon.

A dozen to twenty radicals appear in the Senate, in governor's mansions; Newberry resigns, Daugherty files the suits against the war profiteers and is himself faced with impeachment, LaFollette assembles a group of man eaters and the packers' merger is flatly denied by the power in the White House which ten weeks ago was supposed by the big fellows to be the citadel of orderly larceny.

The packers' lawyers fooled around too long. While the other boys were getting theirs the packers were asleep. A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar, why

did you drop your loot? You used to take the hair and hide—and now you get the boot!

WHAT HERRIN MEANS

JANUARY 1, 1923.

The evidence in the Herrin massacre indicated that the town of Herrin, which seems to be an average American community, not at all dominated by the foreign born, went to the strip mine last summer with a cold-blooded decision to slaughter the strike breakers.

The townsfolk did wholesale, cowardly murder and probably tortured some of their victims. The union miners seem to have led, but they had the sympathy and support of their fellow citizens. The evidence in court brings out with terrible similitude the contemporary story of the reporters.

It may be well to consider this butchery as something more than an outbreak of angry men. It may be well to ask why the men got angry? Why they believed themselves justified in brutal slaughter of their fellow creatures? Why the town stood by them? The men who were killed were only exercising their ancient constitutional right to work; why were they treated worse than beasts? Americans are not given to bestial orgies like that at Herrin without some cause, however weak it may be. What was the deep significance of the action of these murderers?

We are facing here a changed attitude among workers and their sympathizers toward our economic order. The workers and the town they lived in believed that the men who were murdered had violated certain vital rights in asserting their own rights to work. The

latent right which the Herrin butchers supported was the right of a man to his job. Probably legally there is no such right. Yet here were a thousand men ready to risk their lives by murdering for that right.

Labor is beginning to feel that skill has the same status as property. The right to apply its skill in the place where it will produce value, labor seems to regard as an essential human right. This is astonishing. But we cannot ignore it—this belief of the laborer in his right to what he calls his job. He feels that so long as the place where he works is a “going concern” his right to work is exactly upon the same footing as the owner’s right to profit.

This is new doctrine, and being new the probability is that it is false doctrine. But it has convinced men so that they will go to war for it. These cowards at Herrin were just like the German cowards in Belgium—kind fathers, indulgent husbands, ordinarily good citizens, mad with war lust, turned into mad dogs by fanaticism. And in considering fanaticism after punishing and clearing away the fanatics, the thing to do is to consider its sources, to examine its basis, to see wherein the pressure of society upon the human heart produces an inflammation that results in madness.

Herrin’s brutes should be removed from society. But the thing that made them brutes, the cause that justified a whole American community in mob violence should be studied and from the study we may learn a lesson.

A LAME DUCK IDEA

JANUARY 27, 1923.

If anything is axiomatic in politics, it is that measures as well as men have their resurrection. Lame ducks come back into power; discarded ideas return into vogue. The stone that the builders rejected so often becomes the arch of the temple. Nothing illustrates the revival of the lame duck idea so well as the recrudescence of the old Populist subtreasury scheme which is now practically an administration measure.

Thirty years ago the Populists appeared with strange, wild schemes for making the wheels of the world go around. They advocated, among other things, lending money to the farmer upon warehouse receipts for the farmer's crops, and for extending him credit upon his livestock. Naturally this money would have to be issued by the government, and the wealth of the people would have to be the basis of the currency issue.

The scheme was denounced as stark mad. How the Wall Street papers hooted! With what jibes the metropolitan press attacked the subtreasury scheme! What a box of monkeys was turned loose upon the poor old Pops to bedevil them to death! And what a death of ignominy the Populists died because they could not get their ideas into the hearts of the people! Peffer, Jerry Simpson, Bloody Bridles Waite of Colorado, Pettigrew, and Mrs. Lease! What capers they cut before high heaven with their talk of lifting people up by their own boot straps, lending the farmer

money on his crops with the wealth of the crops as the basis of the currency issue!

Yet what real difference is there between that idea and the idea of the Capper bill which Secretary Mellon, the hard-boiled financial egg of the Harding administration, has enforced? The lame duck may limp, but he often lives, which is political vernacular for the saying, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

It is just as well never to laugh too ribaldly at anything just because it happens to be new.

IDEA IS A MONKEY WRENCH

FEBRUARY 1, 1923.

Government in this country works admirably to punish ordinary crimes of greed and lust and common criminal malice. But government jams when an idea is thrown into our institutions. An idea is a monkey wrench thrown into the machinery of government. Witness Herrin, and look at Harrison, Arkansas.

The idea which has clogged the processes of law is that the workman has a sort of property right in his job.

A million or so workmen hold the idea in some form or other, rather vaguely and without much logic back of their idea. They feel that their skill as workmen and their knowledge of the shop or mine or road, their time of service in it, gives them a right to work there so long as the place is a going concern, and they regard that right as just as sacred as the right of the property owner to his interest. They consider the right to strike on the job does not violate their right to the job, any more than the business man's discuss-

sion of rates or interest and the price of service violates his right to those things at the end of the discussion. These workmen contend that the strike is merely a discussion of wages and not an abrogation of right to work.

This idea is deeply revolutionary. It runs counter to about everything that middle-class Americans have been taught to believe. Yet in Herrin, Illinois, the whole community was willing to commit murder to defend that idea. In Harrison, Arkansas, another section of the community was willing to commit murder to wipe out the same idea. And government is powerless. The Herrin murder was as brazen as the German soldiers in Belgium. The Arkansas lynchers were as open in their crime as the minute men at Concord. And public sentiment controlling the court cannot punish the offenders.

The monkey wrench of an idea has stalled the machinery of government. The idea has produced what we call industrial war in this country, and it is a bitter and ruthless conflict. But force is not getting the country nearer to a solution than it was a generation ago. The tighter we turn on the screws, the worse the machine is wrecked.

Herrin acquits one mob. Arkansas will acquit the other. The idea is embedded in the wheels of industry. What are we going to do about it?

THE WORLD

INTRODUCTORY

The interesting thing about this group of editorials is that they begin with the beginning of the Great War. Before that no country editor in the Middle West ever editorialized on anything east of Sandy Hook—except on the Fourth of July. But now we all have a foreign policy out in the tall grass, and these editorials, while they are probably not in line with the policy of the region, are no more fantastic than if they were in line, which brings some comfort.

W. A. W.

A PERFECT EXAMPLE

OCTOBER 23, 1914.

One of the most perfect specimens of the complete standpat mind is found under the alabaster brow—or is it perhaps ivory?—of our handsome friend, Charles F. Scott, of Iola. Mr. Scott in a recent editorial took the position that the Belgians might have done better than they did by fighting and meeting defeat, if they, like Luxemburg, had permitted Germany to pay Belgium for the privilege of crossing Belgian territory. Mr. Scott very succinctly puts it that a dead hero is not comparable to a live citizen who is not so heroic.

That, fundamentally, is the reasoning of the standpat mind. Now it seems to us that the sturdy example of the fighting Belgians, dying for what they believe is right, standing by their pledge of neutrality and refus-

ing to accept bribe or ransom to betray their allies, the Dutch, the English, and the French, who were depending upon Belgian neutrality—it seems to us that the sturdy example of the Belgians is worth more to the world than all the money piled up for ransom could do for the civilization of Belgians. Moreover, if all the Belgians but one man were killed, he would be worth more for breeding purposes to the world, and would pass to posterity a stronger, worthier line in blood and tradition than all the living bribed Belgians would be worth if they had taken the money.

Of course, there is right on both sides of this controversy. History is filled with justification for either side—the man who stands compromising like Erasmus, or the man who nails the theses to the door, like Luther; the man who sees the truth and turns away like the rich young man of the parable, or the man, like the great and good St. Francis, who goes out naked to give his life to the world.

But of all the examples of history, it seems to us the example of the great young Jew is the best. He saw his native land oppressed and tax-ridden. He saw his religion the refuge of grafters who used the Temple as a place where they could line their pockets. He saw the alliance between the high priests and the alien politicians, and he saw Rome rising like a great menace to liberty in the earth. He seems to have been pretty well over the world and to have come back in his early thirties schooled in public speaking, keen and wise in worldly wisdom. He could have gone into politics, joined the two old parties, the Romans and the Pharisees, reformed his country from the inside, and he could have been a great prophet, a great giver of the

law, a real liberator. But he was infinitely wise. He chose to give his life. So he saved the world. It took faith—the greatest faith that man ever has had justified.

Belgians had exactly the young Jew's choice. They could have gone into the German empire and could have made their country great. But they gave their lives—and are helping to save the world.

It is the choice between the philosophies of Nietzsche and of Jesus of Nazareth.

WHEN GERMANY TREKS BACK

MAY 4, 1917.

Many people have expressed the opinion that Germany is building up against herself a great hatred which will not be forgotten for generations, and which always will be evident against Germany. It is highly improbable that such a condition will exist, and if Germany is beaten, as now seems probable, she will be received back into the sisterhood of nations with the signing of the treaty of peace.

History will show that most of the racial hatred which accompanies war has been the result of conquest and devastation of territory. Undoubtedly a deep and existing hatred has grown up in outraged Belgium. The French are magnanimous in character and quick to forgive.* England is easy-going, and, like the United States, feels to a great extent that the war is not against the German people but against the German Government, themselves in the grip of the militaristic party, egged on by their financiers and industrial captains.

* What a bad guess!—W. A. W.

In our country it took less than a generation for the hatred to die that was the result of four years of internece strife. Where there has been no conquest and no annexation of territory, history shows that the victor has been quick to forgive and the defeated has been quick to forget. Russia and Japan forgot their differences in less than a decade.

Germany will be received back into the companionship of the nations after the war, because she will come back a new Germany, with a government typical of the kindly German people, and not of the party which, in the midst of civilization, has inflicted upon the world more horror and more atrocity than it has known for centuries.

WHO WILL BE "ISAAC"?

JULY 7, 1917.

Probably, if unrest is growing in Germany, as has been reported, the Kaiser has but one trump card left that would serve to turn the people back to him. That is a common feeling of sympathy and of mutual sorrow. The Germans have been forced to send their sons to the front, and these men have been forced to give their lives without question. But the sons of the royal house religiously have been kept far from the front. The Crown Prince nominally has been invested with the leadership of an army, controlled by German generals. But the other sons have been kept far from the first-line trenches, and at no time during the war has a substantiated report that a son of the Kaiser was in active service been received.

Hard as it may seem, there is but one thing that can turn back to the Kaiser the people he has led astray, and that is the death of a son of the ruling house. Such a death would cause a great wave of unreasoning sorrow and compassion to sweep over the land. It would reunite the factions, and, for a time, almost redouble the Germans' aggressiveness. Much would depend upon the extent to which the death was exploited by the German military leaders.

The Kaiser has all of the instinct of a father, and that probably is his great weakness. The paternal instinct has kept his own sons out of danger, and for that reason it is probable the Hohenzollerns will go down as rulers before a son of the house will go to the almost certain death of the first-line trench. But the human sacrifice would draw together a people and a nation as no other influence ever will reunite them.

If William had the nerve of Abraham, the Hohenzollerns might survive.

KINGS AND EMPERORS

SEPTEMBER 7, 1917.

Last week the former Czar of Russia was removed from the grandeur of the Tsarskoe Selo palace, where he had been living since the overthrow of his rule, to an unimportant town in western Siberia, and it is reported that he is to be taken still farther into the forests and the wilderness. Probably the former Czar never will come to actual want, but he will live out his life unnoticed and disregarded.

No expression of sympathy followed the announce-

ment of the former ruler's removal. As far as the world is concerned, the Czar is a discard, a man who outlived the system which exalted him. It might be safe to turn him loose anywhere in Russia, for it is doubtful if to-day he would be a dangerous man to allow at large.

The passing of the Romanoffs was not dramatic. The government walked out from under them. The Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns may drop out in the same way. The governments will move on and they will be left without jobs, and without even the dignity of a fight.

The Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, and the Romanoffs should not be imprisoned or banished for life. They should be kept under supervision for a few years, and then they should be turned loose, perhaps to teach the younger generation to become useful citizens of a democracy, or to attempt to outdraw the two-headed calf and the fat lady as sideshow freaks, according to their desires.

This war must make the world so safe for democracy that ex-kings can be allowed to run at large, for a few people always will believe that a man treated as dangerous may be dangerous, and a person treated as harmless generally is regarded as harmless and remains harmless.

THE RUMANIAN SITUATION

AUGUST 8, 1919.

Rumania, our beloved and more or less noble ally, is conducting a nasty war on Hungary without much more justification than comes from the fact that Ru-

mania can wage it. She is exacting harder terms than the Peace Conference exacted from Hungary, and is quite generally being a disgrace to the family.

Of course, the thing to do is to call down Rumania. If there was a League of Nations it would be done. But at the moment there is no League. America is holding up ratification. So Rumania is liable to run amuck, and because war is a contagious social disease, the world—including America—may be embroiled. The thing a League of Nations would do would be to compel Rumania to behave. If she did not behave, we should first starve her by refusing to trade with her, and then we should spank her if starving did not get results. The whole purpose of the League is to make mad, proud, stupid little nations quit putting out the social poison of war to infect the world.

GONE AFTER KOLCHAK

MAY 1, 1920.

Denikin, the last of the anti-Bolshevik generals, is now a refugee.

The capture of Novorossisk by the Red armies will be a confirmation rather than a cause of the end of war in the Caucasus. For some time the armies of Denikin had been melting away, and of late a "front" no longer existed in fact. Denikin, himself, now only asks for means wherewith to reach a safe refuge. He has lost his last base, and with it the bulk of his war material and supplies—most of it contributed by the allies. The only remainder of his army is bottled up in the Crimea, with no choice but to surrender or be destroyed. But military victory and military stores

are by now of secondary importance to the Bolsheviks. What matters, as a consequence of recent developments, is their control of the cornfields of southern Russia, of the coal mines in the Donetz region, and of oil wells in the Caucasus. The attempt at a military settlement of the Russian situation is a flat failure. Now a campaign of reason may stand a chance to win. It's the only kind of a campaign with which to combat an idea.

EXIT HUNS

OCTOBER 27, 1920.

Beginning to-day, the word Hun as applied to Germans is barred from the GAZETTE. The war is over, and although the United States and Germany have not signed the peace treaty, they are trading together, and are on friendly terms again. So the GAZETTE has decided to call Germans Germans, and the headline writer may call them "Teuts" or "Jerries," aber nicht Huns!

However, the star reporter, who heard the German machine bullets whistle in the Argonne, the city editor, who scratched German cooties on the Rhine, and the linotype operator, who drilled his legs off in a balloon school waiting for a chance to get at the Germans, don't like the rule.

Not that they ever called them Huns—newspapers wouldn't print what they called them—but somehow they can't forget so easily that just pigs is pigs. Huns is Huns, and their natural cussedness shouldn't be forgotten so quickly.

This is the last shot fired in the big war. Exit Huns!

WE MUST GET IN

MAY 24, 1921.

Great danger threatens of a European war in which France and Poland will oppose Great Britain and Germany, with Italy strongly unneutral beside England. The French imperialists are determined to back up the Poles who are in rebellion against the Versailles treaty. The treaty has returned to Germany certain territory claimed by the Poles. France is anxious to install Poland as a strong state between Germany and Russia. Great Britain is interested in maintaining a balance of power in Europe and keeping down the military spirit of both France and Germany. France to-day is what Germany was in 1914—bloodthirsty, full of super-patriotism and mad ambition to dominate Continental Europe by force of arms, by force of politics, by force of commerce. France feels that she dares not disarm. The Labor party in England, which is hovering upon victory, is a pacifist party strong for disarmament. So England is the natural ally of Germany, which is also in the hands of the pacifists. Russia has the strongest army on the Continent, and is military to a degree—somewhat because she has to be; for all the world is allied against Russia—all but England. England is trading with Russia, and is trying to get all the world to let Russia alone, so that Russia will be compelled to disarm.

But war is none the less threatening, even if England is trying to avert war in order to hold the middle class government in power against the Labor party which might rise if war was declared.

If war breaks out in Europe, America will be dragged

in. We may think we can stand aloof; we tried that once. It won't work. War is a disease of civilization from which no country is immune when it breaks out. There is just one way for America to avert war, and that is to sit in the European game and use American commercial influence against it. We can stop war by checking credit to France for military purposes. We can stop war by threatening economic boycott to France if she persists in aiding the Poles in their rebellion. The rebellion should be stopped. If we would strengthen the League of Nations, it could stop the Polish rebellion and could arbitrate the differences which make the rebellion possible. The inevitable alliance for peace in this world during the first quarter of this century will be America, England, and Germany. There common business sense prevails over super-patriotism and flag waving. In Germany, England, and America there is a strong feeling for law. And these nations must save the world. France was the greatest nation in the world under the threat of defeat, but victory has gone to her head. She has the greatest spirit ever given to a nation, but that spirit is mad with imperialistic ambition now, and may become a menace to the peace of the world.

America's job is a world job. Our isolation is a fiction. We are in Europe now, no matter how we may feel that the Atlantic severs us. The great currents of human feeling sweeping across civilization, the great waves of economic pressure rising with the rise of population all over the earth breed wars and we cannot keep out of wars if we remain a part of civilization. But doing our full duty as a neighbor among the nations of the earth we may prevent war.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

APRIL 26, 1922.

The one sin which society never forgives is that of the man or woman who opposes war, as war. To say forthright and boldly that dispute between nations may be settled by arbitrations, by conference, or by adjudication means in the mob's mind that you are a traitor to your country.

In every allied country the pacifist is called a pro-German. And in Germany the pacifist is called a pro-ally. For instance, read the record of the Countess Treuberg, the well-known German pacifist. Countess Treuberg will be recalled as the wife of the former chamberlain to the King of Bavaria.

During the war she came into conflict with German authorities by protesting in high quarters against the submarine campaign and by urging that Belgian women ought to be returned to Belgium instead of held in slavery in Germany. She was interned by the Germans. Early in July last she published a book, "Among Politicians and Diplomats," revealing in a frank manner the whole story of her activities during the war. Since the publication of her book German reactionary feeling has been infuriated against her.

Countess Treuberg stayed in Salzburg last December with her mother and children, and then noticed that her wide correspondence, mostly with English and American friends, was being opened. She complained to the German State Secretary, von Haniel, and on March 6, Countess Treuberg received an order to leave Austria immediately, issued by the Salzburg local au-

thorities on the basis of a denunciatory order which read as follows:

"Countess Treuberg is the author of a book appearing at Strasburg which, especially in the matter of fixing responsibility for war guilt, threatens to damage the interests of the Austrian republic and the German Empire. She has solely frequented allied enemy subjects, mostly English and American, and is suspected of living by money given her by the Entente."

Countess Treuburg's appeal against the expulsion order was negatived, and she went to Vienna. She appealed to the Austrian Government, but was sent back to the German legation, where no one would receive her. Then she went to the Austrian police, who promised her protection, but asked her to sign a statement promising to keep quiet. This she refused to do. Finally she went to a high British official. A few days later she was informed by the police that they were willing to protect her in Vienna. She has now been privately informed by the German legation that the German Foreign Office is by no means in sympathy with the commissioner who issued the expulsion order. Since then German officers have thoroughly searched her rooms in Salzburg. She is afraid to return to Salzburg, having been informed that if she does she will be handed over to the Bavarians.

If she had murdered a man she might have been pardoned. If she had stolen money, she could have got away with it. But to preach peace, to call attention to the criminal blunders of diplomats and rulers who bring on war for their own glory, and through their

own stupidity—there was the scarlet sin, the crime unspeakable, the unforgivable iniquity.

How much better are we than the Germans? When a public man desires to cut down armament, and to provide for a tribunal where international differences may be settled—bang! go the guns against him.

GERMANY AND THE LEAGUE

JULY 14, 1922.

The admission of Germany to the League of Nations seems to be all but accomplished. One wonders whether the admission is an indeterminate parole or an unconditional pardon. Recent events in Germany make one pause and ask questions. The political assassination of their greatest statesman, the monarchist riots, the unmistakable expression of a considerable minority of the German people for the kind of leadership that gave them the war, indicates that the dual nature of man is having a rather tumultuous conflict in the German heart. That minority controlled Germany for a generation before 1914. It is out of power. But it might easily regain power, and Germany in the League of Nations as a representative of the old order, Germany, a poison spreader among the nations of the earth, Germany, unrepentant and revengeful, in a world which is trying to reform and forget would be a menace to the progress of mankind. The present government of Germany is decent. It is doing what can be done. It is as democratic as any European nation dares to be. The Germany of the present majority would add to the wisdom and power of the League

of Nations, but humanity must have a shivery feeling as it sees the paranoiac of ten years ago sit at the council table where a number of good-natured gentlemen are talking of disarmament and good will and the brotherhood of man. Granted that the paranoiac has been cured. Granted that the devil has been cast out. But might it not be just as well while the world is busy taking the new world out of the future, stripping its tin foil and pink cotton from the millennium, to chain one of the crazy man's legs to the chair? Germany should at least do work meet unto repentance and throttle her monarchists before she is accepted into full fellowship. The taint is in the blood. Its eruptions are too obvious to be ignored.

FOR SALE: PEERAGES

JULY 15, 1922.

Two curious items bobbed up in the news from London last week. One was that the Parliament was considering a bill to make campaign contributions public, and the other item was a complaint that too many rich men were getting peerages in return for party campaign contributions. As each heart knoweth its own sorrow, so does each nation know its own kind of crookedness. And the peculiar corruption of offering peerages for sale to donors to party campaign funds shocks Americans, just as the machinations of the municipal boss shock the British. It is rather a nice question as to which is worse: to sell franchise and special privileges, or to sell social position which carries with it immense prestige in a country where caste still

counts. But the recriminatory duet between the pot and the kettle is one of those things which in the concert of the powers adds to the gayety of nations.

THE DOUBTING HEART OF THE WORLD

JULY 24, 1922.

The coal strike is running into months, the rail strike into weeks, and the nation does nothing in particular. We have much talk, many fine impulses, a few moments that look like crises; and then we drift. Gradually the situation gets worse—not much worse but gradually worse. Washington stirs, moves casually, stops, starts, and in the end drifts.

And all of this indecision, all this vague and purposeless inspiration frittering away time and going no place is but a reflection of the doubt in the people's hearts. No one demands that the federal administration act drastically. No organization or group or party is clamoring for results. We are all drifting. The world's heart is numb. Its emotions are spent. Its purpose is broken. All that is left is doubt, negation, a passion to sit still and let things happen. And when bad things happen and keep happening, still we do not rouse. Russia, England, India, America—all the world is paralyzed by a doubting heart.

THE EDITOR RULER

AUGUST 4, 1922.

The illness of Lord Northcliffe affects the politics of England and perhaps the history of mankind. He is one of the ten powerful men in Europe, and fairly well up in the list. The fact that he often makes bad use

of his power does not argue that he has no power. His power came to him partly, though not entirely nor perhaps chiefly, because of his own ability, but somewhat because of the geography of England. Every one in the British islands can read a London morning paper before bedtime the day of its publication. So one paper can dominate the land. England had to have a Northcliffe in the very nature of things. He got control of the dominating newspaper, and impressed his will upon England. But the success of Northcliffe springs from a deeper cause than the geography of the tight little island. Lord Northcliffe is a symptom and a symbol of the state of the world, which we are pleased to call progress. Northcliffe is a power because the people read. He is a modern baron gathering his minions by the millions because he was smart enough to buy a printing press. Once barons ruled because they were strong enough to build castles on the hills. Then gunpowder blew up the castles and after that barons ruled because they could buy guns and command men. Later barons ruled because they bought machines that made things, and they could hire men to work the machines. But hills and powder and money began to fail. Money is still fairly efficacious. And then the man who could control the printed word began to rule. The clash that started eight years ago was between Baron Hohenzollern, who controlled a number of guns and many machines, and Baron Northcliffe, who owned a printing press. It was a mean fight. The gun toter lost. Democracy won. But no one knows much about the significance of the victory.

Northcliffe knew vastly less than most people—probably less than Hohenzollern. The only sure thing in

the confusion is the fact that in some rather vague and bewildered way, things of the spirit overcame things of the earth. It was the broken-spirited people of the Central Powers that lost the war, and the pluck of the Allies at home that won.

Guns were only contributory. Northcliffe and his kind, the myriad purveyors of words—editors, writers, orators, those who commanded the spirits of men—they backed up the guns when the guns opposing them had no such backing. And then the thing blew up again. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. The mind and heart of man is not ready for its victory. Northcliffe, who approaches at times being a bad lot—and in that let him typify us all who made the higher appeal during the war—was not up to his job. We tried to make the millennium in one “yump” with our pockets full of loot, when it was a two “yump” leap. So we are floundering and Northcliffe is stricken. All that Northcliffe typifies, the best of us all as well as the worst, is more or less paralyzed with him. And time is the only doctor who can straighten us out, and maybe time will not suffice.

“HAST ANY PHILOSOPHY?”

AUGUST 16, 1922.

Europe seems to be water-logged in suspicion and hate. Three years ago France started in to make Germany helpless against France, and has succeeded only in justifying the French fear that Germany is implacable. Great Britain tried to violate the decencies by inordinate demands for contributions from Germany, and now finds a bankrupt Continent slowly lurching

into anarchy. America sought to withdraw her moral support from the world and lost her moral sense at home, "and without vision the people perish."

The political manifestation of fear and hate is as inexorable as the political phase of any other state of mind. Christendom is founded upon credit. Credit is faith and good will. Remove faith and good will from the world and it will revert to the barbarism from which Christianity as a philosophy rescued the world. Reversion to barbarism is primarily the economic status of those who let fear and hate govern their lives. Until we get back to some general acceptance of the Christian philosophy in our international relations, the jungle will keep edging in upon a shattered Christendom. The Wilson ideal lies mouldering in the grave, but its soul goes marching on!

CLEMENCEAU AND CAILLAUX

SEPTEMBER 15, 1922.

Nowhere is the wheel of fortune so foolish and fickle as it is when it whirls over the political board. Four years ago Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Sonnino ruled the world. To-day they are discredited, hated, or forgotten. Clemenceau, "The Tiger of Victory," personified in French government the glorious indomitable spirit of France when it saved the world. To-day he is coming to America without standing at home, to plead a cause which surely will tarnish his name abroad.

Briand's sad failure to convert America to the faith of imperial France should warn Clemenceau. But no—he is coming with a clanking stock of military hard-

ware, stoves and tinware in which to crash around, America to revive the spirit of a day that is gone. The mills will never grind with the water that has passed. And in the meantime when Clemenceau comes preaching the gospel of suspicion and hate and force to America, France is getting ready to receive Caillaux back to leadership—Caillaux, who was in jail for treason while Clemenceau proudly was pacing his cage as "The Tiger of Victory." "Let 'er roll, let 'er roll—the wheel of fortune! Try your luck, gentlemen, step up and try your luck."

CLEMENCEAU

DECEMBER 6, 1922.

Clemenceau still remains the old Clemenceau of the Peace Conference, the man who more than any one else is responsible for the failure of the League of Nations. For he wrote force with claws into the Treaty. The Treaty and the Covenant of the League would not mix. The Treaty provided for a peace based upon force. The League provided for peace based upon reason. Wilson wrote the Covenant with the aid of the English who sympathized with its idealism. Clemenceau wrote the Treaty with the aid of the English who liked its loot. The French at one time during the conference thought they would separate the Treaty and the Covenant, and ratify the Treaty and let the Covenant wait, just as they were letting the treaty of the Washington arms conference wait. Wilson thought that the Treaty would be so popular at home that he could get the Covenant through with the Treaty. It was a bad guess. The Treaty finally killed the Covenant.

And now comes Clemenceau to America to justify the Treaty, to preach the doctrine of suspicion and hate, to try to make America accept the military gospel which America rejected when Briand preached it last year. America will listen to Clemenceau—but will not follow him. So long as Briand and Clemenceau represent Europe, America will do well not to crowd in too far. Sooner or later, the leadership of Europe will learn that force will not replace reason in the modern world. When that lesson is thoroughly in the heart of Europe, America may help the world with her advice and counsel backed with such power and influence in the world of commerce as a trading nation may have.

But not now. In the meantime how much stronger France would be with the moral support of America than France is with her arms and dreams of Empire!

HUGGING THE OLD DELUSION

JANUARY 17, 1923.

A Paris dispatch declares that France is seriously considering an excursion into Russia to restore the Russian monarchy. General Baron Wrangel seems to think that with French military aid, French munitions and equipment, he can take 40,000 men and conquer the Bolsheviks. The general baron failed not long ago to conquer Russia with twice that number of men. And during the past five years, half a dozen other generals and admirals with ten times 40,000 men have tackled Russia and have not made even a dent in her armor.

Why not try reason?

The Russians are human. They have a mad government, but it is more or less dependent upon popular

consent, though, of course, not so much as other civilized governments. If the Allies care to appeal by decent treatment of Russia, by unmistakably disinterested and humanitarian measures to the Russian people, it may put Christian civilization further into Russia than all of Wrangel's impotent guns.

And, anyway, what has war done for this world that we should try it again? Did it avail humanity anything when the whole world went to war? Who is worse off, the victim or the victors? What creed is established in the world by force? Certainly not democracy. A score of million men are dead and wounded, and for what? Why hug the old delusion that war will make men free?

Hasn't the human race any intelligence left?

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